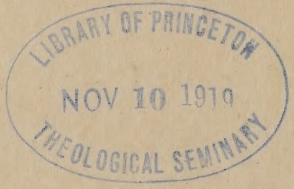
THE RELIGION OF RUSKIN

WILLIAM BURGESS



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THE RELIGION *of* RUSKIN

The Life and Works of John Ruskin

A Biographical and Anthological Study

BY

WILLIAM BURGESS

Author of "The Bible in Shakspeare," Etc.

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

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"To my Dear and Ethereal Ruskin, whom God preserve."—*Inscription of Thos. Carlyle in a book presented to Ruskin.*

"There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning-bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of Anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him that divine rage against iniquity, falsity and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have."—*Letter from Carlyle to Emerson.*

"No other critic ever occupied such a position. He expresses thoughts on art in words which, in their exquisite collocation, their perfection at once of form and lucidity, have been rivalled in our generation, only by Cardinal Newman. . . . . His older books are among the treasures of the bibliophile, his later works are purchased like scarce plates, his opinions are quoted like texts from a holy book."—*The Spectator.*

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EXPLANATORY NOTES.

In preparing Books II to VI of this Authology the writings of Ruskin have first been arranged, as far as seemed practicable, into groups of subjects—then quoted in the chronological order of the works in each group. The reader may thus find the progress of the great Author's religious mind in his own words.

All Ruskin's larger works were arranged by himself, or under his direction, into volumes, parts, sections, chapters and paragraphs, to which are often attached lengthy prefaces and appendices.

The method adopted in the following selections is to give the name and number of the volume at the head of the chapter, letting the Author's own paragraph number stand at the beginning of each quotation, and giving the further references at the end.

Thus on page 105 of this volume will be found paragraphs on "Sensuality Fatal to Beauty in Art." The numbers 21 and 24 are those of Ruskin's own paragraphing and this, with Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 14, puts the reader in possession of the full reference, viz.: Modern Painters, Vol. II, Part III, Section 1, Chapter 14, Paragraphs 21, 24.

In some instances, where the quotations are continuous, the references to the chapters, etc., are only given at the end of several, but the numbers of the paragraphs are always given. This is especially notable of Vol. IV, Modern Painters.

In still other instances no reference is needed other than the number of the paragraph of the work from which it is taken.

It must be understood that the topical headlines are our own and not Ruskin's.

BOOKS CONSULTED IN THIS WORK

"Ruskin's Complete Works." "Life of John Ruskin," Collingwood. "John Ruskin," Frederick Harrison. "John Ruskin, Social Reformer," J. A. Hobson. "An Introduction to the Writings of John Ruskin," Vida D. Scudder. "Letters to the Clergy," F. A. Malleson. "Letters to M. G. and H. G." "Letters of Ruskin to Chas. Eliot Norton." "Modern Men of Letters," J. H. Friswell. "Bible References," Mary and Ellen Gibbs. "Art and Life," W. S. Kennedy. "Literary Leaders of Modern England," W. J. Dawson. "Great Books of Life Teachers," Newell Dwight Hillis. "Great Epochs of Art History," J. M. Hoppin. 'Nature Studies from Ruskin," Rose Porter. "Three Great Teachers," Alex. H. Jopp. Carlyle's Works, Emerson's Essays, etc., etc.

PREFACE

If all the best things of Ruskin were contained in "Sesame and Lilies" and two or three other of his lesser works, of which there are numerous reprints, there would be no need of this book, and its publication would be an impertinence. But of the millions of intelligent, educated people, how few there are who know of the rich treasures which abound in the monumental works of this great teacher.

If any should mistake this as offering, in any way, a substitute for the general study of his works, we shall, to that extent, fail in our purpose. Very sincerely and earnestly it is hoped that, while this volume will direct attention to the religious and ethical teaching of Ruskin, and serve as a book of reference, it will also stimulate interest in the writings of this Master of English in all their great sweep of intellectual horizon.

In his first volume of *Fors Clavigera* Ruskin himself commends the work attempted here. He says: *"I have always thought that more true force of persuasion might be obtained by rightly choosing and arranging what others have said, than by painfully saying it over again in one's own way."*

The purpose here is to give, in a single volume, the very best of Ruskin's religious thoughts and interpretations, together with a brief history of his life and work. Indeed, broadly speaking, the entire volume is biographical, for the bibliography of a great writer is also his biography. It is thus that we know Shakspeare and Carlyle, and even Emerson, who is so near to us. Our sketch, therefore, of the circumstances and incidents of Ruskin's life is but an introduction to the fuller revelation of this unique man, to be found in the connected and chronologically arranged anthology which follows.

It may be said that there are already excellent biographies of this great teacher, written by men who enjoyed his personal friendship and who had ample opportunities to study his life and character. But this volume would hardly have answered its purpose without, at least, a brief account of the personal life of the man whose writings it presents, and we very gladly acknowledge the abler pens of Mr. W. G. Collingwood and Mr. Fred. Harrison, whose books are each a delightful tribute to the memory of their old friend.

The plan of this volume is a division of the work into six sections or "books," the first being devoted to the Life of Ruskin, and the other five into groups of subjects, with a brief outline of the history, purpose and aim of each respective work, from which the selections are taken. This arrangement provides for the continuous reading of our Author's mind on many subjects, instead of mere quotations set apart under some general heading. Thus, if one desire a consecutive reading of Ruskin's wide range of thought on the moral aspects of "Beauty," he will find it here in Book second.

The book is prepared, not for the sake of reproducing the literary gems which abound in Ruskin's works,— but more for the purpose of bringing into

view, and making popularly available, the religious and moral thoughts of this great writer. For it should be known that every subject, however secular its character, or technical its study, appealed to him, primarily, from these aspects. Art in all its many forms interests him first as so many expressions of some ethical or moral truth. Whether he writes of the old or the new school of painters; or of architecture, or sculpture; or if he travels into the more debatable subjects of philosophy and political economy; all themes alike, with him, take their root, or find their center in religion.

Ruskin is singularly and strikingly the prophet of his times, who wrote and spoke in the purest of English prose-poetry, and in a form that can be readily understood and appreciated.

Carlyle was a prophet, too, and in some respects, stronger and more rugged, but his language was often grotesque and unfamiliar.

Ruskin saw that Art had been relegated to a place wholly distinct and separate from the experiences and values of life. Its relation to religion was cramped and colored with the ascetism of mediæval times. It had no warmth and no touch of sympathy with life as it is; but was formal and severe, or else, merely the expression of ideal saints and imaginary angels. In 1848 a brotherhood (Pre-Raphaelites) was organised to break down these false standards and return to the simplicity and naturalness of true art. To this movement Ruskin gave his able support, and it is very largely through the influence of his powerful advocacy that the best of the school of artists of his time were able to take front rank in public favor. Thus, Turner owed everything to him, and such artists as Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and Millais were greatly his debtors. On the other hand he heartily disliked and openly discredited such fanciful artists as Gustave Dore, especially his Bible illustrations.

Ruskin's firm adherence to fundamentals in religious truth, through all the changes of his experience and faith, is the golden thread in the web of his life. His constant appeal to the Scriptures, as of final and unquestionable authority, is the more remarkable in view of his intellectual environment and of his revolt from the orthodoxy of his time. Indeed, here is the explanation of his uniform use of simple and vigorous English. He built upon the Bible which, with the works of old English divines, such as Hooker and Bunyan, varied with his favorites, Scott and Wordsworth, formed the staple of his early reading.

The spirit of the age was the expression of materialistic philosophy represented by such men as Darwin, Tyndall, and Spencer. These directed their great powers of research to the purely material. In this they rendered great service to the human family and no protest would be called for, if that were all that is claimed for them. But when their teachings are treated as answering to the whole realm of man; when spiritual truth is subjected to their philosophy, they are credited with a function for which they are, not only not equipped, —but have absolutely no soul to appreciate. Concentration of gaze upon one object, or set of objects, has always a tendency to limit the vision, even of the greatest of intellects. No one should be surprised that so great a mind as Darwin's did not directly contribute to the Science of Astronomy or the Faith of Religion. His mind was wholly turned earthwards,—the heavens offered no revelation to him; his eye was not directed heavenwards.

But Ruskin's mind was many-sided. He looked into all Nature and his soul was not bounded by his intellectual environment. His persistent, unaltered doctrine was that "Man's use and function is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable and resultant happiness."

Not only was Ruskin an interpreter of Scripture truths in the same sense as was Dante, Shakspeare, and other writers who embodied them (often unconsciously) in their dramatic and poetic works. He was emphatically and purposely a Bible teacher; as much so as any theological professor. Nay, *more so,* for although he did not profess any theological system, his works are a veritable Bible university, in which the Scriptures are profoundly studied with a purpose and are illumined by the light of the finest scholarship, the deepest thought and a very devout spirit.

Let the reader spend an hour with our excerpts from Modern Painters, and then another hour with The Seven Lamps, and again with The Stones of Venice; let him observe how the numbered paragraphs, here given, invite him to many others, in the works of their author, for a vast fund of instruction in Biblical truth, such as he may search for in vain in whole theological libraries. Here, indeed, the Scriptures are studied in the light of Art, Science, Nature, History, and last and best, of Moral Philosophy and Spiritual perception; and then, finally, are presented and illuminated by a clearness of style, an eloquence and poetry such as is not surpassed in all the literary world.

The labor involved in this work has not been light, although very enjoyable. It would have been much easier to have selected some theme and written an equal number of pages of original matter. But it is not new books that the world needs. We have more than enough, unless one comes as a Voice speaking a new message to the World.

What is needed by many a teacher, and we think also by many a preacher, is an open sesame to the mines of intellectual and spiritual wealth which resides in the literature of the greater geniuses. The one thing attempted here is, to give to the average reader, a key to what is greatest and best in one, at least, of the Master Minds of the world's Literature.

The writer does not undertake to prove that Ruskin experienced no break in his religious faith. On the contrary, it is shown in chapter VI. of the accompanying sketch of his life, that such experience was his, in very real and stormy form.

But if the reader will follow the selections in the chronological order in which they are here placed, as well as the chapter referred to above, he will, I think, find that Ruskin's mind was ever reverent, and that, even when his intellectuality refused to recognize the orthodox classifications and utterances of evangelical religion, and while the darkest shadow hung over his soul, his moral being turned always to the Truth of God and the Eternal Essentials of the Christian religion.

BOOK FIRST

Life of John Ruskin

LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN

I

RUSKIN—CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

The child is father of the man."—*Wordsworth.*

The age which gave us Shakspeare, Milton and Bacon has been called "the golden age"—the crown of all the ages for literary splendor and creative genius in the English tongue. But in the early years of the nineteenth century the "stars" which appeared,—if not so brilliant,—were yet more numerous and varied, filling a place in the world's illumination that has never been surpassed.

Carlyle came just before the century's dawn, Macaulay in the first year of it, Emerson three years later, and Hawthorne was born July 4th, 1804. The year 1809 gave us William Ewart Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Darwin, Edgar Allen Poe, and Alfred Tennyson.

And these are not all. No grander group of men and women ever engaged in human service than that which includes the moral and intellectual leaders of the first half of the nineteenth century. What a noble army of Apostles! Breaking down hitherto impregnable walls of superstition and ignorance and bearing the banner of Christian civilization into darkest heathendom were John Williams, Robert Moffat, David Livingstone and John Paton. Preaching the gospel with a power and eloquence never surpassed since the Galilean Teacher himself taught in Palestine, we have Frederick W. Robertson, Charles G. Finney, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles H. Spurgeon, Phillips Brooks, Henry Drummond, Dwight L. Moody, Joseph Parker and many more; and leading in woman's work of emancipation were Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, and a little later, Frances E. Willard and Josephine E. Butler.

In the realm of poetry we had Wordsworth, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Hemans, Havergal, and the Brownings; in gen-

eral literature Scott, Cooper, Kingsley, Thackeray, Dickens, Eliot, and in that of science such men as Tyndall, Huxley, Mill, Bain and Spencer.[1] Yet higher than these among the world's teachers and interpreters stands—John Ruskin. "By acclamation," says Dr. Hillis, "we vote Ruskin the first prose writer of his century."[2] "Other men are greater," says Prof. Vida D. Scudder, "stronger in thought, more balanced in character, mightier in creative power, but no one has turned upon the complex modern world a nature more keen in appreciative insight, more many sided, sensitive and pure."[3]

John Ruskin was born in London, February 8, 1819, of Scotch parentage. In his earliest years he gave promise of a rare and unique personality. Mr. Fred Harrison, his long-time friend and one of his biographers, speaks of him as "this miraculous infant," and truly, his infant genius is one of the marvels of his life. Mr. Harrison tells how Ruskin's mother used to sing to him the old nursery lines:—"Hush-a-by baby, on the tree-top"; and even as an infant, he objected to the bad rhyme: "When the wind blows the cradle will rock." John was a babe of four when a celebrated artist (Northcote) painted his portrait. The picture of a chubby child in white frock and blue sash now hangs in the dining room at Brantwood.[4] When the painter, pleased by his patience, asked what he would like as a background, he replied, "Blue hills." At the same age, it is recorded, that he "wrote with a clear hand, spelling correctly," and even before this he preached a sermon to his playmates which Mr. Harrison has thought to be worth preserving:—"People, be dood. If you are dood, Dod will love you, if you are not dood, Dod will not love you."[5] The child's first letter bears a postmark which shows it was written when he was just turned four. We are told that "it was correct and natural."

[1] "Sporadic great men come everywhere. But for a community to get vibrating through and through with intensely active life, many geniuses coming together and in rapid succession are required. This is why great epochs are so rare,—why the sudden bloom of a Greece, an early Rome, a Renaissance, is such a mystery. Blow must follow blow so fast that no cooling can occur in the intervals. Then the mass of the nation grows incandescent, and may continue to glow by pure inertia long after the originators of its internal movement have passed away."—*"The Will to Believe."* Prof. W. James.

[2] *Great Books as Life Teachers.*

[3] *"John Ruskin: Introduction to His Writings."*

[4] An excellent copy of this picture adorns the London edition of Collingwood's Life of Ruskin. (2 vols.)

[5] "John Ruskin." By Frederick Harrison.

Collingwood tells us that as a child Ruskin "was a bookworm and the books he read were chosen as favorites from an especial interest in the subjects, an interest which arose from his character of mind. But he was no milksop or weakling; he was a bright, active lad, full of fun and pranks, not without companions, though solitary when at home." . . . . "He was so little afraid of animals that he must needs meddle with the fierce Newfoundland dog 'Lion,' which bit him in the mouth and spoiled his looks. Another time he showed some address in extricating himself from the water-butt. He did not fear ghosts or thunder, instead of that his early developed landscape feeling showed itself in dread of foxglove dells and dark pools of water." . . . . "At the age of seven he kept a diary with much literary skill and regularity, containing very accurate descriptions of places which he visited."

At the age of seven, also, this young prodigy planned the publication of a set of four volumes, of which, however, he only completed one, the whole of which he tells us, *"was written and printed in imitation of book-print."* This volume contained his first six, dated, poems and also a sketch which he says was his first effort at mountain drawing.[1] A copy of the title-page of this volume is given in Præterita and also some pages of extracts from it. A single passage will serve to indicate the mental powers of this "miraculous infant":

"Harry knew very well what it was and went on with his drawing but Lucy soon called him away and bid him observe a great black cloud from the north which seemed electrical. Harry ran for an electrical apparatus which his father had given him and the cloud electrified his apparatus negatively and then a long train of smaller ones but before this cloud came a flash of lightning was seen to dart through the cloud of dust upon which the negative cloud spread very much and dissolved in rain which presently cleared the sky After this phenomenon was over and also the surprise Harry began to wonder how electricity would get where there was so much water but he soon observed a rainbow and a rising mist under it which his fancy soon transformed into a female form. He then remembered the witch of the waters of the Alps who was raised from them by takeing some water in the hand and throwing it into the air pronouncing some unintelligible words. And though it was a tale it affected Harry now when he saw in the clouds something like it."

[1] Præterita, Vol. I.

These extracts are printed in Præterita with imitations of the original divisions of line and three "variations of size in imitation of type," and notwithstanding that "punctuation is left to the reader's kind conjecture" this is seen to be a remarkable literary production for a child of seven. Two years later he wrote a poem which he called "Eudosia,—On the Universe." This poem was written in 220 lines and is dated September 28, 1828. A single stanza will serve here to show its character and merit:

> "I sing the Pine, which clothes high Switzer's head
> And high enthroned, grows on a rocky bed,
> On gulphs so deep, on cliffs so high,
> He that would dare climb them, dares to die."

It was about this time that he wrote the famous sentence:— "'Tis vice, not war, that is the curse of man."

At eleven young Ruskin was taught Latin, at twelve French, and it was now that he began to see Nature with the eyes of Turner, the great artist, he (Turner) being about sixty years of age. At fifteen Ruskin wrote an essay on "The geologic strata of Mont Blanc" which was published in Loudon's Magazine of Natural History" (1834). At this time he possessed quite an important collection of geologic specimens which he increased by his own industry in his wanderings at Matlock, Clifton, or in the Alps. He earned enough money by "scribbling" to indulge also in the purchase of anything that struck his fancy. He was a veritable interrogation point, asking questions that nobody cared to answer, and engaging in controversy against all sorts of theories and statements. "The analytic John Ruskin," says Harrison, "was an *enfant terrible.*"[1]

At seventeen, he wrote a masterly article in praise of Turner, and ably attacking that great artist's critics. This was written in 1836 and has been preserved in manuscript. As a specimen foreword of Ruskin's literary work Mr. Harrison quotes the following glowing extract from that article:

[1] Ruskin himself makes no claim to infant genius. He says:—"None such existed, except that patience in looking, and precision in feeling, which afterward, with due industry, formed my analytic power. In all essential qualities of genius, except these, I was deficient; my memory only of average power. I have literally never known a child so incapable of acting a part, or telling a tale. On the other hand, I have never known one whose thirst for visible fact was at once so eager and so methodic."—*Præterita, Chap.* 3.

"His (Turner's) imagination is Shakespearian in its mightiness. . . . Many-colored mists are floating above the distant city; but such mists as you might imagine to be ethereal spirits, souls of the mighty dead breathed out of the tombs of Italy into the blue of her bright heaven, and wandering in vague and infinite glory around the earth that they have loved. Instinct with the beauty of uncertain light, they move and mingle among the pale stars, and rise up into the brightness of the illimitable heaven, whose soft, sad, blue eye gazes down into the deep waters of the sea forever—that sea whose motionless and silent transparency is beaming with phosphor light, that emanates out of its sapphire serenity like bright dreams into the spirit of a deep sleep. And the spires of the glorious city rise indistinctly bright into those living mists like pyramids of pale fire from some vast altar; and amidst the glory of the dream there is, as it were, the voice of a multitude entering by the eye, arising from the stillness of the city like the summer wind passing over the leaves of the forest when a murmur is heard amidst their multitude."

At eighteen Ruskin entered the Oxford University, and he had "already seen more of England and the Continent than most systematic tourists, and observed and thought about all this, perhaps more than any living man. He had, no doubt, written more prose and verse than is recorded of any man of his years."

A sketch of the life of such a youth would be manifestly defective which omitted all mention of his love affairs. The father of our author, John James Ruskin, was a London Wine-Merchant who possessed great business sagacity, and although at the start heavily handicapped, succeeded in amassing considerable wealth.[1] His partner was a Frenchman (M. Domecq) who conducted the Paris end of the business firm.

In the year 1836 M. Domecq took his daughters, four in number, to England, to visit the Ruskin's at their home in London. John was now seventeen and Adele Domecq was a graceful, gay and beautiful girl of fifteen. What more natural than that the fervid, poetic, young Ruskin should fall "head over heels" in love with Adele? The following interesting sketch is quoted from Collingwood as

[1] "My father began business as a wine merchant, with no capital, and a considerable amount of debt bequeathed him by his grandfather. He accepted the bequest and paid them all, before he began to lay by anything for himself, for which his best friends called him a fool, and I, without expressing any opinion as to his wisdom, which I knew in such matters to be at least equal to mine, have written on the granite slab over his grave that he was 'an entirely honest merchant.'"—*Ruskin in Fors, Vol. 1, p. 131.*

much for the portraiture which it contains as for the love affair which it records:

"Adele bewitched him at once with her graceful figure and that oval face which was so admired in those times. She was fair, too, another recommendation. He was on the brink of seventeen, at the ripe moment, and he fell passionately in love with her. She was only fifteen, and did not understand his adoration, unspoken and unexpressed, except by intense shyness; for he was a very shy boy in the drawing-room, though brimming over with life and fun among his schoolfellows. And yet he possessed advantages, if he had known how to use them. He was tall and active, light and lithe in gesture, not a clumsy, hobbledehoy. He had the face that caught the eye, in Rome a few years later, of Keats' Severn, no mean judge of poets' faces. He was undeniably clever; he knew all about minerals and mountains; he was quite an artist, and a printed poet. But these things weigh little with a girl of fifteen who wants to be amused: and so she only laughed at John. He tried to amuse her . . . . but the note of passion was too real for the girl and she only laughed the more."[1]

Of course the young man wrote poetical effusions to the fair Adele. He tells us, in Præterita: "I dared not address my sonnets straight to herself; but when she went back to Paris, wrote her a French letter, seven quarto pages long, descriptive of the desolations and solitudes of Herne Hill since her departure."

We may get a glimpse of the love verses of this gifted youth, as they were printed in Friendship's Offering at a later date. A single verse will serve to note the style.

"I do not ask a single tear; but while
I linger where I must not stay,
Oh! give me but a parting smile
To light me on my lonely way."

But the course of true love does not run smooth for a genius any more than for an ordinary mortal; Ruskin's first love affair was soon doomed. Adele married a rich and handsome young Frenchman. Looking back upon this episode when he was sixty-six years old, Ruskin says: "The entirely inscrutable thing to me is my total want of all reason, will, or design in the business. I had neither the resolution to win Adele, the courage to do without her, the sense to consider what was at last to come of it all, or the grace to think how disagreeable I was making myself at the time to everybody

[1] Life of John Ruskin.

about me. There was really no more capacity nor intelligence in me than in a just fledged owlet, or just open-eyed puppy, disconsolate at the existence of the moon."[1]

Evidently the marriage of Adele struck young Ruskin a hard blow. For nearly four years he had been a devoted and faithful lover. His devotion and hope were so deep and strong, that it seems to have seriously affected his health. Still, as Mr. Collingwood says, "at twenty, young men do not die of love."[2]

Ruskin was, by this time, an author of fame, having written a number of poems of merit and he was in much demand for magazine articles. His illness did not check his passion for work. His parents designed him for a clergyman, and fondly looked forward to his bearing the distinguished title of "Lord Bishop" of the Episcopal Church, but subsequent changes in his religious experience would have made this impossible, even if his desires had not run in another direction.

Perhaps the most highly esteemed prize at the University of Oxford was that known as the "Newdigate," and for this young

[1] Præterita, Vol. 1, Page 152.

[2] The following notes on the subject of lovers, written by Ruskin in his riper years, will be of interest in this connection:

"First, a girl's proper confidant is her father. If there is any break whatever in her trust in him, from her infancy to her marriage, there is wrong somewhere,—often on his part, but most likely it is on hers; by getting into the habit of talking with her girl-friends about what they have no business with, and her father much. What she is not inclined to tell her father, should be told to no one; and, in nine cases out of ten, not thought of by herself.

"And I believe that few fathers, however wrong-headed or hard-hearted, would fail of answering the habitual and patient confidence of their child with true care for her. On the other hand, no father *deserves*, nor can he entirely and beautifully win, his daughter's confidence, unless he loves her better than he does himself, which is not always the case. But again here, the fault may not be all on papa's side.

"In the second place, when a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is wise in loving her, he should at once tell her so plainly, and take his chance bravely, with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once; without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years or so,—he vowing to live on cresses, and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance: if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth. The whole meaning and power of true courtship is Probation; and it oughtn't to be shorter than three years at least—seven is, to my own mind, the orthodox time. And these relations between the young people should be openly and simply known, not to their friends only, but to everybody who has the least interest in them: and a girl worth anything ought to have always half a dozen or so of suitors under vow for her."—*Fors, Letter 90.*

Ruskin worked with a will. The first year of his contest for this laurel, he had for a competitor a young man of brilliant intellect who carried off the prize and who was afterwards known to the world as "Dean Stanley." The next year Ruskin again entered the race without success, but in the third effort, when, as yet, he was only twenty, he wrote "Salsette and Elephanta," a poem describing the dawn of Christianity in Hindustan, and with this he won the coveted prize. With the publication of this poem, according to Collingwood, it seemed that "he had found his vocation and was well on the high road to fame as a poet." By the time he reached his majority he had already written more verse and prose-poetry that live than fall to the lot of many a first-rate literary man in a life-time. More than twenty of his works were published from 1834 to 1840, while he was a student at the University, from which he graduated at twenty-three.

At Oxford, during these years, young Ruskin met many who afterwards ranked among the most distinguished men of his time. Such men as Dr. Buckland, the eminent geologist, Sir Henry Acland, the famous physician, Dean Liddell, Sir Charles Newton, Charles Darwin and Dean Stanley. William Ewart Gladstone had passed through Oxford a little before Ruskin's time.

From the standpoint of this volume no incident of Ruskin's youth is of greater interest than the Scripture training which he received from his mother. Mrs. Ruskin was a rare woman, of strong intellect, very decided piety, and a theology of the Scotch-Presbyterian order of that time. Her ideals were of the loftiest, both for herself as a mother, and for her son as a man. No care was too self-sacrificing, no training too insistent, if only she could lead her child into the pathway of right thought and action. The story of Bible drill under this painstaking mother is told by Ruskin in later years and he seems to dwell upon it fondly, for he tells the same incidents more than once. The following list of chapters which he gives in *Fors* in 1873 he repeats in Præterita in 1885:

"Walter Scott and Pope's Homer were reading of my own selection, but my mother forced me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline,—patient, accurate, and resolute, I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but of my general power of taking pains, and the best

of my taste in literature. . . . Once knowing the 32nd of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was possible for me, even in the foolishest times of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English." . . . . "I opened my Bible just now, yellow with age, and flexible but not unclean with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at 8th of first Kings, and Deut. 32nd, are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of those two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters with which, learned every syllable accurately, she established my soul in life, has fallen out of it. . . . . I will take what indulgence the sagacious reader will give me for printing the list thus accidentally occurrent:

Exodus, Chaps. 15 and 20. 2 Samuel, Chap. 1, verse 17 to the end. 1 Kings, 8. Psalms, 23, 32, 90, 91, 103, 112, 119, 139. Proverbs, Chaps. 2, 3, 8, 12. Isaiah, Chap. 58. Matthew, Chaps. 5, 6, 7. Acts, Chap. 26. 1 Cor. Chaps. 13, 15. James, Chap. 4. Revelation, Chaps. 5, 6."

In Præterita he tells us that as soon as he was able to read with fluency his mother began a course of Bible work with him, which never ceased till he went to Oxford.

"She read alternate verses with me," he says, "watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end. In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through, to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again in Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation,—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience,—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken." To this training he adds:—"I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound."

If, as has been said,[1] this was severe discipline reflecting upon the "judgment and discretion" of his mother, it may be answered that it was fully justified in the after life of Ruskin, for he himself refers to it, again and again, as laying the foundation of much that was best in his life and work. Indeed he defended his mother against some such criticisms, long before Mr. Hobson wrote his book. He says:

[1] John Ruskin, Social Reformer. J. A. Hobson.

"After taking me at least six times through the Bible, she was not afraid of plain words to, or for, me; . . . . Her Puritanism was clear enough in common sense to see that, while Shakspeare and Burns lay open on the table all day, there was no reason for much mystery with Byron. . My mother . . had sympathy with every passion, as well as every virtue, of true womanhood. . . And there was one feature in my mother's character which must be here asserted at once, to put an end to the notion of which I see traces in some newspaper comments on my past descriptions of her, that she was in any wise like Esther's religious aunt in 'Bleak House.' Far on the contrary, there was a hearty, frank, and sometimes even irrepressible laugh in my mother! . . . . If, however, there was the least bitterness or irony in a jest, my mother did not like it."[1]

Thus we may see that the elementary food upon which the child-mind was daily fed entered into the moral and mental life of young Ruskin, developing and sustaining that rare quality of intellect with which he was endowed at his very birth. The child, well-born, was also well trained. The promise of his future lay not only in his heredity, genius and transcendent spirit, but, perhaps, in even greater measure, in that never failing supply of the richest of all literature,—in that spiritual perception imparted to him through his familiarity with the most spiritual of Bible Truths and by the expository teaching of his mother,—illumined by her own rare faith and love.

[1] Præterita, Chap. 8.

II

RUSKIN—THE MAN.

"Among the heroic souls who have sought to recover the lost paradise and recapture the glory of an undefiled and blessed world stands John Ruskin, oft an apostle of gentle words that heal like medicines, and sometimes a prophet of Elijah-like sternness and grandeur, consuming man's sins with words of flame. . . . . Unlike Burns, and Byron, Shelley and Goethe, no passion ever poisoned his purpose and no vice ever disturbed the working of his genius. What he taught in theory he first was in practice. . . . Unlike that rich young man who went from Christ sorrowful, John Ruskin gladly forsook all his possessions to follow Jesus."—*Newell Dwight Hillis in "Great Books as Life Teachers."*

In his later years Ruskin did not hold his University career in high regard. "The whole time I was there," he says, "my mind was simply in the state of a squash before 'tis a peaspod,—and remained so yet a year or two afterward, I grieve to say."[1] Whether this was a sort of ironical expression of dissatisfied contempt for the measure of his attainments, or simply an effect of his more morbid moods, we cannot say, but certainly these reflections upon his student days do not represent a just view of the facts as we have them. He was only nineteen when the Publisher of Loudon's Magazine wrote to his father:—"Your son is certainly the greatest genius that ever it has been my fortune to become acquainted with," and, notwithstanding his protracted sickness, young Ruskin graduated with honors before he was twenty-three years of age.

He was not, however, the sort of young fellow to enter into instant sympathy with the life of the average college man with whom he was thrown into contact by his father's choice. Entered as a "Gentleman Commoner" of Christ Church College of the University, he found himself among the sons of the aristocratic families of England. "These young lords and squires who rode races, betted, shirked all work and got into scrapes, naturally regarded the queer

[1] Two circumstances seem to lend a little color to this self-disparagement. He did not win the coveted Newdigate prize until the third attempt and when visiting at Rome after reaching his majority he fell sick of a fever which lost him a full year of his time.

poet as a butt rather than an equal."[1] But there was something in young Ruskin, which speedily melted these prejudices. "He was one of the gentlest creatures ever seen in Oxford, more like a girl than a man, who was looked upon as a joke until a few men perceived his genius and the rest became aware of his goodness. His fine temper, his wit, his mastery of drawing, his skill in chess, his hospitality, and superb sherry, won for him the young bloods who at last agreed to regard him as something quite of an order by himself."[1]

Various writers have drawn pictures of Ruskin, as he was at this time, and they are all in substantial harmony with May Russell Mitford's sketch:—"tall, fair and slender, with a gentle playfulness and a sort of pretty waywardness that was quite charming."

Here is a pen portrait, drawn by his friend and biographer as he saw him when first introduced to him:

"He received me with radiant courtesy when I told him that I had sought him to hear more of his thoughts about Labor and Wealth. I recall him as a man of slight figure, rather tall, except that he had a stoop from the shoulders, with a countenance of singular mobility and expressiveness. His eyes were blue and very keen, full of fire and meaning; the hair was brown, luxuriant, and curly; the brows rather marked, and with somewhat shaggy eyebrows. The lips were full of movement and character, in spite of the injury caused by a dog's bite in childhood. His countenance was eminently *spirituel*—winning, magnetic, and radiant."[1]

Mr. Collingwood has preserved a Reporter's portrait of him, when lecturing in Edinburgh in 1853. Ruskin was then thirty-four, and the sketch affords us a view of the manner and style of the lecturer as well as the face and form of the man:

"Before you can see the lecturer you must get into the hall and that is not an easy matter, ... the crowd in waiting, not only fills the passage, but occupies the pavement, in front of the entrance, and overflows into the road, ... the door beside the platform opens and a thin gentleman, with light hair, a stiff white cravat, dark overcoat with velvet collar, walking, too, with a slight stoop, goes up to the desk, and looking round with a self-possessed and somewhat formal air, ... 'Dark hair, pale face, and massive marble brow,—that is my ideal of Mr. Ruskin,' said a young lady near us. This proved to be quite a fancy portrait, as unlike the reality as could well be imagined. Mr. Ruskin has light sand-

[1] "John Ruskin." Harrison.

colored hair; his face is more red than pale; the mouth well cut, with a good deal of decision in its curve, though somewhat wanting in sustained dignity and strength; an aquiline nose; his forehead by no means broad or massive, but the brows full and well bound together; the eye we could not see, in consequence of the shadows that fell upon his countenance from the lights overhead, but we are sure that the poetry and passion we looked for, almost in vain, in other features must be there."[1]

In a volume of Letters, is a description of Ruskin's "manifold pleasant ways; his graceful and delightful manner—bright, gentle, delicately courteous; the lyric melody of his voice—more intensely spiritual than any voice I ever heard. He is a swift observer and acute. Not talkative, but ever willing to be interested in things, and to throw gleams of his soul's sunlight over them; original in his dazzling idealism. Forever thinking on 'whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report,' *annihilating* in the intense white heat of his passionate contempt and hatred, all vile, dark, hateful things. They are not—cannot be. They are lies, negations, blanks, nonentities. God is—and there *is none else* beside Him. So I wend my way home by a circuit through the cottage domain, dreaming of nothing but Ruskin and the glory of his soul, and the ideals he would have us worship."[2]

Canon Scott Holland wrote of him, after his death, in the following terms:

"Who that had ever seen him could forget John Ruskin? He had the touch that goes straight to the heart. He came up to one so confidentially, so appealingly, with that wistful look in his gray-glinting eyes, which seemed to say, 'I never find anybody who quite understands me, but I still hope and think that you will.' . . . . He somehow moved one as with the delicate tenderness of a woman; and he felt frail, as if the roughness of the world would hurt and break him; and one longed to shelter him from all that was ugly and cruel."[3]

And again, his biographer wrote of him, at the time of his death:

"He was the very mirror of courtesy, with an indescribable charm of spontaneous lovingness. It was neither the old-world graciousness of Mr. Gladstone, nor the stately simplicity of Tourgenief.—It was simply the irrepressible bubbling up of a bright nature, full

[1] Life of John Ruskin.
[2] Ruskin at Hawarden in "*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*"
[3] Paper by Holland in "*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*"

to the brim with enthusiasm, chivalry, and affection. No boy could blurt out all that he enjoyed and wanted with more artless freedom; no girl could be more humble, modest and unassuming. His ideas, his admiration, and his fears seemed to flash out of his spirit and escape his control. But (in private life) it was always what he loved, not what he hated, that aroused his interest. Now all this was extraordinary in one who, in writing, treated what he hated and scorned with real savage violence, who used such bitter words, even in letters to his best friends, who is usually charged with inordinate arrogance and conceit. The world must judge his writings as they stand. I can only say, that, in personal intercourse, I have never known him, in full health, betrayed into a harsh word, or an ungracious phrase, or an unkind judgment, or a trace of egotism. Face to face, he was the humblest, most willing and patient of listeners, always deferring to the judgment of others in things wherein he did not profess to be a student, and anxious to learn. . . . . To paraphrase an absurd epigram of Oliver Goldsmith's talk and his books, it might be said of Ruskin that he talked like an angel and wrote as if he were one of the Major Prophets."[1]

These sketches of Ruskin's personal traits would be incomplete as portraiture without the perspective which Ruskin himself furnishes:

"Readers should be clearly aware of one peculiarity in the manner of my writing in *Fors* which might otherwise much mislead them:—namely, that if they will enclose in brackets with their pen, passages of evident irony, all the rest of the book is written with absolute seriousness and literalness of meaning. The violence, or grotesque aspect, of a statement may seem as if I were mocking; but this comes mainly of my endeavour to bring the absolute truth out into pure crystalline structure, unmodified by disguise of custom, or obscurity of language; for the result of that process is continually to reduce the facts into a form so contrary, if theoretical, to our ordinary impressions, and so contrary, if moral, to our ordinary practice, that the straightforward statement of them looks like a jest. But every such apparent jest will be found, if you think of it, a pure, very dreadful, and utterly imperious, veracity."[2]

The apparent contradictions in Ruskin never mean that he was, in the least, insincere; for no one who knew him, or ever studied his life and work could doubt the transparent honesty of all he said and did. He was not the man to be silent in presence of any evil, real or imaginary. He was prone to lay the ax to the root of the tree, when it once appeared to him as corrupt. Hence he often

[1] Harrison.
[2] Fors. Vol. III. Letter xlvii.

travelled out of the path which the world came to regard as legitimately his. Yet, in doing this, he was always on the side of justice and truth, as he saw them.

After graduating at Oxford, Ruskin gave himself but little rest, although he had, several times, been warned by sickness. All his studies were pursued with a purpose and a passion. He was never contented with a mere passive or receptive state of mind which takes in knowledge for its own sake, much less for the sake of completing a task. Everything he did had some purpose in view for which the task was but a preparation.

As a thinker, he was absolutely independent,—indifferent to current opinion and conventionalities. As we have seen, he was gentle and kind in his personal contact with men and women, but he was severe in his written attacks upon everything which seemed to him to be false or erroneous, and he was absolutely honest in his criticisms of the work of the most influential people, including his closest friends.[1] He had a humble conception of the merits of his own work although he was commonly regarded as an egotist. "No description," he says, "that I have given of anything is worth four lines of Tennyson, and in serious thought, my half-pages are generally worth as much as a single sentence of his, or of Carlyle's.[2]

Few men enjoyed a closer acquaintance with the great minds of his time than did Ruskin. Carlyle fairly doted on him and praised

[1] We have no authority for the following rather humorous story, other than a newspaper clipping, but it serves to illustrate the storms which Ruskin's criticisms often raised, even among his friends:

"Whistler, the painter, once brought suit against John Ruskin for writing of him: 'I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.' One of the most amusing features of the trial that followed the publication of this criticism was the exhibition in court of some of the 'nocturnes' and 'arrangements' which were the subject of the suit. The jury of respectable citizens, whose knowledge of art was probably limited, was expected to pass judgment on these paintings. Mr. Whistler's counsel held up one of the pictures. 'Here, gentlemen,' said he, 'is one of the works which have been maligned.' 'Pardon me,' interposed Mr. Ruskin's lawyer, 'you have that picture upside down.' 'No such thing.' 'Oh, but it is so,' continued Ruskin's counsel; 'I remember it in the Grosvenor gallery, where it was hung the other way about.' The altercation ended in the correctness of view of Ruskin's lawyer being sustained and the fact that Mr. Whistler's own counsel did not know which was the top or bottom of the picture had more to do with Ruskin's virtual victory than all the arguments of counsel or the evidence of art experts. The jury awarded the artist one farthing damages, which he hung on his watch chain and used to exhibit with sardonic pride."

[2] The Two Paths—Appendix.

his work in the most flattering terms, and that is saying a good deal of such a gruff old spokesman as the Chelsea philosopher. He was intimate with the Brownings; Mrs. Browning wrote:—"I like Mr. Ruskin very much and so does Robert: very gentle, yet earnest—refined and truthful. I like him much. We count him among the valuable acquaintances made this year." Mr. Collingwood has published several lengthy letters which passed between Browning and Ruskin and also between Carlyle and Ruskin, exhibiting a rare intimacy between them.

Ruskin was tenacious of opinion, yet ready to change, and honest to avow it, when confronted with evidence. He tells us that "for a long time I used to say, in all my elementary books, that except in a graceful and minor way, women could not paint or draw. I am beginning, lately, to bow myself to the much more delightful conviction that nobody else can."[1]

One has only to read "Sesame and Lilies" to see how he held women in esteem with a touch of reverence in it. His ideal places them on a plane far higher than that of man, in all that is pure and spiritual. Not that he would admit the thought, or allow the word, of "superiority" in either sex. Man and woman are two hemispheres, differing in form and character, but each necessary to the other, and both necessary to make a world. "Each has what the other has not; each completes the other and is completed by the other; they in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give." Thus Ruskin is in full accord with Tennyson, in his memorable poem, *"The Princess."*

"Woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference

. . . . . .

Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfills
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow."

Woman is queen and as such is regnant in her realm, but she is not, and cannot be king, any more than man can be queen:

"A woman's rank
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood
Therein alone she is royal."—*George Eliot.*

[1] The Art of England: Lecture 1.

In his portrayal of woman, Ruskin claims to be on the side of "the greatest, the wisest, the purest hearted of all ages." "Shakspeare," he says, "has no heroes,—only heroines. . . . Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus, Cæsar, Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities. Hamlet is indolent and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in King Lear, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. . . . Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose; Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, all are perfect. Then observe, the catastrophe of every play is caused by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that, there is none."[1]

Ruskin, however, was not an advocate in advance of his times, of what is popularly understood as "Woman's Rights." The present writer believes that sex should not be a qualification, nor a disqualification, for electoral rights and privileges. But, as Dr. Dawson[2] says: Ruskin "reminds us that woman may be emancipated in so rough and wrong a fashion that the bloom of virgin grace may be wasted in the process, and the true charm of womanhood may perish.

Among the men of his class there was not, in all England, so perfect an example of pure unselfishness. Other men were doing great and good things for the relief of the poor and oppressed. Shaftesbury, the prince of philanthropy; Peabody, who set the fashion, at great personal expense, of providing homes for workmen, having the comforts of civilization without its extortions, at least so far as rent was concerned; and John Howard, the self-sacrificing prison reformer. But John Ruskin, as we shall see in chapter IV. of this sketch of his life, gave himself and his fortune, without stint or measure to others. Reared among aristocrats, educated in the proudest of universities, petted and praised by a proud

[1] Sesame and Lilies.—Of Queen's Gardens.
[2] "*Literary Leaders of Modern England.*" W. J. Dawson.

father and a doting mother, he possessed rare opportunities for selfish enjoyment, and had every thing that usually tends to personal vanity and self-love. But he was a man of intense sympathy, —it may be said that he was a man of sorrows—a martyr-spirit. Mr. E. T. Cook, the authorized editor of Ruskin's Works says, "He was like the living conscience of the modern world, and felt acutely the wrongs and wrong-doings of others. In no age could his sensitive heart have escaped these sorrows." Very keenly he felt every seeming failure to reach the world of grief. "It's not my work that drives me mad," he said, "but the sense that nothing comes of it." His chivalry was irresistible and exultant. He stood valiantly for truth against all forms of evil, not waiting for them to assail him; he acted aggressively and without a suggestion of compromise. What he believed to be wrong he resisted and regarded his conflicts as stimulants to virtue. Not that he cared for the joy of conquest; in this also he was unselfish, rejoicing in the triumph of right *for its own sake.*

In every age there has been an occasional man who found himself alone in the world—not because he dwelt in a wilderness, or was lost in a crowd, but because he was original, singular, unique. The great soul must ever reach higher and go farther than the ordinary man. Friends may accompany him part of the way—as did the disciples of Jesus in Gethsemane, but He must go "a little further." The true hero must always be prepared to go alone. He is like an occasional pine-tree in the forest, whose head reaches above all others,—facing the winds and meeting the storm, *alone.* We try to classify such a man, but he cannot be classed. No sect or party can hold him. He is like a mighty mountain peak, higher than the clouds, holding fellowship with sun and stars.

Ruskin was of the prophetic order of mind—that rare insight into the heart and spirit of truth which, in Old Testament times, was called the spirit of the seer. He believed in Nature in all its heights and depths, and like the Psalmist, delighted in communion with it. Loyalty to duty was, with him, directly related to pleasure; indeed he could not conceive of pleasure at the expense of duty. Justice was more to him than charity. "It is the law of heaven," he said, "that you will not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and do it. . . . Do justice and judgment, that's your Bible order, that's the service of God. The one divine work, the one needed sacrifice is to do

justice. Nay, but you will say, 'Charity is greater than Justice.' Yes, it is greater, it is the summit of Justice, it is the temple of which Justice is the foundation." And again he says, "No human actions were ever intended by the Maker of Men to be guided by balances of expediency but by balances of Justice.[1] There is a gap of two years (1847-49) in Ruskin's autobiography, as given in Præterita. During that period two events occurred about which he preferred to say nothing. These were his marriage and a serious and dangerous illness. Several years had gone by since a young lady—a daughter of an old Scotch friend of the Ruskins—visited them at their home at Herne Hill, London. The young lady, whose name was Euphemia Chalmers Gray, was strikingly beautiful. In the course of her acquaintance with Ruskin, which was mixed with flirtation, she challenged him to write her a fairy story, probably thinking it a good joke to impose such a task on a man of serious mind. But Ruskin accepted the challenge and the story of "The King of the Golden River" is the result. For reasons of their own, the elder Ruskins advised their son to marry this lady, and on the tenth of April, 1848, they were married. Almost immediately after the marriage he contracted a severe cold and for a time his life seemed to be in danger. Nothing is said of this marriage in any of Ruskin's letters. His bride is not mentioned in his autobiographical writings. Whatever may have been the cause of it, certainly this union was not attended with happiness on either side.

Ruskin was far too generous a man to parade any fault he may have found in his wife. He simply drew a veil of silence over the whole matter. Had it been left to him the world would never have heard of it. Only five years had passed away, when Millais, the celebrated artist, while a guest at their home, painted the portraits of both Mr. and Mrs. John Ruskin. Then followed, in quick succession, the return of Mrs. Ruskin to the home of her parents, an appeal, in a Scotch court, for a nullity of their tie, in which Ruskin acquiesced, and the marriage of the beautiful wife to Millais. This sad ending of his domestic life is, perhaps, without a parallel in all the records of family tragedies. That any man could be so finely constituted—so self-renouncing, as to sacrifice himself, in such a way, rather than contest the peace and desires of others is a very

[1] Time and Tide: Essay I.

striking and singular instance of pure unselfishness. The experience as a whole, from the courtship to marriage, and from the wedding day to the close of the tragedy, was a full translation of the sentiment expressed in lines which he wrote in "Time and Tide," fifteen years later:

"And there, with many a blissful tear,
I vowed to love and prayed to wed
The maiden who had grown so dear:—
Thanked God, who had set her in my path
And promised, as I hoped to win,
I never would sully my faith
By the least selfishness or sin;
Whatever in her sight I'd seem
I'd really be; I ne'er would blend,
With my delight in her, a dream
'Twould change her cheek to comprehend;
And, if she wished it, would prefer
Another's to my own success;
And always seek the best for her
With unofficious tenderness."

After the home of his childhood there seems to have been no domestic haven for this noble and loving man. His last love was a young lady pupil which ended almost in a tragedy. He was fifty-three; she was less than half that age. According to Mr. Cook, she was an Irish girl whose name was Rose LaTouche. Ruskin had known "Rosie," as he calls her, in his reminiscences, from her childhood. She, with her brother and sister, became his pupil when he was forty and she nine. But at fifty-three and twenty-two, respectively, the disparity did not embarrass them, and he proposed marriage to her. His friends favored the proposed union and hoped for his happiness. But she was deeply religious, of a somewhat morbid temperament, and her religion was of the most pronounced orthodox type. She was, therefore, shocked at Ruskin's liberal views, and perhaps, still more, at his severely critical mind, so, although she loved him sincerely, she refused him. Ill-health afterwards attended her, and three years later she died. Her death was the greatest grief of Ruskin's life. When past seventy, he wandered back in memory over the scenes of this love. In his last letter in Præterita he tells of "Elysian walks with Joanna,[1] and paradaisical, with Rosie, under the peach-blossom branches of the little glittering stream which I had paved with crystal for them. Happiest time for all of us that ever were to be."

[1] Joanna was Ruskin's cousin, and Arthur Severn her husband, with whom he lived and was cared for with great tenderness in his last few years.

Was it any wonder that this great, sensitive soul, so long deprived of the love and domestic felicity for which he panted as "the hart panteth after the water-brooks;" struggling against repeated attacks of ill-health, and then, plunging, from enforced rest, into turbulent floods of warring elements, and pouring out all the forces of his intensely active brain into human service, should reach the limit of his physical strength long years before he came to his last days? Insomnia and nightmare were followed by mental and physical collapse. In 1878 he was struck down with brain-fever, from which, after a long illness,—he partially recovered.

In his passion for work he wrote much and designed more. He planned a colossal library of sixty-nine volumes. "John Ruskin would think in encyclopedias, comprising Man and Nature in one library," says Frederick Harrison. In 1879 he was compelled by the "state of his health to resign his Oxford professorship, and at sixty he retired to quiet rest and study in his beautiful cottage home at Brantwood on Coniston Lake." Here he enjoyed the home comforts and the care and devotion of Mrs. Severn and family.

But "rest and study," with Ruskin meant only, that in a short time, he would get up the steam again and plunge into the most strenuous work. "I won't believe," he wrote, "any stories about over-work. It's impossible when one's in good heart and at really good things. I've a lot of nice things to do, but the heart fails—after lunch particularly." *Heart* and hand did fail again. In 1882 he had another attack of brain fever, but was able to travel in August, and to work at French churches, and in the Alps. Strange to say, by the end of the year he so far recovered that he was once more ready for public life. "The attacks of brain fever had passed over him like passing storms, leaving a clear sky."

And so in 1883 he was again in the professor's chair at Oxford, working with his old enthusiasm, and in 1884 he delivered the course of lectures which he published under the title of "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century;" and then again he suddenly resigned his professorship.

This practically closed his active life. Mr. Collingwood, who was Ruskin's chosen secretary and biographer, is best qualified to speak of him at this time. He says: "Over-stimulus in childhood, intense application to work in youth and middle age, under conditions of discouragement, both public and private, which would have been

fatal to many another man; and this too, not merely hard work of an intensely emotional nature, involving, in his view at least, wide issues of life and death, in which he was another Jacob, wrestling with the angel in the wilderness, another Savonarola, imploring reconciliation between God and man. . . . These attacks of mental disease, which at his recall to Oxford, seemed to have been safely distanced, after his resignation began again at more frequent intervals. Crash after crash of tempest fell upon him—clearing away for awhile, only to return with fiercer fury, until they left him beaten down and helpless at last, to learn that he must accept the lesson and bow before the storm. Like another prophet who had been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts, he was to feel tempest and earthquake and fire pass over him, before hearing the still small voice that bade him once more take courage, and live in quietness and confidence, for the sake of those whom he had forgotten, when he cried, 'I, even I only am left.'"

And Mr. Harrison, his other biographer, says: "But a year or so before his death, I found him in his quiet Brantford home—to look at, just like Lear in the last scene, but perfectly reposeful, gentle and happy, taking the air of the fells with delight, joining in games, or reading with the family at intervals; . . . silently and for long intervals together gazing with a far-off look of yearning, but no longer of eagerness, at the blue hills, across the rippling lake, as if—half child again, half wayworn pilgrim—he saw there the delectable mountains 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

Certainly the man, Ruskin, had well earned the rest which came to him with his closing years. A prophet of the nineteenth century, he had preached, unwaveringly, the gospel of sincerity with a passion unequalled, and with a power hardly surpassed by his great contemporary and friend—Thomas Carlyle. In those notes of quiet ecstasy which his soul delighted in, as he shared the domestic peace denied him in his years of service and battle, his spiritual vision was not impaired, nor his faith weaker. One can almost hear him as he sits in the gloaming of a long eventide, singing with Browning:

> "Grow old along with me;
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life for which the first was made;
> Our times are in His hand,
> Who saith: 'A whole I planned,
> Youth shews but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!'"

III

RUSKIN—ART CRITIC AND AUTHOR.

True criticism of art never can consist in the mere application of rules; it can be just only when it is founded on quick sympathy with the innumerable instincts and changeful efforts of human nature, chastened and guided by unchanging love of all things that God has created to be beautiful, and pronounced to be good."—*Mod. Painters*, Vol. 3, Chap. 2.

Ruskin is best known to the world of literature as Art Critic, and beyond all doubt, he stands unrivalled in this character. There have been artists many, and art critics not a few, but to our author is commonly conceded first place in this realm. The encyclopedias refer to him as "the most eminent art critic" and librarians so class his works.[1] Collingwood devotes the whole of Book II. of his biography, comprising nearly one hundred pages, to Ruskin's work as art critic. And, in truth, it is in art that his best literary work finds its base of form and thought, notwithstanding that he travels, often, over fields that are wide apart, for inspiration and application. His writings are truly encyclopedic, not only in volume, but also in variety of subject and treatment. Yet they are entirely original and have opened to the world a new school of thought and criticism.[2]

Starting out with the broadest view of his subject, he says:

"I want a definition of art wide enough to include all its varieties of aim. The art is greatest, which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully

[1] "John Ruskin is the greatest interpreter of art the English world has ever known."—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

[2] The Literary Editor of the New York Tribune has kindly furnished the writer an extract from a review of one of Ruskin's works which appeared in the Tribune fifty-seven years ago, viz.: July 13, 1849, as follows:

"He (Ruskin) is so clearly master of his subject, which seems, indeed, to form a portion of his deepest life and being, he writes so sincerely from inspiration of a large interior experience, that we cannot but think it wiser, as well as more modest, to place ourselves to him in the relation of learners, rather than of critics."

occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts, the faculty by which it is received.

"If this then be the definition of great art, that of a great artist naturally follows. He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas."—*Modern Painters, Vol.* 1, *Chap.* 2.

This definition Ruskin nobly interpreted in his own work, for he was an artist before he ventured to criticise art. And every piece of work that came from his hand, and every criticism of the work of others was subjected to these standards. There could be no beauty without truth and no work that does not represent the character of the soul as well as of the brain. When men asked, "Have I produced something that will pay, and something calculated cunningly to deceive the eye, so that I may obtain a larger payment for it than I have justly earned?" instead of the question, "Is this thing that I have made as sound and efficient a thing as it is possible for me to produce?" they are essentially and radically dishonest.

With such a standard Ruskin was eminently qualified for the function of critic, and only such a man is. He who holds up a poem, or a painting, or any piece of work to the light, must himself be true. Praise or censure of any work for favor, or for a price alone, is not criticism—it is flattery or calumny—in either case false and worthless.

And then, too, Ruskin insisted, not only that *truth is truth,* but that truth is beauty, and that there is no real beauty in any thing that maketh a lie. Falsehood is varnish, paint is a coat only, and may hide rottenness and hideousness. The single column in temple or porch must be straight and true, or it is not a thing of beauty. The beauty of the butterfly—of every bird and every leaf and flower; and of every shade of color in foliage is an expression of truth. Nature hates a lie as it abominates a vacuum. It was one of the articles of his faith that ugliness is the product of sin, and that truth and beauty are eternally wedded. "A beautiful thing may exist but for a moment, as a reality—it exists forever as a testimony. . . . . The law of beauty (for us) depends on the laws of Christ. On all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience; on all unbeautiful features are written either ignorance of the law, or the malice and insolence of the disobedience."[1]

[1] *Art of England. Lect. III.*

Ruskin's soul was fired with the spirit of Eternal Truth. He could hate intensely, but he hated only evil things. Shams, hypocrisy, and every form of falsehood aroused him to anger. Oppression and all forms of injustice called him to battle. It was the neglect and the absence of fairness, to say nothing of the injustice, towards a great Master of the art of painting, that kindled the fire in him at the very beginning of his life-work. Contemptuous criticism on Turner appeared in an article in Blackwood's Magazine in 1843, and it evoked the "black anger" of young Ruskin. And the persistent, heroic, and triumphant defence of Turner, which then began and did not stop until the fifth volume of Modern Painters was published, was the crown of Ruskin's work as a master of analysis and controversy.

Perhaps Ruskin himself would not have desired and could not have suggested, a more fitting monument to his own self-sacrificing and patient labors on behalf of art than the securing to the world the magnificent collection of Turner's landscapes and drawings, on free view in the National Gallery of London. Mr. Turner bequeathed the whole of these works to the Nation, with Mr. Ruskin as one of the executors. This included about 19,000 drawings,[1] most of which, however, were in a state of confusion—unmounted and partly spoiled. "Four hundred of these were extricated from chaos, and with infinite pains, cleaned, flattened, mounted, dated and described, and placed in cabinets. "The collection," says Collingwood, "is a monument to one man's genius and another's patience." All this is characteristic of Ruskin. Whatever he did was done with his whole heart and will.

The success of Ruskin, as an author, was phenomenal. Other authors of great merit, and even of genius, had to face the indifference, if not the contempt of publishers and their "readers," who not infrequently reject the finest of manuscripts or accept them grudgingly, and on terms which often mean humiliation and poverty to the author. Here, however, Ruskin possessed a great advantage, as the son of a rich merchant who could and, we are told, did transact the business end of his earlier work for him. Moreover, it was a matter of no great importance to him whether they paid or not. Still, there remains the fact, standing to his credit from the very beginning, that his works were in instant demand and

[1] Preface to Vol. 5, Modern Painters.

soon became popular and profitable. The first volume of Modern Painters, published in May, 1843, as the work of an "Oxford Graduate" created a storm, and notwithstanding that it was severely criticised by the influential reviewers, as having dared to set up a new standard of art criticism, the books speedily became in great demand, the name of the anonymous author leaked out, and young Ruskin became the literary lion.[1] He "created a department of literature all his own, and adorned it with works the like of which had never been seen.

He had enriched the art of England with examples of a new and beautiful draughtmanship, and the language with passages of poetic description and declamation, quite, in their way, unrivalled. As a philosopher he had built up a theory of art, as yet uncontested; and had treated both its abstract nature and its relations to human conduct and policy. As a historian he had thrown new light on the Middle Ages and Renaissance, illustrating, in a way then novel, their chronicles by their remains. He had beaten down opposition, risen above detraction, and won the prize of honor, only to realize, as he received it, that the fight had been but a pastime tournament, after all; and to hear, through the applause, the enemy's trumpet sounding to battle."[2]

A recent author who writes on art has this to say of "The influence of Ruskin:"

"His imagination reconstructed the past. He rescued half-lost treasures of art from the power of oblivion. He went on art pilgrimages to old cities of Italy, and, at Florence, he spent months of silent musing in its cool mediæval churches, regarding no other critic's authority, reading the ancient records at first hand, mixing learning with intuition, putting himself into the place of the builders and living their lives, until the city of Brunelleschi flourishes again. He studied Venice with the same independence, and Verona, Milan, Padua, Bologna, Assisi, so that Giotto and Gentile da Fabriano, Carpaccio and later masters, greet him as one who loved them; he came up slowly to Amiens, and, behold, the world was conscious that it had never before known these churches, tombs, sculptures, and paintings. They were again holy shrines of prayer and praise, and glowed in their pristine splendors. He opened their beauty to eyes that never saw. . . . He went to the moral springs,

[1] In 1883 Ruskin wrote to the author of "The Life and Times of Sydney Smith" and stated that he (Sydney Smith) was the first in the literary circles of London to assert the value of "Modern Painters."

[2] Collingwood.

and to those divine principles of righteousness and power which belong to religion even as they do to art. He marked distinctions in the relative importance of art-ideas between the ideal and the real, spiritual and sensuous beauty, nature and imitation, truth and artificialness." James H. Hoppin—*Great Epochs in Art History.*

Ruskin found the highest expression of art in architecture. With him the art of building is the crowning glory of human genius, although he marks the distinction between the mechanical builder and the architect. He defines architecture as "the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power and pleasure," while to build, he says, is "to put together and adjust the several pieces of any edifice." He also says, "I believe architecture must be the beginning of arts, and that the others must follow her in their time and order."[1]

Man, as he came first from the hands of his Creator—man in the state of nature, is the most helpless, the least protected of all the animal world. In his very birth there is the suggestion that he must himself evolve and produce his own house. There is a possible looking backward, as well as a personal experience in the saying of Jesus: "The Son of *Man* hath not where to lay his head." This indeed expresses the truth of Man in his normal or primitive condition. Nature clothes the lion and the bear—gives a coat of wool to the lamb and of feathers to the bird. The ant and the bee have each their house; "foxes have holes and birds have nests." They possess the instinct to find or construct these things to their own needs. The marvelous and beautiful structure of the first spider's web was like that of the present day, and the bees which constructed the comb and found a home in the cleft of the mountain took their lessons of Great Nature at the beginning and it was then, as now, perfect, adapted, beautiful, and true as the lines of light from the sun.

But architecture is not a gift of instinct by which the first man could make for himself a house of wood or stone; it is an evolution of his intellect and genius. It is the soul of strength—an indenture of progress and truth. There has never been built a house, by man for man, whether of mud or marble, which departed wholly from the cardinal lines of moral truth.

The house which is built without regard to truth is the house

[1] *Seven Lamps: The Lamp of Obedience.*

on the sand, while the house built in truth is on the rock. And this literal truth represents the building of human character—the building of the soul, as well as of the house of shelter, or of art, or worship.

He who carves a stone to fill a niche must make it mathematically correct, or it will express a lie and will not fit. He who lays bricks without regard to the strictest meter of truth is putting his own falsehood into the building—and no house can stand that is built upon a lie. This is the lesson which mechanism gives to the boy who comes from a home where no truth is. The first demonstration of truth to many an one comes with a fact of the workshop—a piece of wood cut 9 1/1000 inches will not fit in a nine inch space. When a boy goes to the industrial school and learns that a wheel or pattern must be square, or circle, and true to a thousandth part of an inch, he meets a moral proposition as well as a mathematical fact. If he be careless, shiftless, or untrue in the measure of one solitary hair's-breadth, the laws of nature smite him in the face as a liar.

All this is embodied in the doctrines of work as taught by Ruskin.[1] No teacher ever insisted more resolutely than he did that the moral quality of a man's work is the exact expression of his soul. "Every principle of painting," he said, "which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my works on architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another, is founded on a comparison of their influences on the life of the workman—a question by all other writers on the subject of architecture wholly forgotten or despised."—*Modern Painters, Vol.* 5.

Further even than this, Ruskin claims that "every form of architecture is in some sort the embodiment of the polity, life, history, and religious faith of nations."

That these moral principles were ever in his mind through all his years of labor is apparent as we read his letters in Fors Clavigera. In one of these letters written in 1877 he says:

"In rough approximation of date nearest to the completion of the several pieces of my past work, as they are built one on the other—at twenty, I wrote *Modern Painters;* at thirty, *The Stones of Venice;* at forty, *Unto this Last;* at fifty the Inaugural Oxford lectures; and, if *Fors Clavigera* is ever finished as I mean, it will mark the mind

[1] See page —

I had at sixty; and leave me in my seventh day of life, perhaps—to rest. For the code of all I had to teach will then be, in form, as it is at this hour, in substance, completed. *Modern Painters* taught the claim of all lower nature on the hearts of men; of the rock, and wave, and herb, as a part of their necessary spirit life; in all that I now bid you to do, to dress the earth and keep it, I am fulfilling what I then began.

The *Stones of Venice* taught the laws of constructive art, and the dependence of all human work or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman. *Unto this Last* taught the laws of that life itself, and its dependence on the Sun of Justice: the Inaugural Oxford lectures, the necessity that it should be led, and the gracious laws of beauty and labor recognized, by the upper, no less than the lower, classes of England; and lastly *Fors Clavigera* has declared the relation of these to each other, and the only possible conditions of peace and honor, for low and high, rich and poor, together, in the holding of that first estate, under the only despot, God, from which whoso falls, angel or man, is kept, not mythically nor disputably, but here in visible horror of chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day; and in keeping which service is perfect freedom, and inheritance of all that a loving Creator can give to his creatures, and an immortal Father to his children."

A year before this he wrote about the "various designs of which he had been merely collecting material." "These included," says Mr. Harrison, "a history of fifteenth century Florentine art in six octavo volumes; an analysis of the Attic art of the fifth century B. C., in three volumes; an exhaustive history of northern thirteen century art, in ten volumes; a life of Sir Walter Scott, with an analysis of modern epic art, in seven volumes; a life of Xenophon, with analysis of the general principle of education, in ten volumes; a commentary on Hesiod, with final analysis of the principles of Political Economy, in nine volumes; and a general description of the geology and botany of the Alps, in twenty-four volumes." If it be said that this was a dream only, it must be remembered that all the lectures and notes, all the jottings and memorandums, of his close observation and frequent travel were collections of material for this stupendous scheme. What might have been the outcome, if the years of this great soul's life had not been interrupted by periods of physical weakness and sometimes of utter prostration, can only be left to the imagination.

It is no light tribute to a man who has written so much when it is said that:

"There is not one line that is base, or coarse, or frivolous; not a

sentence that was framed in envy, malice, wantonness or cruelty; not one piece that was written to win money, or popularity or promotion; not a line composed for any selfish end or in any trivial mood. . . . It was always the heart's blood of a rare genius and a noble soul. . . His words, flung to the winds, have borne fruit a hundredfold in lands that he never thought of or designed to reach."[1]

If the reader of this volume never sees a full set of the works which proceeded from Ruskin's brain and heart, he may yet see here, that he has left to the world a legacy which is unsurpassed in value, in all the world of philosophic literature.

But greater, even than these gifts of genius, was his personal life —his splendid moral example, his pure unselfishness, and self-sacrifice, his fine, keen sense of right and justice, his rare spirit of absolute truthfulness, his vigorous and practical protest against greed, extravagance, waste, and all forms of tyranny, his enthusiasm for humanity, these all, in one living personality and history constitute a far grander and more priceless gift to the world than all the products of his great intellect.

[1] Harrison.

IV

RUSKIN—REFORMER AND ECONOMIST.

"Far and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

"Jesus says, 'Leave father, mother, house and lands, and follow me.' Who leaves all, receives more. This is as true intellectually as it is morally. . . . . A self-denial no less austere than the saint's is demanded of the scholar. He must worship truth, and forego all things for that, and choose defeat and pain, so that his treasure in thought is thereby augmented.

"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please,—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets,—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings, and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being."—*Emerson: Essay on Intellect.*

It may be said that no fundamental truth was ever expressed without a paradox. Perhaps indeed, it cannot be, since every such truth involves another. In saying:—"Whosoever will save his life shall lose it," Jesus made a statement at once startling and perplexing; yet it is the testimony of human experience that no moral gain comes to him who gives in order to gain, and no life-loss falls to him who gives to save others.

Ruskin, himself a paradox, was a striking example of this two-edge truth. "Like Emerson," as Jenkin Lloyd Jones says, "he was great enough to contradict himself as often as he chose."[1]

No man of his time was more radical in regard to what seemed to him a social or political wrong; yet he was rigidly conservative in some of the recognised channels of public policy and action. He declared himself a "Tory of the Tories," thus assuming all the old con-

[1] "Doubtless one reason for the antagonism shown to Ruskin as an Economist was the impossibility of classifying him. He bewildered people. The English public understood a Tory, it understood a Radical. Ruskin was both, and neither. He called himself a vehement Tory of the old school: yet he criticised the wage-system, which lies at the foundation of the present social order, like a Communist. He denounced liberty: yet he hated oppression. No wonder that men shook their puzzled heads, and bewailed Ruskin's passion for paradox."—*Vida D. Scudder.*

servatism of the *statu quo,* and yet he hated the old forms of creed and doctrine—whether religious or political—which were current in his day, and he pressed the whole weight of his word and work against them. He was impatient with men on the score of duty, yet at the age of forty-six, he tells us, "he had never voted in his life, nor ever meant to do so."[1]

His views on political economy were so directly opposite to the current teaching of men like Mill and Fawcett that he fell upon them with all the rigor of his forceful criticism and irony; in this he was severe and merciless, yet in his personal contact with men and women he was uniformly gentle and considerate.[2]

He was impractical and utopian in some of his views and very doggedly persistent in their advocacy. He despised common vices as inconsistent with moral truth and purity, declaiming against those who "would put the filth of tobacco even into the fresh breeze of a May morning." He was liberal of his talents and money, yet he insisted upon the sale of his books at high prices, rejecting with scorn the suggestion of popularity through cheapness.

As a political economist he was decidedly and valorously heterodox. But he has given the Commercial World some "nuts to crack" and has set the teeth of Political Economists on edge with his sharp attack. And, if we mistake not, the time is rapidly approaching when he will be as well, if not better, appreciated for his teachings on this subject as for his chosen theme of art. He says:—"Political economy (the economy of a State, or of citizens) consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable things. The farmer who cuts his hay at the right time; the ship-wright who drives his bolts well home in sound wood; the builder who lays good bricks in well-tempered mortar; the housewife who takes care of her furniture in the parlor, and guards against all waste in her kitchen; and the singer who rightly disciplines, and never overstrains her voice; are all political economists in the true and final sense; adding continually to the riches and well-being of the nation to which they belong."[3]

It is here that Ruskin joins hands and seems to touch heart, with his great friend, whom he delighted to regard as his master and teacher—Thomas Carlyle.

[1] Time and Tide, Letter xix.
[2] See Chapter on Ruskin the Man.
[3] *Unto This Last.*

It has been well pointed out that "there is to be found in both men a body of positive teaching almost identical in proposal of practical methods and solutions. 'Past and Present' is the best commentary of 'Unto This Last.' "[1]

In the four splendid essays, constituting this work, we have the gospel of political economy clearly defined from his standpoint, and prophetically proclaimed. Of all our author's great works, the economic doctrines advocated and expounded in these essays and in "Munera Pulveris" are the most epoch making, and we are inclined to agree with Harrison in the opinion, that they "are the most serviceable things that Ruskin gave to the world."

Nowhere else, that we have been able to discover, among modern writers can there be found such clear, consistent teaching on the fundamental principles of political economy. Ruskin sees that truth is harmonious, that no doctrine can be right which is inconsistent with moral law, no matter how seductively, and apparently wise, it may be stated. He sees that the old Hebrew Prophets had a true conception of economy as it applies to the moral nature as well as to physical desires. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread; and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" are questions fundamental, alike to the physical and the moral life. His definitions are as clear as his moral principles are sound. Witness the following note distinguishing between "value" and "price:"—

"It were to be wished that our well-educated merchants recalled to mind always this much of their Latin schooling,—that the nominative of *valorem* is *valor*. *Valor,* from *valere,* to be well, or strong (*υγιαινω*); strong *in* life (if a man), or valiant; strong *for* life (if a thing), or valuable. To be "valuable," therefore, is to "avail towards life." A truly valuable or availing thing is that which leads to life with its whole strength. In proportion as it does not lead to life, or as its strength is broken, it is less valuable; in proportion as it leads away from life, it is unvaluable or malignant.

The value of a thing, therefore, is independent of opinion, and of quantity. Think what you will of it, gain how much you may of it, the value of the thing itself is neither greater nor less. Forever it avails, or avails not; no estimate can raise, no disdain depress, the power which it holds from the Maker of things and of men."[2]

Such a definition as this is final. One can anchor to it and feel that there are no shifting sands under it. Value is not determined

[1] John Ruskin, by Vida B. Scudder, p. 139.
[2] *Unto This Last: Essay 4.*

by price, for the latter changes with supply and with desire and caprice. Often the price of an article in the commercial world bears no relation to its value. Ruskin traces value to the "Maker of things and of men." That is the greatest into which God has impressed most of himself. That in which there is more of elementary power for beauty and utility is of more value. In so much as there is more of Nature and of God in a bird than in a diamond or a ruby there is more of value in it. Carry this thought upward and we see why man is essentially "of more value than many sparrows," or of many precious stones.[1]

The aim of political economy according to Ruskin is "the multiplication of human life at the highest standard." "There is no wealth but life" he declares and very seriously he asks:—"May not the manufacture of souls of a good quality be worthy our attention."

Ruskin had much to say to men who accumulate large fortunes. "No man," he said, "can become largely rich by his own personal toil . . . it is only by the discovery of some method of taxing the labor of others that he can become opulent. Every increase of his capital enables him to extend this taxation more widely. . . . Large fortunes cannot honestly be made by the work of *one* man's hands or head. If his work benefits multitudes, and involves position of high trust it may be (I do not say that it *is*) expedient to reward him with great wealth or estate; but fortune of this kind is freely given in gratitude for benefit, not as payment for labor."[2]

Thus he disputes the right of any man to become a multi-millionaire, and his doctrines of interest and money are consistent with this attitude. His vigorous protest against usury strikes at the very root of the matter, for it includes the condemnation of all "interest" on money. In this he was not so radical, as in some of his views, for he justified the ownership of interest bearing stock. He said, "I hold bank stock simply because I suppose it to be safer than any other stock, and I take the interest of it, because though taking interest is, in the abstract, as wrong as war, the entire fabric of society is

[1] When it is said that "the very jewel in your ring would protect from hunger a mass of people" (Ambrose), there is danger of wrongly viewing the value of the jewel. The price for which a jewel may be sold would purchase food and stay the temporary hunger of a number of people, and the sale of it, for such a purpose, would be a benevolent deed: but the jewel belongs to another realm than food. All the jewels in the world would not feed one hungry child.—*Edit.*

[2] Time and Tide.

at present so connected with both usury and war, that it is not possible violently to withdraw from either evil."[1]

Consistent with this view of interest Ruskin had radical ideas of money. Money is not wealth, but a documentary claim to wealth.

This view of interest, which Ruskin emphasised and illustrated in his later writings[2] has occasioned much controversy and many of Ruskin's admirers class it among his utopian ideas. "I lent one of my servants" he says, "eleven hundred pounds, to build a house with and stock its grounds. After some years he paid me back the eleven hundred pounds. If I had taken eleven hundred pounds, and a penny, the extra penny would have been usury."

But another closely related doctrine in his mind was that of *money itself*. He defined money as "a documentary expression of legal claim, and vigorously endorsed Aristotle's remark that "Money is barren."

"It is not wealth, but a documentary claim to wealth, being the sign of the relative quantities of it, or of the labour producing it, to which, at a given time, persons or societies, are entitled. If all the money in the world, notes and gold, were destroyed in an instant, it would leave the world neither richer nor poorer than it was. But it would leave the individual inhabitants of it in different relations. Money is therefore correspondent, in its nature, to the title deed of an estate. Though the deed be burned, the estate still exists, but the right of it has become disputable."[3]

The present money system of the world, though borrowed from the ancient nations, seems to be as far removed from radical change as if it were the most scientific and up-to-date agency. And yet, as the moral conscience becomes quickened, and the intellectual perception of the common people develop, through the teachings of such men as Ruskin, who shall say how soon a revolution of the commercial aspect of money may come?

It is a common observation that money is the most absolute power in the world. Ruskin has taught us that this power is illegitimate. Not that money could, or should, ever be divested of all

[1] Fors Clavigera. Letter 21.

[2] See "Fors," Letters 68 and 78. Also "Arrows of the Chace," and especially The Letters on Usury in "The Old Road."

[3] "Munera Pulveris," Chap. 1.

power, but in vesting it with "legal interest" it becomes an imperious and oppressive tax on all forms of wealth.[1]

On the subject of taxes, by the way, he said "In true justice, the only honest, and wholly right, tax is one not merely on income, but property, increasing in percentage as the property is greater. And the main virtue of such a tax is that it makes publicly known what every man has, and how he gets it."[2]

It is chiefly on account of his economic teachings that Ruskin has so often been classed as a Socialist. Mr. Hobson claims that in the sense that socialism is a unity of persons for "a common end or purpose which determines and imposes the activities" of these persons, he was a Socialist, and further that, true to Socialism, he favored the substitution of public for private enterprise and public support and control of individual life by the State.[3]

But Ruskin was too really a conservator of authority and order to be a recognised Socialist. In spite of his vigorous protests against the usurpation of kings and priests, through the agency of money and war, he held strongly to the duty and value of reverence and obedience, and just as strongly denounced the liberty and democracy of socialism.

As a Reformer Ruskin employed all his great talents in unselfish service. He literally consecrated all he had and all he was to the advancement of human good as he understood it. His aim in his lectures to workmen and others was to impart knowledge and stimulate to right thinking all who heard his words of wisdom and learning. In the same self-sacrificing spirit he gave freely of his wealth.

[1] A very friendly and able review of *Ruskin as a Social Reformer*, Mr. J. A. Hobson, thinks that Ruskin "has fallen a victim to a famous fallacy which has, in the history of economic thought, proved fatal to many of the subtlest intellects the world has ever known. The intellectual repudiation of interest has nearly always arisen from the difficulty of conceiving that money could produce anything, either money or more wealth of any kind." But has any one ever shown the world that money, or any other kind of tool, does "produce" anything? It is the man behind the tool who produces. So long as the tool abstains it produces nothing. There is no wrong done to the man who uses the tool when he is asked to share his products with the man who owns the tool, but the tools are placed in the hands of men who exact a tax for their use without sharing the risks. There is all the difference between the right of an individual to become a partner with another in the use of his money, thereby sharing its profits and losses; and the present system which invests money with arbitrary power over every species of wealth and productive service. "Legal interest" knows nothing of the risks and losses of work—whether in the farm or the shop. It knows only gains, and it imposes its tax, with a force more imperious and irresistible than a government tax.—*Edit.*

[2] Fors, 1: Letter 7.

[3] John Ruskin, Social Reformer. Hobson, p. 193.

At his father's death he inherited a fortune equal to about a million of dollars. This, together with large sums of money earned by his work as author and lecturer, he regarded as so much of talent with which to do good to mankind. In his giving he did not measure by what other people did, nor did he stop at a tithe, he reserved barely the tenth for himself and gave the rest. One of his favorite channels of beneficence may well be commended to American millionaires who are seeking for a disposition of some of their surplus wealth. He made himself personally acquainted with young men and women who were struggling against odds, to educate themselves, or otherwise to gain a position in the world. These he helped, not only with advice, but with money and influence. Poor, struggling artists frequently found in him a ready and generous friend. In a single year his benefactions reached the sum of $76,000.

Another suggestion to the rich comes from his inaugurating the building of apartment houses and cottages for working men, where they could live like Christians without being crushed under exorbitant rents. This latter work was greatly aided by the famous George Peabody, who built a number of such homes in London.[1]

Ruskin was never able, in his thoughts of the United States, as a nation, to do it justice. His view of liberty, which seems to have included the absence of restraint, prevented him from seeing that the

[1] President Roosevelt's call for American family life needs to be supplemented by a practical scheme of philanthropic enterprise to make home-keeping possible. The city flat, as a home, is far from ideal: costing from one-quarter to one-half the average earnings of the people, it is, nevertheless, little more than a lodging in a hotel, and is subject to frequent changes, with "notices to quit," just when increase of family renders it hard and expensive to remove.

The philanthropic capitalist who builds libraries and endows colleges is encouraging and helping us to intelligent citizenship, but he who will invest in the building of cottages for the struggling home-founders will do vastly more towards the building of a safe and intelligent Republic.

If we may take the estimate of the American Federation of Women's Clubs as a basis, a seven-room cottage, with bath-room, closets, etc., may be built at a cost, in different localities, of from $1,500 to $2,000. (*Report of Convention at St. Paul, Minn., June 4, 1906.*) The same authorities estimate the cost of lots in suburban places at $250.00. If $250.00 be added to these estimates we have $3,000.00 as the cost of lots and cottages. On this estimate one million dollars would build 333 such cottages. These could be readily sold on a basis of cash, or part-cash payments, or by an easy system of payment-by-rent. Such cottages, wherever available, now readily rent for from $20 to $30 per month. If the occupier paid the lesser of these two amounts ($20) he could become the owner in fifteen years, having paid $600.00 more than the actual cost ($3,000), sufficient for management expenses, taxes, and repairs. Meantime the rent, or purchase money, would be building other such houses, the original capital perpetuating itself,—a self-projecting fund, safer and more productive than the best form of endowment, which employs interest only.—*Edit.*

American conception of liberty meant government. And while a great free Republic was certain to be wrongly interpreted by many as free and irresponsible license, yet this *was not,* and *is not* the spirit of a true democracy. He said:

"If I had to choose, I would tenfold rather see the tyranny of old Austria triumphant in the old and new worlds, and trust to the chance (or rather the certainty) of some day seeing a true Emperor born to its throne, than, with every privilege of thought and act, run the most distant risk of seeing the thoughts of the people of Germany and England become like the thoughts of the people of America."

But that splendid American citizen and public teacher, Charles Eliot Norton, whom Ruskin delighted to call the "dearest friend I have in the world" told him that he "knew nothing about America," to which Ruskin answered:—"It may be so, and I therefore usually say nothing about it. But this much I have said, because the Americans, as a Nation, set their trust in liberty and equality, of which I detest the one, and deny the possibility of the other; and because, also, as a Nation, they are wholly undesirous of Rest, and incapable of it; irreverent of themselves, both in the present and in the future; discontented with what they are, yet having no ideal of anything which they desire to become.[1]

It was of course the right and privilege of the old world to look with critical eye upon the struggle of the American Nation towards its ideal. For *it had an ideal,* and one which men of the old world could not understand, viz.: *the divine right of the People, expressed in a completely democratic form of government.* The world had no experience, or history, to guide it in its judgment of this principle, as the basis for the government of a great nation, and it was to be expected that mistakes would be made in applying it. It was also to be expected that old-world-thinkers would emphasise the dangers involved.

Ruskin wrote some things about America which he did not preserve and which would have proved that his friend Norton was right, but he retained a note upon the American war which is of interest, not only because it applies to war in general, but also because it emphasises a principle which has been observed in more recent wars of America to a degree that is perhaps unexampled in

[1] Time and Tide: Letter 22.

the world's history, and which, let us hope, will be yet better observed in the future.[1]

Had Ruskin lived a few years longer he might have seen answers to his criticisms of America which are better than argument. Here, above everywhere, his own best doctrines of political economy and reform are in a fair way to be tested and approved. And while it is true that we have not yet, in the United States, reached the desired haven of the spirit of Rest, yet our government is established in the eyes of the world. And while kingdoms are tottering and thrones are insecure, the American Nation enjoys a measure of confidence and esteem which has never been surpassed in the history of Nations; and our President ranks, in respect and honor, with the highest and greatest of the throned monarchs of the world.

[1] All methods of right government are to be communicated to foreign nations by perfectness of example and gentleness of patiently expanded power, not suddenly, nor at the bayonet's point. And though it is the duty of every nation to interfere, at bayonet's point, if it has the power to do so, to save any oppressed multitude, or even individual, from manifest violence, it is wholly unlawful to interfere in such a matter, except with sacredly pledged limitation of the objects to be accomplished in the oppressed person's favor, and with absolute refusal of all selfish advantage and increase of territory or of political power which might otherwise accrue from victory."—*Time and Tide*, Letter 22.

V

RUSKIN—LECTURER AND TEACHER.

"It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to affirm whatever he pleases, but to be able to discern that what is true, is true, and that what is false is false; this is the mark and character of intelligence."—*Emmanuel Swedenborg.*

"I find this conclusion more impressed upon me,—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion,—all in one."—*Modern Painters, Vol.* 3.

Ruskin, as a teacher, was the same untiring, self-sacrificing soul as in all other of the many forms of service which he rendered to humanity. His was the giving of genius, which knows no limit, which pours itself out without stint or self-thought and which works with multiplied powers when the object in view is a beneficent one.

He lectured and taught for the love of the work, but yet more for the opportunity which the work afforded him to impart knowledge to others. He found no greater pleasure than in the study of mountain, river, tree, flower, or any other of Nature's many forms of expression, in order that he might give it out to the truth-seeker. Very earnestly he taught that the ennobling and truly profitable thing in all work lies, not alone in its productiveness, but also in its co-operation with providence, for if it fails to give itself it loses power. His counsel to artists on this subject appeals with equal force to all other workmen:

"Wherever art is practiced for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he *does* and *produces,* instead of what he *interprets* or *exhibits,*—there art has an influence of the most fatal kind on brain and heart, and it issues, if long so pursued, in the *destruction both of intellectual power* and *moral principle;* whereas art, devoted humbly and self-forgetfully to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, is always helpful and beneficent to mankind, full of comfort, strength, and salvation. . . .

Reverence, then, and compassion, we are to teach primarily, and with these, as the bond and guardian of them, truth of spirit and word, of thought and sight. Truth, earnest and passionate, sought for like a treasure and kept like a crown."

If Ruskin were living in this age he would have the satisfaction of seeing one of his pet ideas of education in full force in many of our schools. Manual training is almost past the experimental stage. To what extent Ruskin's advocacy influenced this result it is, of course, impossible to estimate, but it is interesting to note what he said on the subject:

"It would be part of my scheme of physical education that every youth in the state—from the king's son downwards—should learn to do something finely and thoroughly with his hand, so as to let him know what *touch* meant; and what stout craftmanship meant; and to inform him of many things besides, which no man can learn but by some severely accurate discipline in doing. Let him once learn to take a straight shaving off a plank, or draw a fine curve without faltering, or lay a brick level in its mortar; and he has learned a multitude of other matters which no lips of man could ever teach him. He might choose his craft, but whatever it was, he should learn it to some sufficient degree of true dexterity; and the result would be, in after life, that among the middle classes a good deal of their house furniture would be made, and a good deal of rough work, more or less clumsily, but not ineffectively, got through, by the master himself and his sons, with much furtherance of their general health and peace of mind, and increase of innocent domestic pride and pleasure, and to the extinction of a great deal of vulgar upholstery and other mean handicraft."[1]

"Education," he says again, "does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust.[2]

The manner and methods of Ruskin when teaching were delightful. We have Collingwood's authority for the statement that Ruskin was the first to provide casts from natural leaves and fruit and even trees, in the classroom, "in place of the ordinary conventional ornament." For sketching from nature he took his classes "out into the country and would wind up with tea and talk." Art

[1] Time and Tide: Letter 16. Ibid. 21.

[2] Mr. Hobson makes the following pertinent comment on this: "There is only too great reason to believe that the plague of gambling, which is sapping the moral life, and the twin evil of the monstrous comsumption of the lowest orders of sensational journalism, are the natural and necessary results of a national education which ends in teaching to read and to calculate the odds, without even tempering these processes with humanizing elements."—*John Ruskin, Social Reformer*, page 270.

students of the present day will see nothing novel in Ruskin's use of paper and charcoal drawings in his lecture illustrations, but those of our large cities may sigh in vain for the romantic visit to the country, where they can receive instruction from teacher and nature, and at the same time enjoy the recreation and inspiration of the country scenery.

Education was one of the "three heads of purpose" of St. George's Guild and as Ruskin's influence in this institution was supreme, he could carry out his plans in his own way. "In their libraries," he said, "there shall be none but noble books and in their sight none but noble art." These he furnished, books of his own selection and cost, and pictures from his own private collection.

As to the possession of wealth, Ruskin reminds one of Tolstoi, although he taught his doctrines long before the Russian reformer was known to the world. He calls himself a "Communist of the old school." And he explains what he means by this term.

"First, it means that everybody must work in common, and do common or simple work for his dinner. . . . The second respects property, and it is that the public, or common, wealth shall be more and statelier in all its substance than private wealth—the fountains which furnish the people's common drink should be very lovely and stately, and adorned with precious marbles, and the like. Then farther. . . the private dwellings of uncommon persons—dukes and lords—are to be very simple, and roughly put together, such persons being supposed to be above all care for things that please the commonality; but all the buildings for public or common service, more especially schools, almshouses and workhouses, are to be externally of a majestic character, as being for noble purposes and charities, and their interiors furnished with many luxuries for the poor and sick. And finally and chiefly, it is an absolute law of old Communism that the fortunes of private persons should be small, and of little account in the state; but the common treasury of the whole nation should be of superb and precious things in redundant quantity, as pictures, statues, precious books, gold and silver vessels, preserved from ancient times, gold and silver bullion laid up for use, in case of any chance need of buying anything suddenly from foreign nations. . . . And in a word that instead of a common poverty, or national debt, which every poor person in the nation is taxed annually to fulfill his part of, there should be a common wealth, or national reverse of debt consisting of pleasant things which every poor person in the nation should be summoned to receive his dole of."[1]

[1] *Fors, Vol. I, Letter VII.*

Of course, rich man as Ruskin was and advocating such views, he was flooded with correspondence on the subject. "How could he retain his wealth and yet proclaim such doctrines?"

This correspondence came from all sorts of people. In defence of private wealth one writer claimed that the rich man came to his wealth through a mutually beneficent partnership between the rich and the poor by which the poor shared in the joint result. Another asked the question: "Where does the rich man get his living?" In answering, Ruskin made himself an example to illustrate the position, and this is what he said:

"Where does the rich man get his means of living?" I don't myself see how a more straightforward question could be put! so straightforward, indeed, that I particularly dislike making a martyr of myself in answering it, as I must this blessed day—a martyr, at least, in the way of witness; for if we rich people don't begin to speak honestly with our tongues, we shall, some day soon, lose them and our heads together, having for some time back, most of us, made false use of the one and none of the other. Well, for the point in question, then, as to means of living; the most exemplary manner of answer is simply to state how I got my own, or rather how my father got them for me. He and his partners entered into what your correspondent mellifluously styles "a mutually beneficent partnership" with certain laborers in Spain. These laborers produced from the earth annually a certain number of bottles of wine. These productions were sold by my father and his partners, who kept nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of the price themselves, and gave one-tenth, or thereabouts, to the laborers. In which state of mutual beneficence my father and his partners naturally became rich, and the laborers as naturally remained poor. Then my good father gave all his money to me."

One cannot imagine a rich man, raised in the midst of luxury, and accustomed to all the advantages which an abundance of wealth brings, reaching the point of such deliberate denunciations of his own possessions, unless he had first, honestly and severely, put himself in the place of the poor, and to do this he must have passed through long and keen suffering for others.

But this is in perfect accord with all testimony of his noble life. Mr. Collingwood quotes an anonymous writer in the *New Review*, (March, 1892), who thus speaks of him: "Ruskin, the good Samaritan, ever gentle and open-handed, when true need and a good cause made appeal to his heart; Ruskin, the employer, considerate, generous—an ideal master."

One does not now need a prophet's vision to see how Ruskin's views of public ownership of public utilities is gradually being accepted as a practical fact. He was away ahead, even of present day thought, on the subject when he says:

"Neither the roads nor the railroads of any nation should belong to any private persons. All means of public transit should be provided at public expense, by public determination, where such means are needed, and the public should be its own shareholder. Neither road, nor railroad, nor canal should ever pay dividends to anybody. They should pay their working expenses, and no more. All dividends are simply a tax on the traveler and the goods, levied by the persons to whom the road or canal belongs, for the right of passing over his property, and this right should at once be purchased by the nation, and the original cost of the roadway—be it of gravel, iron, or adamant—at once defrayed by the nation, and then the whole work of the carriage of persons or goods done for ascertained prices, by salaried officers, as the carriage of letters is done now."

He was in advance of Henry George as an advocate of public rights in land. In 1882 he wrote to Miss Mary Gladstone, daughter of Wm. E. Gladstone, as follows:

"For these seven, nay these *ten* years, I have tried to get either Mr. Gladstone, or any other conscientious Minister of the Crown, to feel that the law of land-possession was for all the world, and eternal as the mountains and the sea. Those who possess the land must live *on* it, not by taxing it. Stars and seas and rocks must pass away before *that* Word of God shall pass away—'The land is *Mine.*'"

No one will be surprised to find fractures in the practical side of some of the proposed reforms of Ruskin. He saw every form of social error and wrong with the vision of a seer, and he had much of the prophetic quality necessary to statesmanship, but he lacked the experience.

Very positively he wrote on the evils of early and improvident marriages. When he says that "ugly and fatal as is every form and agency of license, no licentiousness is so mortal as licentiousness in marriage" he strikes at the root of a great evil; but when he advocates that the remedy lies in denying marriage to all who have not first proved their moral fitness, he overlooks the fatal licentiousness that would be certain to attend such a plan in any free country. Yet in this, as in every change he ever proposed, there is much valuable food for thought, as well as practical suggestion for our own statesmen:

"Permission to marry should be the reward held in sight of its youth during the entire latter part of the course of their education; and it should be granted as the national attestation that the first portion of their lives had been rightfully fulfilled. It should not be attainable without earnest and consistent effort, though put within the reach of all who were willing to make such effort; and the granting of it should be a public testimony to the fact, that the youth or maid to whom it was given had lived within their proper sphere, a modest and virtuous life, and had attained such skill in their proper handicraft, and in arts of household economy, as might give well-founded expectations of their being able honorably to maintain and teach their children."[1]

This would be paternal government indeed; while it would swing the pendulum of state action to one extreme, society is prone to swing it to the other. The government which leaves the legal status of marriage uncertain, confused, and without uniformity of process—a marriage being legal in one state which is illegal in another—providing no safeguards against fraud—opening wide the door to any sudden freak of romance or passion—will be certain of much domestic strife and unrest, destroying family life and social peace, and making provision for a crowded docket in the divorce court.

It is difficult to name the place that Ruskin held in the political faiths of the world. As we have seen he, at one time, called himself "a Tory of the old school" at another time, he said, he was "a Communist of the old school;" and then, at still another time, he acknowledged himself a Socialist. He was something of them all, and yet he was not any one of them. He believed in government, property and church, but he did not believe in their assumed functions, as he saw them in operation. His view of government was that its chief business consisted in providing education, housing of the working people, helping the unemployed, caring for the poor, providing for the aged, recovering of waste land, etc. Capital he held to be the means of productive labor and, as such, should be in the hands of government; money should be free: that is without "legal interest," and private property should be restricted to the use of its possessors; the massing of great fortunes would, in these circumstances, be valueless. In short, his advocacy of old-world government was based upon its defence of national interests and its paternal provision for all the people. On the other hand, as we have seen, he denied equality and spurned the democratic idea of liberty.

[1] *Time and Tide.*

ST. GEORGE'S GUILD.

Ruskin was a theorist, but he could never bear to stop at theory. Possessed of money, will, and his rare talent for work, he was always ready to put his theories into practice and never happy until he, at least, tried to do so. He had dreams of a social Utopia, and he spent his talents and his fortune in attempting its realization. He gave $25,000 to endow a professorship of drawing; he started a relation in business with $75,000. Seven years after his father's death he had given away half his fortune and in a short time he had, in like manner, disposed of it all. Thirty-five thousand dollars of it went into his giant project of St. George's Guild. For several years he diligently used the pages of his monthly letter—*Fors Clavigera*—to advocate and set forth the aims and plans of the new society. Three essential material things were to be aimed at: pure air, water and earth; and three essential immaterial things to accompany them: admiration, hope, love. This scheme was rich in ideas. It was based on the three main propositions of Ruskin's philosophy, viz: (A) That there could be no civilization without practical religion; (B) No prosperity apart from labor on the soil; and (C) No happiness without honesty and truth.

Probably no experiment of Communism has ever been floated with so much of careful thought and self-sacrificing labor as the St. George's Guild. The objects of the society according to Ruskin himself were: "to buy land in England; and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible, as many Englishmen, Englishwomen and English children, as the land we possess can maintain in comfort; to establish, for them and their descendants, a national store of continually augmenting wealth; and to organize the goverment of the persons, and administration of the properties, under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the Law of God."

Initiation into the fellowship of the society was simple, and yet as binding and solemn, as the oath of a secret society. It was required of the members that the following "creed and resolution" must be written with their own hand, and signed with the solemnity of a vow:

I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.
I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work.
And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law and see His work, while I live.

II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.
And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

III. I will labour, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might.

IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalship or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

VII. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George, into which I am this day received; and the orders of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a Companion, called of St. George.

The financial operations were to "consist in the accumulation of national wealth and store, and therefore in distribution to the poor, instead of taxation of them; and the fathers will provide for, and nobly endow, not steal from their children and children's children."

. . . . . .

"The most simply measurable part of the store of food and clothing will be the basis of the currency, which will be thus constituted. The standard of value will be a given weight or measure of grain, wine, wool, silk, flax, wood and marble—all answered for by the government as of fine and pure quality, variable only within narrow limits."

"With great patience and zeal Ruskin labored, as one inspired of a mighty mission, to present to the world an object lesson of a true and beneficent brotherhood. Sometimes his hopes were chilled by the indifference and opposition of personal friends on whose

co-operation he had counted. At other times he received unlooked for support from strangers. All the ups and downs of the movement, and all its financial transactions were reported with singular candor, and Ruskin's delightfully poetic diction made the reading of them charming as a romance, as they ran through the letters of *Fors*.

The movement took some material form in the purchase of a farm, which, however, proved a failure, as the Communists knew nothing of farming. A cottage was secured at Walkley, Yorkshire, where a museum was started. Then at Sheffield, a more enduring museum was founded, the object of which was to collect and preserve specimens of human work of the very best. To these Ruskin added numerous works of art, out of his own collection, or purchased from his purse. Many other projects were started, but this museum is all that is left to human sight as the direct result of these years of self-sacrificing philanthropic endeavor.[1]

The weakness of it all was, that from the beginning to the end, the scheme lacked systematic form. It was full of brilliant ideas such as could only have come from one who was both a philosopher and a dreamer. But, as Mr. Harrison remarks: "It will long live as the pathetic dream of a beautiful but lonely spirit to flee from the wrath that is, and to find salvation in a purer world."

Happily the immortality of great souls does not rest upon the success or failure of material agencies, or social schemes.

As a lecturer Ruskin was learned and profound, but he was no *"Dry-as-dust!"* Every class of people delighted to hear him. Whether he spoke to university scholars, to workingmen, to young girls, or little children—all were equally charmed by him.

His lecture room at Oxford in 1870, when, as "Slade Professor" he taught at the university, was always crowded with members, old and young, and their friends, "who flocked to hear and see him." Mr. Collingwood gives a description of his manner of delivery at this time. "He used to begin by reading, in his curious intonation, the carefully written passages of rhetoric, which usually occupied only about half of his hour. By and by he would break off, and

[1] We do not mean to say that there are now no societies bearing the magic name of Ruskin and seeking, in one way or another, to carry his ideas into effect. Such institutions have been organized in many parts of the United States and Great Britain. See *Appendix* in Mr. Hobson's book: *"John Ruskin, Social Reformer."*

with quite another air extemporise the liveliest interpolations, describing his diagrams and specimens, restating his arguments, reenforcing his appeal. His voice became dramatic. He used to act his subject, apparently without premeditated art, in the liveliest pantomime. . . . He gave himself over to his subject with such unreserved intensity of imaginative power, he felt so vividly and spoke so from the heart, that he became whatever he talked about, never heeding his professional dignity, and never doubting the sympathy of his audience. Lecturing on birds, he strutted like the chough, made himself wings like the swallow; he was for the moment like a cat, in explaining that engraving was the art of scratching. . . . It was so evidently the expression of his intense eagerness for his subject, so palpably true to his purpose, and he so carried his hearers with him, that one saw in the grotesque of the performance only the guarantee of sincerity. If one wanted more proof of that, there was his face, still young-looking and beardless, made for expression, and sensitive to every change of emotion. A long head, with enormous capacity of brain, veiled by thick wavy hair, not affectedly lengthy, but as abundant as ever; and darkened into a deep brown, without a trace of grey, and short, light whiskers growing high over his cheeks."[1]

His work at the lecture room was incredibly great. Mere statistics of his lectures would give but a faint idea of the amount of study and preparation involved. But the following list of subjects treated, together with the year of their first delivery, will serve in some measure to show the sweep of his mental occupation in this branch of work. The published works in which the lectures may be found, in whole or in part, are also given. The list is not offered as complete, there are probably others not recorded.

1853. Architecture. "Stones of Venice" and "Seven Lamps."
1854. Decorative Art. (3 Lectures).
1857. Imagination in Architecture. "The Two Paths."
1857. Address at School of Art.
1857. The Political Economy of Art. (2) "A Joy Forever."
1857. Art Considered as Wealth.
1858. Relation of Art to Manufacture.
1858. Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art. "The Two Paths."

[1] "Life of John Ruskin," p. 272.

1858. Work of Iron in Nature, Art and Policy. "The Two Paths."
1858. Inaugural Address at School of Art for Workmen.
1859. The Unity of Art. "The Two Paths."
1859. Modern Manufacture and Design. "The Two Paths."
1861. Tree Leaves, Etc. "Modern Painters," "Proserpina."
1862. Political Economy. "Unto this Last."
1864. Kings' Treasuries. "Sesame and Lilies."
1864. Queens' Gardens. "Sesame and Lilies."
1865. Work and Play.—To Working Men. "Crown of Wild Olive."
1865. Traffic.—To Merchants. "Crown of Wild Olive."
1865. War.—At Royal Academy. "Crown of Wild Olive."
1865. Study of Architecture in Schools.
1867. National Ethics and National Art.
1868. Mystery of Life and its Arts. "Sesame and Lilies."
1869. The Future of England. "Crown of Wild Olive."
1869. Architecture. "Queen of the Air."
1869. Greek Myths of Storm. "Queen of the Air."
1870. Greek Relief Studies—Elements of Sculpture (6). "Aratra Pentelici."
1870. Education and Aims of Life.
1871. Landscape, (3). "Modern Painters," Vol. 3.
1872. Mythology—The Bird of Calm.
1872. Natural Science and Art. (University Lectures, 10). "Eagles Nest."
1872. Engraving. (A Course) "Ariadne Florentina."
1873. Nature and Authority of Miracle.
1873. Greek and English Birds. (3 Lectures) "Love's Meinie."
1873. Early Tuscan Art. (10 Lectures) "Val D'Arno."
1873-74. Five Courses of Lectures Reviewing and Reconstructing all his Study and Treatment of Art. "Modern Painters."
1874. Alpine Forms. (Course of Four).
1874. Course of Eight on Schools of Florence.
1875. Glacial Actions in the Alps.
1875. Natural Selection.
1875. "Reynolds." (12 Lectures.)
1876. Precious Stones. "Deucalion."
1876. Iris of the Earth. "Deucalion."

1877. The Yewdale and it Streamlets. "Deucalion." Part 3.

1877. Readings in Modern Painters. (12 Lectures.)

1880. Amiens. (12 Lectures.) "Bible in Amiens."

1883. Recent English Art. Course at Oxford on Re-election as Slade Professor. "The Art of England."

1883. Lecture at London. (Subject not given.)

1883. The Pleasures of Learning, Faith, Deed (3.) "Pleasures of England."

1883. Lecture at Coniston. (Subject not given.)

1884. During this year Ruskin gave fourteen lectures, covering the same ground as many of the previous ones, and on Dec. 1st he closed his work as a lecturer.

We look in vain through all the long period of this work for any evidence of departure from the foundation principles which he had so early inculcated by his study of the Bible under his mother's care and direction. Certain interpretations, forms, creeds and doctrines he rejected; and flung them away with that passionate scorn with which he regarded everything that savored of untruth or sham. But the Eternal Verities were as unquestioned as the Stars of the Heavens, and these inspired him and remained his imperishable, immortal possessions.

VI

THE RELIGIOUS MIND OF RUSKIN.

"He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind;
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light
And dwells not in the light alone."
—*Tennyson: "In Memoriam."*

"There is need, bitter need to bring back into men's minds, that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him by whom we live."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. II, Sec. 1.

The religion of Ruskin was nurtured in soil which might have produced a mere formal, ceremonial, service and worship. The creed of his home was puritanic and calvinistic,—the doctrines were those of the State Episcopal church, which, not only taught, but determined and dictated, both the form and subject of prayers and daily worship. The eloquently worded petitions of the prayer-book were recited with peculiar intonations which the clergy adopted, and the forms, and ceremonies, and processions, sometimes came very near rivaling the splendor and pomp of the Romish church.

In such an atmosphere certain souls remained really and deeply religious: men and women, to whom the ceremonial was impressive and typical, and every collect in the prayer-book a prayer which lifted their hearts up toward God. But to Ruskin these were not inspiring, because they were, very frequently, unaccompanied with consistency of life and character, in priest and people, and also because they were used to convey narrow conceptions of truth.

Ruskin's religion had not a vestige of sham or pretence in it. It had to be real or nothing. His perfect love of truth made any shadow of turning from moral consistency repulsive to him. The evangelists of his time were the "literalists" and these he constantly chided, in his vigorous way, for inconsistency.

"Read your Bibles," he wrote in 1874, "honestly and utterly, my scrupulous friends, and stand by the consequences,—if you have

what true men call 'faith.' . . . . remember that the Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath, and that not only it is lawful to do good upon it, but unlawful, in the strength of what you call keeping one day holy, to do evil on other six days, and make those unholy.'"[1]

Mr. Collingwood, writing of Ruskin, as he was in 1845, says:— "He was deeply religious, and found the echo of his thoughts in George Herbert, with whom he communed in spirit while he travelled through the Alps. But the forms of outward religion were losing their hold over him in proportion as his inward religion became more real and intense. It was only a few days after writing these lines[2] that he broke the Sabbath for the first time in his life, by climbing a hill after church. That was the first shot in a war, in one of the strangest and saddest wars between conscience and reason that biography records: strange, because the opposing forces were so nearly matched; and sad, because the struggle lasted until their field of battle was desolated before either won a victory. Thirty years later, the cleverest of his Oxford hearers drew his portrait under the name of the man whose sacred verse was his guide and mainstay in this youthful pilgrim's progress, and the words put into his mouth summed up with merciless insight the issue of those conflicts. 'For I! Who am I that speak to you? Am I a believer? No. I am a doubter too. Once I could pray every morning, and go forth to my day's labor stayed and comforted. But now I can pray no longer. You have taken my God away from me, and I know not where you have laid him.' "[3]

Ruskin's references to Herbert, mentioned here by Collingwood, may be found in Book VI. of this volume. The change which had been going on, in Ruskin's mind, culminated in 1858, when he was about 40 years old. This was not only a change of view,—but a revolt: a tearing up of his entire religious faith by the roots. It made so deep an impression upon him that it formed the subject of correspondence with his friends[4] and resulted in announcements discrediting what he had written of religion in his earlier days. Twenty years later he gave an account of an incident which provoked him to declare the change[5] and ten years later still,[6] he related the

[1] "Fors," Letter 40.
[2] "Why stand ye all the day idle." (See Book VI.)
[3] "Life of John Ruskin."
[4] See Letters to Chas. Eliot Norton.
[5] "Fors," Letter 73.
[6] Præterita III: 1.

incident, somewhat differently, although substantially the same. The story is of his going to a little Waldensian chapel in Turin, where a congregation, numbering in all some three or four and twenty, of whom fifteen or sixteen were gray haired women. "Their solitary and clerkless preacher, a somewhat stunted figure in a plain black coat, with a cracked voice, after leading them through the languid form of prayer . . . put his utmost zeal into a consolatory discourse on the wickedness of the wide world, more especially of the plains of Piedmont and city of Turin, and on the exclusive favor with God, enjoyed by the between nineteen and twenty-four elect members of his congregation. Myself neither cheered nor greatly alarmed by this doctrine, I walked back into the condemned city, and up into the gallery where Paul Veronese's Solomon and the Queen of Sheba glowed in full afternoon light. The gallery windows being opened, there came in with the warm air, floating swells and falls of military music which seemed to me more devotional, in their perfect art, tune, and discipline, than anything I remembered of evangelical hymns. And as the perfect color and sound gradually asserted their power on me, they seemed finally to fasten me in the old Jewish faith, that things done delightfully and rightly, were always done by the help and in the spirit of God. Of course that hour's meditation in the gallery of Turin only concluded the courses of thought which had been leading me to such end through many years. . . . That day, my evangelical beliefs were put away, to be debated no more."[1]

It is probable, as Mr. Norton believes, that Ruskin "Never wholly recovered from the effects of" "this hard, unsettling revelation."[2] If however the thought is abroad that he remained, ever after, under the black cloud of doubt, as to the verities of the Christian religion, it becomes a pleasure and a duty, to set forth the gradual change which brought him again into the full blaze of the light of scriptural truth, although he never returned to the old forms and expressions of creeds.

Although, as we have seen, his mind reflected a series of paradoxies,[3] yet, in character, Ruskin was always consistent. At no time in his life can it be said that there met in him two opposite streams of moral character. All through his years of doubt he possessed all the cardinal virtues in an eminent degree. He was the soul of honor—just, benevolent, kind, generous and merciful.

Those old expressions of creed were to him so many superstis-

[1] Præterita III: 1.
[2] Letters Norton, p. 72.
[3] Chapter IV.

tions and he flung them away with such violence that he was almost ready to accept the word "sceptic" which was thrown at him by his critics.

What Henry VanDyke says about "doubt" seems to find illustration in Ruskin:—"For the most part modern doubt shows a sad and plain-drawn face, heavy with grief and dark with apprehension."[1] But as Carlyle said: "That, with superstition, religion is also passing away, seems to us an ungrounded fear. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky, but the stars are there, and will re-appear. On the whole, we must repeat the often-repeated saying, that it is unworthy a religious man to view an irreligious one either with aversion or alarm; or with any other feeling than regret, and hope and brotherly commiseration. If he seek truth is he not our brother, and to be pitied? If he do not seek truth, is he not still our brother, and to be pitied still more?"[2]

And we must remember that Ruskin's change was not alone towards theology. Collingwood says:—"Orthodox religion, orthodox morals and politics, orthodox art and science,—all alike he rejected. And even when kindly Oxford gave him a quasi-academical position, it did not bring him, as it brings many a heretic, back to the field." Yet, we must repeat, he never departed from the orthodoxy of righteousness and scriptural truth.

In 1867 Ruskin delivered a lecture before a distinguished body of scholars, on the occasion of his receiving the degree of LL. D. In reporting that lecture the Cambridge Chronicle says:

"On the younger men he urged the infinite importance of a life of virtue and the fact that the hereafter must be spent in God's presence or in darkness. Their time in this miracle of a universe was but as a moment; with one brief astounded gaze of awe they looked on all around them—saw the planets roll, heard the sound of the sea, and beheld the surroundings of the earth; they were opened for a moment as a sheet of lightning, and then instantly closed again. Their highest ambition during so short a stay should be to be known for what they were—to spend those glittering days in view of what was to come after them. Then, to the masters of this school of science, he urged that their continued prosperity must rest on their observance of the command of their Divine Master, in whose name they existed as a society. 'Seek ye first the king-

[1] "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt."
[2] "Voltaire." By Thomas Carlyle.

dom of God and His righteousness' . . All mere knowledge independent of its tendency to a holy life was useless."

Not much of religious heterodoxy here,—either in letter or spirit. Truly this man held the Bible in profound esteem. He reverenced its teachings and quoted it constantly as an authority from which there is no appeal. It mattered not what was the subject before him: whether he wrote a volume of criticism,—a poem to a young lady,—a letter to working men,—or gave a lecture to a class of students, the religious spirit pervaded all he said. God was recognised in nature and in art; in the affairs of men in personal conduct and in general government.

To young girls he said:—"The sin of the whole world is the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve their Christ but they sell Him." He is talking to university students at Oxford when he says:—"In these days you have to guard against the fatalest darkness of the two opposite prides: the pride of faith, which imagines that the nature of the Deity can be explained by its convictions: and the pride of science, which imagines that the energy of the Deity can be explained by its analysis." [1]

If we study Ruskin for art or architecture we may learn, at least, as much of moral and religious truth; we can hardly pass an hour with him, in any phase of his work, without finding some biblical exposition which brings us new light.

Nor is it difficult to find his own testimony of his religious experience. Indeed, his introspection seems to have been keen and sometimes severe. He would probably have given some trouble to a Methodist class leader, but the telling of his religious experience always bear the mark of strict and honest scrutiny.

Generous to all and always catholic in spirit, he knew no sectarian boundary line to hold him back from good men, of whatever religious faith. Any one who read his criticisms of the Roman Catholic Church would never suspect him of a leaning in that direction. Yet, at Coniston, he esteemed the work of a priest of that church so highly that he contributed a window to his chapel. He enjoyed the personal friendship of that remarkable man, Cardinal Manning, accepting occasional invitations to his mansion, to quiet lunches, and a report grew out of these things that he was "going over to the Catholic Church." He promptly set that right, how-

[1] "The Relation of Art to Religion." See Book II.

ever, in this fashion,—writing to a friend at Glasgow:—"I shall be entirely grateful to you if you will take the trouble to contradict any news of this kind, which may be disturbing the minds of my Scottish friends. I was, am, and can be, only a Christian Catholic in the wide and eternal sense. I have been that these five-and-twenty years at least. Heaven keep me from being less as I grow older!" A year later he wrote, "I fear you have scarcely read enough of *'Fors'*[1] to know the breadth of my own creed or communion. I gladly take the bread, water, wine, or meat, of the Lord's Supper and should be equally sure it was His giving, if I were myself worthy to receive it, whether the immediate mortal hand were the Pope's, the Queen's, or a hedge-side gipsy's."

A still closer view of his returning faith is revealed in an address which he gave to 315 young people of Coniston, in the year 1881. He dwelt on a verse of the Sunday School hymn they had been singing: "Jesus, here from sin deliver." *"That is what we want,"* he said, "to be delivered from our sins. We must look to the Saviour to deliver us from our sin. It is right we should be punished for the sins which we have done; but God loves us, and wishes to be kind to us, and to help us, that we may not wilfully sin!" Such words from a man of Ruskin's character must be taken as a clear indication of his religious mind.

In 1886 he wrote to a lady at Coniston:—"How can *you* ever be sad, looking forward to eternal life with all whom you love, and God over all. It is only so far as I lose hold of that hope, that anything is ever a trial to me."[2]

That there were cloud days, and even years, of religious shadow for Ruskin is a fact that has perhaps been over-stated. But the reverent spirit and devout attitude of his mind towards God, and all things divine, is always present in all his works. With him the fundamental truths of the Christian religion were never subjects of dispute. Judging by a close study of his works, we should say that he rarely ever wrote or spoke on any subject, but the truth and word of God were present in his mind as an influence and

[1] "Meantime, don't be afraid that I am going to become a Roman Catholic, or that I am one, in disguise. I can no more become a *Roman*-Catholic, than again an Evangelical-Protestant. I am a 'Catholic' of those Catholics, to whom the Catholic Epistle of St. James is addressed—'the Twelve Tribes which are scattered abroad'—the literally or spiritually wandering Israel of all the Earth."—"*Fors*," Letter 76.

[2] "*Hortus Inclusis*."

a memory. While he did not regard all parts of the Bible as of equal authority, he never failed to recognize it as the Supreme Book. Other books were quoted:—poets were esteemed and loved, but the Scriptures were reverenced and cited as final.

In 1873 he wrote:—"You will find, alike throughout the record of the law and the promises of the gospel, that there is, indeed, forgiveness with God, and Christ, for the passing sins of the hot heart, but none for the eternal and inherent sins of the cold. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;' find it you written anywhere that the *un*merciful shall? 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.' But have you record of any one's sins being forgiven who loved not at all? . . . At my present age of fifty-five, in spite of some enlarged observations of what modern philosophers call the reign of law, I perceive more distinctly than ever the reign of a spirit of mercy and truth,—infinite in pardon and purification for its wandering and faultful children, who have yet love in their hearts."[1]

And, at sixty-six, he repeated much that he said of his early Bible instruction and added this:—"It is strange that of all the pieces that my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God, in opposition to the abuse of it by modern preachers of what they imagine to be His gospel."[2]

And once again, in the same book, he says of this early period,—"Knowing the Song of Moses and the Sermon on the Mount by heart and half the Apocalypse besides, I was in no need of tutorship either in the majesty or simplicity of English words."

A little later, he wrote in "The Bible of Amiens," "It was from the Bible that I learned the symbols of Homer and the faith of Horace: the duty enforced upon me in early youth of reading every word of the gospels and prophecies, as if written by the hand of God, gave me the habit of awed attention."

Between these two dates, (viz.: 1873-1877) he wrote of the shadows, of which we have spoken, thus:—

"What is there left?" You will find what was left, as, in much

[1] "*Fors*," Letter 42.
[2] Præterita, Chap. II.

darkness and sorrow of heart I gathered it, variously taught in my books, written between 1858 and 1874. It is all sound and good, as far as it goes: whereas all that went before was so mixed with protestant egotism and insolence, that, as you have probably heard, I won't republish, in their first form, any of those former books. Thus then it went with me till 1874, when I had lived sixteen full years with 'the religion of humanity,' for rough and strong and sure foundation of everything."[1]

Two years later, 1879, he wrote his "Letters to the Clergy," which made a tremendous stir among the clergy of the Church of England. These letters were edited and published by the Rev. F. Malleson, a distinguished clergyman, to whom they were originally addressed as Secretary of a North of England Clerical Society. In his introduction Mr. Malleson says:—The letters "originated simply in a proposal of mine, which met with so ready a response that it seemed like a simultaneous thought." Mr. Malleson's view of Ruskin's religious mind is expressed in the following editorial notes:—"We have plenty elsewhere of doctrine and dogma, and undefinable shades of theological opinion. Let us turn at last to practical questions presented for our consideration by an eminent layman whose field of work lies quite as much in religion and ethics, as it does, reaching to so splendid an eminence, in art. A man is wanted to show both clergy and laity something of the full force and meaning of Gospel teaching. . . . As a whole, the standard taken is, as I firmly believe, speaking only for myself, lofty and Christian to the extent of an almost ideal perfection."[2]

The reader must bear in mind that this is the expression of a clergyman of the Church of England more than twenty years after Ruskin's revolt, and four or five years after the period of which he writes as having passed through "much darkness and sorrow of heart."

A few extracts from these letters will be of interest to many. The subject chosen by Ruskin upon which to address the clergy was "The Lord's Prayer and the Church."

"My meaning, in saying that the Lord's Prayer might be made a foundation of Gospel-teaching, was not that it contained all that Christian ministers have to teach, but that it contains what all Christians are agreed upon as first to be taught; and that no good parish-working pastor in any district of the world but would be

[1] "*Fors*," Letter 76.
[2] "Letters to the Clergy."

glad to take his part in making it clear and living to his congregation. And the first clause of it, of course rightly explained, gives us the ground of what is surely a mighty part of the Gospel—its 'first great commandment,' namely, that we have a Father whom we *can* love, and are required to love, and to desire to be with Him in Heaven, wherever that may be. And to declare that we have a loving Father, whose mercy is over *all* His works, and whose will and law is so lovely and lovable that it is sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold, to those who can 'taste' and 'see' that the Lord is good—this, surely, is a most pleasant and glorious good message and *spell* to bring to men."—*Letter V.*

"To my layman's mind, of practical needs in the present state of the church, nothing is so immediate as that of explaining to the congregation the meaning of being gathered in His name, and having Him in the midst of them."—*Letter VI.*

"Lest, in any discussion of such question, it might be, as it too often is, alleged that 'the Lord looketh upon the heart,' etc., let me be permitted to say—with as much positiveness as may express my deepest conviction—that, while indeed it is the Lord's business to look upon the heart, it is the pastor's to look upon the hands and the lips; and that the foulest oaths of the thief are in the ears of God, sinless as the hawk's cry, or the gnat's murmur, compared to the responses in the church service, on the lips of the usurer and the adulterer."—*Letter VI.*

"I fancy that the mind of the most faithful Christian is quite led away from its proper hope, by dwelling on the reign—or coming again—of Christ, which, indeed, they are to look for, and *watch* for, but not to pray for. Their prayer is to be for the greater kingdom to which He, risen and having all His enemies under His feet, is to surrender *His,* 'that God may be All in All.' And, though the greatest, it is that everlasting kingdom which the poorest of us can advance. We cannot hasten Christ's coming. 'Of that day and the hour, knoweth no man.' But the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard-seed:—we can sow of it; it is as a foam-globe of leaven:—we can mingle it; and its glory and its joy are that even the birds of the air can lodge in the branches thereof." —*Letter VII.*

"In the parable in Luke, the bread asked for is shown to be also, and chiefly, the Holy Spirit (Luke 11:13), and the prayer, 'Give us each day our daily bread' is, in its fulness, the disciples' 'Lord, evermore give us *this* bread.' . . . 'Children, have ye here any meat?' must ultimately be always the greater spiritual one: 'Children, have ye here any Holy Spirit?' or, 'Have ye not heard yet whether there *be* any? and, instead of a Holy Ghost the Lord and Giver of Life, do you only believe in an unholy mammon, Lord and Giver of Death?' "—*Letter IX.*

"Is not this last clause of it, (The Lord's Prayer) a petition not only for the restoration of Paradise, but of Paradise in which there shall be no deadly fruit, or, at least no tempter to praise it. . . . And is it not for want of this special directness and simplicity of petition and of the sense of its acceptance that the whole nature of prayer has been doubted in our hearts, and disgraced by our lips; that we are afraid to ask God's blessing on the earth, when the scientific people tell us He has made different arrangements to curse at; and that instead of obeying, without fear or debate, the plain order, 'Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full,' we sorrowfully sink back into the apology for prayer, that it is a wholesome exercise, even when fruitless,' and that we ought piously always to suppose that the text really means no more than 'Ask, and ye shall *not* receive, that your joy may be *empty?*' "

In 1880 Mr. Ruskin wrote an epilogue to these letters which is published in the same volume, from which the following passage is taken as indicating that he held the English prayer-book in reverence:—"If people are taught to use the Liturgy rightly and reverently, it will bring them all good; and for some thirty years of my life I used to read it always through to my servant and myself, if we had no Protestant church to go to, in Alpine or Italian villages."

Commenting on these prayers he has much to say of their beauty of expression but, he is very severe in his criticisms of many who use them. "To acknowledge sin is indeed different from confessing it," he says:—"but it cannot be done at a minute's notice; and goodness is a different thing from mercy, but it is by no means God's infinite goodness that forgives our badness, but that judges it." . . . " 'Who livest and reignest.' Right; but how many congregations understand what the two words mean? That God is a living God and not a dead law; and that He is a reigning God, putting wrong things to rights, and that sooner or later, with a strong hand and a rod of iron, and not at all with a soft sponge and warm water, washing everybody as clean as a baby every Sunday morning, whatever dirty work they may have been about all the week."

In 1878 Ruskin was twice an invited guest at the Gladstone home at Hawarden, North Wales. One result of these visits was a correspondence with the Misses Gladstone, during the years which followed to 1887, and a volume of "Letters to M. G. and H. G." is in circulation, which furnishes further evidence of the essentially religious character of Ruskin's mind. In this volume we find ex-

tracts from the great statesman's diary in reference to the visits alluded to above. He says:—

"Mr. Ruskin came; we had much conversation, interesting of course, as it must always be with him." . . . . "In some respects an unrivalled guest, and those important respects too. . . . Mr. Ruskin came; health better, and no diminution of charm." . . . "Walk with the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Ruskin and party." . . . "Mr. Ruskin at dinner developed his political opinions. They aim at the restoration of the Judaic system, and exhibit a mixture of virtuous absolutism and Christian socialism. All in his charming and benevolent manner."

The introduction to this volume of letters is by the Hon. Geo. Wyndham, who was for years a very intimate friend of the Gladstone family. Mr. Wyndham says it chronicles a "visit paid by Ruskin, the rhetorician, teacher, and diviner of the beautiful, who yet disbelieved in its acceptability by man, to Gladstone, the statesman, theologian, and prophet of moral energy in the practical affairs of a nation's life, who ever believed, not alone in the merits of his cause, but in the certainty of its triumph. They tell of the talk that passed between these two, who seemed opposite in aim and were so in method; approaching life, whether as a problem to be solved or a task to be accomplished, by divergent paths and with sentiments widely sundered; the one, in grim earnestness and absolute faith; the other, with sunlit grace playing over all but absolute despair." A few extracts from this volume will be of interest here:

"Something like a little amicable duel took place at one time between Ruskin and Mr. G., when Ruskin directly attacked his host as a 'leveller.' 'You see *you* think one man as good as another, and all men equally competent to judge aright on political questions; whereas I am a believer in an aristocracy.' And straight came the answer from Mr. Gladstone, 'Oh dear, no! I am nothing of the sort. I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle—the rule of the best. I am an out-and-out *inequalitarian,*' a confession which Ruskin greeted with intense delight, clapping his hands triumphantly."

The same volume contains a paper by Canon Scott Holland, who had the felicity to be present at the meeting of these two remarkable men. Mr. Holland says:—

"So the two prophets met, and were knit together by an affectionate reverence for one another which never failed. Each

was to go his own way and do his separate work, and it was impossible that they should co-operate together. But for all that, they learnt to know that they were fighting on the same side in the great warfare between good and ill; that they had the same cause at heart; that they both trusted in the same supremacy of conscience over all material things, and in the hatefulness of lust and cruelty and wrong. Their spirits drew together though their ways lay so far apart; and this because, for both, life had its deep root in piety, and its one and only consummation in God."

In one of these letters we get a glimpse of Ruskin's view of the future life. Writing on the death of Carlyle, whom he regarded as his great master and teacher, he says:—

"The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end —but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for having not enough loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and at all other—moments." This was written in 1881. The volume closes with the following eloquent words of Ruskin's:—"As I grow older and older, I recognise the truth of the preacher's saying, 'Desire shall fail and the mourners go about the streets;' and I content myself with saying, to whoso it may concern, that the thing is verily thus, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. No man more than I has ever loved the places where God's honour dwells, or yielded truer allegiance to the teaching of His evident servants. No man at this time grieves more for the danger of the Church which supposes him her enemy, while she whispers procrastinating *pax vobiscum* in answer to the spurious kiss of those who would fain toll curfew over the last fires of English faith, and watch the sparrow find nest where she may lay her young around the altars of the Lord."

A lady, to whom Ruskin dedicated one of his works, writes thus of these remarkable letters:[1] "They are like the 'foam globes of leaven,' I might say they have exercised my mind very much. Things in them which at first seemed rather startling, prove on closer examination to be full of deep truth. The suggestions in them lead to 'great searchings of heart.' There is much with which I entirely agree; much over which to ponder. What an insight into human nature is shown in the remark that though we are so ready to call ourselves 'miserable sinners,' we resent being accused of any special fault."

Ruskin was so thoroughly radical in his view of truth, and in

[1] Miss Susanna Beever.

his expression of it, that much that he said seemed to many religious people as antagonistic,—almost revolutionary,—some thought, sceptical. But his most intimate American friend speaks of "the essentially religious character of Ruskin's disposition,"[1] —and if emphasis is laid on that word "essentially" we have in these words a perfect description. In very essence his disposition was religious;—all the elements of his moral being combined in one deeply profound, intensely spiritual man. Whatever the theme upon which he worked,—whether in art, science, economy, or in benevolent enterprise, he lived and moved and breathed in a spiritual altitude such as few men attain unto.

Very much of what he said seemed to be contrary to accepted doctrine because he saw things so acutely and spoke of them as he saw them. Writing to the clergy he said:—"*You* believe what you wish to believe; teach that it is wicked to doubt it, and remain at rest and in much self-satisfaction. *I* believe what I find to be true, whether I like it or dislike it. And I teach other people that the chief of all wickedness is to tell lies in God's service, and to disgrace our Master and destroy His sheep as *involuntary* wolves."

Although much of Ruskin's work was, in its nature technical, yet he always found a place for the presentation of religious truth,—so much so,—that he was criticised for *preaching* instead of *teaching*. But he held that no teaching could be full or true which left out the things of the higher life:—there could be no beauty without the sky,—no glory without the sun,—no life without God.

As evidence of all this, the reader is invited to peruse the selections which form a practical review of his life and work, in the continuation of this volume. If special examples are called for, it will be acknowledged that his greater and more profound writings should be appealed to:—"Modern Painters," "Stones of Venice," and "Seven Lamps," although other of his works may be preferred by some. Carlyle, for instance, gives preference to "The Eagle's Nest."

Well! let us take these four,—and if we chance to open at the beginning, or turn to the closing passages, we find sentences, pregnant of spiritual meaning, profoundly reverent and full of ultimate dependence upon the Divine in all things.

[1] Charles Eliot Norton in a letter to the writer.

The introduction to "Modern Painters" (Vol. I) closes with this appeal for a recognition of the good in men while they live:—

"He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love, or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."

The last chapter of "Modern Painters" is entitled "Peace" and closes with the following:

"'Thy kingdom come,' we are bid to ask them! But how shall it come? With power and great glory, it is written; and yet not with observation, it is also written. Strange kingdom! Yet its strangeness is renewed to us with every dawn. . . .

"This kingdom it is not in our power to bring; but it is, to receive. Nay, it has come already, in part; but not received, because men love chaos best; and the night, with her daughters. That is still the only question for us, as in the old Elias days, 'If ye will receive it.' With pains it may be shut out still from many a dark place of cruelty; by sloth it may be still unseen for many a glorious hour. But the pain of shutting it out must grow greater and greater:—harder, every day, that struggle of man with man in the abyss, and shorter wages for the field's work. But it is still at our choice. . . . The choice is no vague or doubtful one. High on the desert mountain, full described, sits throned the tempter, with his old promise—the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them. He still calls you to your labor, as Christ to your rest;—labor and sorrow, base desire, and cruel hope."

The first chapter of "Stones of Venice" (Vol. I) opens with a remark upon sin as the cause of the fall of thrones and nations:—

"Since the first dominion of men was asserted over the ocean, three thrones, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands: the thrones of Tyre, Venice, and England. Of the first of these great powers only the memory remains; of the second, the

ruin; the third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied destruction.

"The exaltation, the sin, and the punishment of Tyre have been recorded for us, in perhaps the most touching words ever uttered by the Prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lovely song; and close our ears to the sternness of their warning: for the very depth of the fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality, and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once "as in Eden, the garden of God."

The last chapter (Stones of Venice, Vol. 3) contains the following on Co-operation with the Divine:—

"Whether the opportunity is to be permitted us to redeem the hours that we have lost; whether He, in whose sight a thousand years are as one day, has appointed us to be tried by the continued possession of the strange powers with which He has lately endowed us; or whether the periods of childhood and of probation are to cease together, and the youth of mankind is to be one which shall prevail over death, and bloom for ever in the midst of a new heaven and a new earth, are questions with which we have no concern. It is indeed right that we should look for, and hasten, so far as in us lies, the coming of the Day of God; but not that we should check any human efforts by anticipations of its approach. We shall hasten it best by endeavoring to work out the tasks that are appointed for us here; and, therefore, reasoning as if the world were to continue under its existing dispensation, and the powers which have just been granted to us were to be continued through myriads of future ages." Ch. IV.

From the introductory chapter of "Seven Lamps" we take this superb note on the Providence of God and the adaptation of the Scriptures to all men and all circumstances:

"We treat God with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, not by referring to His will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of His Revelation. We use it most reverently when most habitually: our insolence is in ever acting without reference to it, our true honoring of it is in its universal application. I have been blamed for the familiar introduction of its sacred words. I am grieved to have given pain by so doing; but my excuse must be my wish that those words were made the ground of every argument and

the test of every action. We have them not often enough on our lips, nor deeply enough in our memories, nor loyally enough in our lives. The snow, the vapor, and the stormy wind fulfill His word. Are our acts and thoughts lighter and wilder than these—that we should forget it?"

The last chapter on the "Lamp of Obedience" closes thus:—

"I have paused, not once nor twice, as I wrote, and often have checked the course of what might otherwise have been importunate persuasion, as the thought has crossed me, how soon all architecture may be vain, except that which is not made with hands. There is something ominous in the light which has enabled us to look back with disdain upon the ages among whose lovely vestiges we have been wandering. I could smile when I hear the hopeful exultation of many, at the new reach of worldly science, and vigor of worldly effort; as if we were again at the beginning of days. There is thunder on the horizon as well as dawn. The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar."

Again, so far from exalting the intellect above the heart, or knowledge above faith, Ruskin held the soul-value of man as supreme. In his concluding chapter of "Stones of Venice" he wrote:—

"It must be felt at once, that the increase of knowledge, merely as such, does not make the soul larger or smaller; that, in the sight of God, all the knowledge man can gain is as nothing: but that the soul, for which the great scheme of redemption was laid, be it ignorant or be it wise, is all in all; and in the activity, strength, health, and well-being of this soul, lies the main difference, in His sight, between one man and another. And that which is all in all in God's estimate is also, be assured, all in all in man's labor; and to have the heart open, and the eyes clear, and the emotions and thoughts warm and quick, and not the knowing of this or the other fact, is the state needed for all mighty doing in this world. And therefore finally, for this, the weightiest of all reasons, let us take no pride in our knowledge. We may, in a certian sense, be proud of being immortal; we may be proud of being God's children; we may be proud of loving, thinking, seeing, and of all that we are by no human teaching: but not of what we have been taught by rote; not of the ballast and freight of the ship of the spirit, but only of its pilotage, without which all the freight will only sink it faster, and strew the sea more richly with its ruin. There is not at this moment a youth of twenty, having received what we moderns ridiculously call education, but he knows more of everything, except the soul, than Plato or St. Paul did; but he is not for that reason a greater man, or fitter for his work, or more fit to be heard by others, than Plato or St. Paul."

An ecstatic passage on "Wisdom" opens the first lecture of "The Eagle's Nest:"

"Over these three kingdoms of imagination, art, and science, there reigns a virtue of faculty, which from all time, and by all great people, has been recognized as the appointed ruler and guide of every method of labour, or passion of soul; and the most glorious recompense of the toil, and crown of the ambition of man. 'She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Lay fast hold upon her; let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life.' . . . The result of the inquiry will be, that instead of regarding none of the sources of happiness, she regards nothing else; that she measures all worthiness by pure felicity; that we are permitted to conceive her as the cause even of gladness to God—'I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him,'—and that we are commanded to *know* her as queen of the populous world, 'rejoicing in the habitable parts of the earth, and whose delights are with the sons of men.'"

We do not hesitate to affirm that the grand secret of Ruskin, whether we view him as a moral teacher, or, as "the first prose writer of his century"[1] is that he, like Shakspeare and other great poets, drew their inspiration from Scriptures. It might indeed prove a profitable task to the sceptic to enquire what great English literature he can find that is not so inspired? We claim them all,—including some whose professed faith was opposed to it;—all the poets worthy the name,—all the great authors of fiction,—all the greatest and best of modern historians;—even the scientists, whose very business and function it is to look towards the material, yet see God in and through Nature, and offer tribute to the Bible, while every great statesman of modern times bow reverently before the name of Jesus, and the rulers of kingdoms acknowledge Him King and "Crown Him Lord of All."

"It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." *Zech.* 14:7. Mr. Collingwood could hardly have chosen a more appropriate text with which to close his loving task of writing the life of his friend, than in the selection of this. The passage over life's ocean had not been a great calm. Ruskin, who never knew a struggle for bread for himself, yet constantly battled for it for others. All along he travailed in pain for the world of sin and sorrow, as he saw it.

[1] *"Great Books as Life Teachers."* Hillis.

"I do not know," he said, "what my England desires, or how long she will choose to do as she is doing now;—with her right hand casting away the souls of men, and with her left the gifts of God.

"In the prayers which she dictates to her children, she tells them to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Some day, perhaps, it may also occur to her as desirable to tell those children what she means by this. What is the world which they are to 'fight with,' and how does it differ from the world which they are to 'get on in?' The explanation seems to me the more needful, because I do not, in the book we profess to live by, find anything very distinct about fighting with the world. I find something about fighting with the rulers of its darkness, and something also about overcoming it; but it does not follow that this conquest is to be by hostility, since evil may be overcome with good. But I find it written very distinctly that God loved the world, and that Christ is the light of it.

"What the much-used words, therefore, mean, I cannot tell. But this, I believe, they *should* mean. That there is, indeed, one world which is full of care, and desire, and hatred: a world of war, of which Christ is not the light, which indeed is without light, and has never heard the great 'Let there be.' Which is, therefore, in truth, as yet no world; but chaos, on the face of which, moving, the Spirit of God yet causes men to hope that a world will come. The better one, they call it: perhaps they might, more wisely, call it the real one. Also, I hear them speak continually of going to it, rather than of its coming to them; which, again, is strange, for in that prayer which they had straight from the lips of the Light of the world, and which He apparently thought sufficient prayer for them, there is not anything about going to another world; only something of another government coming into this; or rather, not another, but the only government,—that government which will constitute it a world indeed."—*Modern Painters, Vol.* 5. *Closing chapter on Peace.*

Mr. Ruskin lived to see the dawn of the new century. The nineteenth century was not yet nineteen years old when he was born, and at past eighty years of age he quietly passed away without a struggle. Among the numerous floral and other tributes, (more than a hundred and twenty-five) one from the village tailor was, perhaps the most striking and significant; it bore the words:—"There was a man sent from God, and his name was John."

In the business world it is customary to estimate the wealth of men and nations by their material possessions, but when the final balance sheet shall be recorded it will be found that its most precious

assets are the men and women who have given *themselves* for the world;—the prophets—

> "Bards, Patriots, Martyrs, Sages,
> The noble of all ages
> Whose deeds crown history's pages
> And Time's great volume make."

As he drew near his mortal end John Ruskin's belief in immortality grew stronger and brighter. His faith in God was as simple as that of a child. During his declining years his mind was often clouded, but in the intervals of clear thought he would softly murmur, over and over, the lines of Tennyson:

> "Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me;
> And may there be no moaning of the bar,
> When I put out to sea."

On the twentieth morning of January, 1900, he calmly fell asleep in that home at Coniston, whose bright blue skies and calm lake had cheered his last days. We cannot do better than close our sketch of his life with words of his own, inspired as they are of the future hope.

"And perfect the day shall be, when it is of all men understood that the beauty of Holiness must be in labour as well as in rest. Nay! *more* if it may be, in labour! in our strength, rather than in our weakness, and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pray for on the seventh, of reward or repose. With the multitude that keep holiday, we may perhaps sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there asked for what we fancied would be mercy; but for the few who labour as the Lord would have them, the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely goodness and mercy shall *follow* them, *all* the days of their life; and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord—FOR EVER."[1]

[1] Lectures on Art.

BOOK SECOND

Religious Thought in Art

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ART

I

MODERN PAINTERS.
Vol. I. (1843.)

Part I. Of General Principles.
- Sect. 1. Nature of Ideas—7 Chaps.
- Sect. 2. Of Power—3 Chaps.

Part II. Of Truth.
- Sect. 1. General Principles—7 Chaps.
- Sect. 2. General Truths—5 Chaps.
- Sect. 3. Of Truths of Skies—5 Chaps.
- Sect. 4. Of Truths of Earth—4 Chaps.
- Sect. 5. Of Truth of Water—3 Chaps.
- Sect. 6. Of Truth of Vegetation—3 Chaps.

The first volume of Modern Painters was published when Ruskin (at 23) was a student at the University. It did not bear the name of the author but was issued under his *nom de plume, "Kata Phusin."* It was Ruskin's first great work of criticism, but such was its unmistakable acceptance and power, that it clearly indicated the real mission of the author; he laid aside the role of Poet with which his previous work seemed to invest him, and entered the arena of battle for principles, with all that intensity and earnestness which characterised his labors for half a century. Not that he ceased to be poetical, for at no time of his life did he fail to express himself in the highest form of prose-poetry.

The origin and purpose of this volume of Modern Painters are announced by the author himself in his first preface:

"The work now laid before the public originated in indignation at the shallow and false criticism of periodicals of the day on the works of the great living artist to whom it principally refers. It was in-

tended to be a short pamphlet, reprobating the matter and style of those critiques, and pointing out their perilous tendency, as guides of public feeling. . . . Of whatever character the work may be considered, the motives which led me to undertake it must not be mistaken. No zeal for the reputation of any individual, no personal feeling of any kind, has the slightest weight or influence with me. . . . But when *public* taste seems plunging deeper and deeper into degradation day by day, and when the press universally exerts such power as it possesses to direct the feeling of the nation more completely to all that is theatrical, affected, and false in art; while it vents its ribald buffooneries on the most exalted truth, and the highest idea of landscape, that this or any other age has ever witnessed it becomes the imperative duty of all who have any perception or knowledge of what is really great in art, and any desire for its advancement in England, to come fearlessly forward, regardless of such individual interests as are likely to be injured by the knowledge of what is good and right, to declare and demonstrate, wherever they exist, the essence and the authority of the Beautiful and the True."

These prefatory statements are, in a great measure, the foreword of all Ruskin's work.

In a second preface, to a later edition of this volume, he writes of a common fault of critics. His words of reprobation are as needful at the present time as when they were written, more than sixty years ago: "Nothing, perhaps, bears on the face of it more appearance of folly, ignorance, and impertinence, than any attempt to diminish the honor of those to whom the assent of many generations has assigned a throne. . . . The envious and incompetent have usually been the leaders of attack, content if, like the foulness of the earth, they may attract to themselves notice by their noisomeness, or, like its insects, exalt themselves by virulence into visibility. . . . Be it remembered, that the spirit of detraction is detected only when unsuccessful, and receives least punishment where it effects the greatest injury; and it cannot but be felt that there is as much danger that the rising of new stars should be concealed by the mists which are unseen, as that those throned in heaven should be darkened by the clouds which are visible."

Evidently, Ruskin, at a very early period of his life, appreciated the enormous influence of the periodical Press of his day, which had been mainly instrumental in consigning the work of the great English Artist to obscurity, and he realized that no mere skirmish battle would win for the world the right place, or a true estimate, of the wealth of art which it possessed in those masterly paintings, now recognized as among the most priceless of the World's Art treasures.

This second preface, of forty pages, is itself an able defence of the whole position taken in the battle and it closes with the following:

"For many a year we have heard nothing with respect to the works of Turner but accusations of their want of *truth*. To every observation on their power, sublimity, or beauty, there has been but one reply: They are not like nature. I therefore took my opponents on their own ground, and demonstrated, by thorough investigation of actual facts, that Turner *is* like nature, and paints more of nature than any man who ever lived. I expected this proposition (the foundation of all my future efforts) would have been disputed with desperate struggles, and that I should have had to fight my way to my position inch by inch. Not at all. My opponents yield me the field at once."

CHILD:—FATHER OF THE MAN.

There is a singular sense in which the child may peculiarly be said to be father of the man. In many arts and attainments, the first and last stages of progress—the infancy and the consummation—have many features in common; while the intermediate stages are wholly unlike either, and are farthest from the right. Thus it is in the progress of a painter's handling. We see the perfect child,—the absolute beginner, using of necessity a broken, imperfect, inadequate line, which, as he advances, becomes gradually firm, severe, and decided. Yet before he becomes a perfect artist, this severity and decision will again be exchanged for a light and careless stroke, which in many points will far more resemble that of his childhood than of his middle age—differing from it only by the consummate effect wrought out by the apparently inadequate means. So it is in many matters of opinion. Our first and last coincide, though on different grounds; it is the middle stage which is farthest from the truth. Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain,—which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.—*Preface to 2nd Edition.*

LANDSCAPE PAINTING HAS NOT ANSWERED ITS END.

Whatever influence we may be disposed to admit in the great works of sacred art, no doubt can, I think, be reasonably entertained as to the utter inutility of all that has been hitherto accomplished by the painters of landscape. No moral end has been answered, no permanent good effected, by any of their works. They may have amused the intellect, or exercised the ingenuity, but they never have spoken to the heart. Landscape art has never taught us one deep or holy lesson; it has not recorded that which is fleeting, nor penetrated that which was hidden, nor interpreted that which was obscure; it has never made us feel the wonder, nor the power, nor the glory of the universe; it has not prompted to devotion, nor touched with awe,

its power to move and exalt the heart has been fatally abused, and perished in the abusing. That which ought to have been a witness to the omnipotence of God, has become an exhibition of the dexterity of man, and that which should have lifted our thoughts to the throne of the Deity, has encumbered them with the inventions of his creatures.—*Preface to 2nd Edition.*

GREAT PAINTINGS AND THE HONOR OF GOD.

I assert with sorrow, that all hitherto done in landscape, by those commonly conceived its masters, has never prompted one holy thought in the minds of nations. It has begun and ended in exhibiting the dexterities of individuals, and conventionalities of systems. Filling the world with the honor of Claude and Salvator, it has never once tended to the honor of God.

Does the reader start in reading these last words, as if they were those of wild enthusiasm,—as if I were lowering the dignity of religion by supposing that its cause could be advanced by such means? His surprise proves my position. It *does* sound like wild, like absurd enthusiasm, to expect any definite moral agency in the painters of landscape; but ought it so to sound? Are the gorgeousness of the visible hue, the glory of the realized form, instruments in the artist's hand so ineffective, that they can answer no nobler purpose than the amusement of curiosity, or the engagement of idleness? Must it not be owing to gross neglect or misapplication of the means at his command, that while words and tones (means of representing nature surely less powerful than lines and colors) can kindle and purify the very inmost souls of men, the painter can only hope to entertain by his efforts at expression, and must remain forever brooding over his incommunicable thoughts?—*Preface 2nd Edition.*

BEAUTY AND DIFFICULTY.

5. It has been made part of our moral nature that we should have a pleasure in encountering and conquering opposition, for the sake of the struggle and the victory, not for the sake of any after result; and not only our own victory, but the perception of that of another, is in all cases the source of pure and ennobling pleasure. . . . It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated; far more difficult to sacrifice skill and cease exertion in the proper place, than to expend both indiscriminately. We shall find, in the course of our investigation, that beauty and difficulty go together; and that they are only mean and paltry difficulties which it is wrong or contemptible to wrestle with. Be it remembered then—Power is never wasted. Whatever power has been employed, produces excellence in proportion to its own dignity and exertion; and the faculty of perceiving this exertion, and appreciating this dignity, is the faculty of perceiving excellence.—*Ideas of Power, Pt. I, Sec. 1, Ch. 3.*

NO BEAUTY WITHOUT TRUTH.

5. The moment ideas of truth are grouped together, so as to give rise to an idea of imitation, they change their very nature—lose their essence as ideas of truth—and are corrupted and degraded, so as to share in the treachery of what they have produced. Hence, finally, ideas of truth are the foundation, and ideas of imitation the destruction, of all art. We shall be better able to appreciate their relative dignity after the investigation which we propose of the functions of the former; but we may as well now express the conclusion to which we shall then be led—that no picture can be good which deceives by its imitation, for the very reason that nothing can be beautiful which is not true.—*Ideas of Truth, Sec. 1, Ch. 5.*

THE FUNCTION OF BEAUTY.

5. Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented the human mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree; and it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which to the rightly perceiving mind, does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts; there being in fact scarcely anything, in pure, undiseased nature, like positive deformity, but only degrees of beauty, or such slight and rare points of permitted contrast as may render all around them more valuable by their opposition, spots of blackness in creation, to make its colors felt.

IDEAS OF BEAUTY.

6. Ideas of beauty are the subjects of moral, but not of intellectual perception. By the investigation of them we shall be led to the knowledge of the ideal subjects of art. . . .

The utmost glory of the human body is a mean subject of contemplation, compared to the emotion, exertion and character of that which animates it; the lustre of the limbs of the Aphrodite is faint beside that of the brow of the Madonna; and the divine form of the Greek god, except as it is the incarnation and expression of divine mind, is degraded beside the passion and the prophecy of the vaults of the Sistine.—*Pt. I, Sec. 1, Ch. 6.*

DANGER OF EASY POPULARITY.

10. There is perhaps no greater stumbling-block in the artist's way, than the tendency to sacrifice truth and simplicity to decision and velocity, captivating qualities, easy of attainment, and sure to attract attention and praise, while the delicate degree of truth which is at first sacrificed to them is so totally unappreciable by the majority of spectators, so difficult of attainment to the artist, that it is no won-

der that efforts so arduous and unrewarded should be abandoned. But if the temptation be once yielded to, its consequences are fatal; there is no pause in the fall. . . . What was first neglect of nature, has become contradiction of her; what was once imperfection, is now falsehood; and all that was meritorious in his manner, is becoming the worst, because the most attractive of vices; decision without a foundation, and swiftness without an end.—*Pt. I, Sec. 2, Ch. 2.*

THE SUBLIME IN DEATH.

2. There are few things so great as death; and there is perhaps nothing which banishes all littleness of thought and feeling in an equal degree with its contemplation. Everything, therefore, which in any way points to it, and, therefore, most dangers and powers over which we have little control, are in some degree sublime. But it is not the fear, observe, but the contemplation of death; not the instinctive shudder and struggle of self-preservation, but the deliberate measurement of the doom, which are really great or sublime in feeling. It is not while we shrink, but while we defy, that we receive or convey the highest conceptions of the fate. There is no sublimity in the agony of terror. Whether do we trace it most in the cry to the mountains, "fall on us," and to the hills, "cover us," or in the calmness of the prophecy—"And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God?"

3. A little reflection will easily convince any one, that so far from the feelings of self-preservation being necessary to the sublime, their greatest action is totally destructive of it; and that there are few feelings less capable of its perception than those of a coward. But the simple conception or idea of greatness of suffering or extent of destruction is sublime, whether there be any connection of that idea with ourselves or not. If we were placed beyond the reach of all peril or pain, the perception of these agencies in their influence on others would not be less sublime, not because peril or pain are sublime in their own nature, but because their contemplation, exciting compassion or fortitude, elevates the mind, and renders meanness of thought impossible.—*Pt. I. Sec. 2, Ch. 3.*

TRUTH ALWAYS ESSENTIAL.

8. Nothing can atone for the want of truth, not the most brilliant imagination, the most playful fancy, the most pure feeling, (supposing that feeling *could* be pure and false at the same time;) not the most exalted conception, nor the most comprehensive grasp of intellect, can make amends for the want of truth, and that for two reasons; first, because falsehood is in itself revolting and degrading; and secondly, because nature is so immeasurably superior to all that the human mind can conceive, that every departure from her is a fall beneath her, so that there can be no such thing as an ornamental

falsehood. All falsehood must be a blot as well as a sin, an injury as well as a deception.

We shall, in consequence, find that no artist can be graceful, imaginative, or original, unless he be truthful; and that the pursuit of beauty, instead of leading us away from truth, increases the desire for it and the necessity of it tenfold.—*Pt. II, Sec. 1, Ch. 1.*

MORAL SENSIBILITY AND TRUTH.

4. I believe this kind of sensibility may be entirely resolved into the acuteness of bodily sense associated with love, love I mean in its infinite and holy functions, as it embraces divine and human and brutal intelligences, and hallows the physical perception of external objects by association, gratitude, veneration, and other pure feelings of our moral nature. And although the discovery of truth is in itself altogether intellectual, and dependent merely on our powers of physical perception and abstract intellect, wholly independent of our moral nature, yet these instruments (perception and judgment) are so sharpened and brightened, and so far more swiftly and effectively used, when they have the energy and passion of our moral nature to bring them into action—perception is so quickened by love, and judgment so tempered by veneration, that, practically, a man of deadened moral sensation is always dull in his perception of truth, and thousands of the highest and most divine truths of nature are wholly concealed from him, however constant and indefatigable may be his intellectual search.—*Pt. II, Sec. 1, Ch. 2.*

VARIETY IN NATURE.

7. The truths of nature are one eternal change—one infinite variety. There is no bush on the face of the globe exactly like another bush;—there are no two trees in the forest whose boughs bend into the same network, nor two leaves on the same tree which could not be told one from the other, nor two waves in the sea exactly alike. And out of this mass of various, yet agreeing beauty, it is by long attention only that the conception of the constant character—the ideal form—hinted at by all, yet assumed by none, is fixed upon the imagination for its standard of truth.—*Pt. II, Sec. 1, Ch. 2.*

THE REAL PORTRAIT OF A MAN—HIS SOUL.

8. That which is truly and indeed characteristic of the man, is known only to God. One portrait of a man may possess exact accuracy of feature, and no atom of expression; it may be, to use the ordinary terms of admiration bestowed on such portraits by those whom they please, "as like as it can stare." Everybody, down to his cat, would know this. Another portrait may have neglected or misrepresented the features, but may have given the flash of the eye, and

the peculiar radiance of the lip, seen on him only in his hours of highest mental excitement. None but his friends would know this. Another may have given none of his ordinary expressions, but one which he wore in the most excited instant of his life, when all his secret passions and all his highest powers were brought into play at once. None but those who had then seen him might recognize *this* as like. But which would be the most truthful portrait of the *man?* The first gives the accidents of body—the sport of climate, and food, and time—which corruption inhabits, and the worm waits for. The second gives the stamp of the soul upon the flesh; but it is the soul seen in the emotions which it shares with many—which may not be characteristic of its essence—the results of habit, and education, and accident—a gloze, whether purposely worn or unconsciously assumed, perhaps totally contrary to all that is rooted and real in the mind that it conceals. The third has caught the trace of all that was most hidden and most mighty, when all hypocrisy, and all habit, and all petty and passing emotion—the ice, and the bank, and the foam of the immortal river—were shivered, and broken, and swallowed up in the awakening of its inward strength; when the call and claim of some divine motive had brought into visible being those latent forces and feelings which the spirit's own volition could not summon, nor its consciousness comprehend; which God only knew, and God only could awaken, the depth and the mystery of its peculiar and separating attributes. And so it is with external Nature: she has a body and a soul like man; but her soul is the Deity. It is possible to represent the body without the spirit; and this shall be like to those whose senses are only cognizant of body. It is possible to represent the spirit in its ordinary and inferior manifestations; and this shall be like to those who have not watched for its moments of power. It is possible to represent the spirit in its secret and high operations; and this shall be like only to those to whose watching they have been revealed. All these are truth; but according to the dignity of the truths he can represent or feel, is the power of the painter,—the justice of the judge.—*Pt. II, Sec. 1, Ch. 2.*

THE PAINTER AND THE PREACHER.

5. The teaching of nature is as varied and infinite as it is constant. As well might a preacher expect in one sermon to express and explain every divine truth which can be gathered out of God's revelation, as a painter expect in one composition to express and illustrate every lesson which can be received from God's creation. Both are commentators on infinity, and the duty of both is to take for each discourse one essential truth, seeking particularly and insisting especially on those which are less palpable to ordinary observation, and more likely to escape an indolent research; and to impress that, and that alone, upon those whom they address, with

every illustration that can be furnished by their knowledge, and every adornment attainable by their power.—*Pt. II, Sec. 1, Ch. 4.*

FAITHFULNESS TO TALENT.

8. God appoints to every one of his creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit themselves like men and faithfully follow that light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which worthily used will be a gift also to his race forever—

"Fool not," says George Herbert,

"For all may have,
If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave."

If, on the contrary, there be nothing of this freshness achieved, if there be neither purpose nor fidelity in what is done, if it be an envious or powerless imitation of other men's labors, if it be a display of mere manual dexterity or curious manufacture, or if in any other mode it show itself as having its origin in vanity,—Cast it out. It matters not what powers of mind may have been concerned or corrupted in it, all have lost their savor, it is worse than worthless;—perilous—Cast it out.—*Pt. II, Sec. 1, Ch. 4.*

THE SKIES CREATED FOR MAN.

1. It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. . . . There is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its pas-

sions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.—*Pt. II, Sec. 3, Ch. 1.*

LOOKING THROUGH THE SKY.

1. The sky is thought of as a clear, high material dome, the clouds as separate bodies, suspended beneath it, and in consequence, however delicate and exquisitely removed in tone their skies may be you always look *at* them, not *through* them. Now, if there be one characteristic of the sky more valuable or necessary to be rendered than another, it is that which Wordsworth has given in the second book of the Excursion:—

> "The chasm of sky above my head
> Is Heaven's profoundest azure. No domain
> For fickle, short-lived clouds, to occupy,
> Or to pass through;—but rather an *abyss*
> In which the everlasting stars abide,
> And whose soft gloom and boundless depth, might tempt
> The curious eye to look for them by day."

And, in his American Notes, I remember Dickens notices the same truth, describing himself as lying drowsily on the barge deck, looking not at, but *through* the sky.—*Pt. II, Sec. 3, Ch. 1.*

TURNER'S "SUNRISE ON THE ALPS."

38. Wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altarsmoke, up to the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy,—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men!—*Pt. II, Sec. 3, Ch. 1.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

3. Mountains are, to the rest of the body of the earth, what violent muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and ten-

dons of its anatomy are, in the mountain, brought out with fierce and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and the lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action; that of the lowlands, repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest; from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to Heaven, saying, "I live forever!"

MOUNTAINS AND MEN.

4. But there is this difference between the action of the earth, and that of a living creature, that while the exerted limb marks its bones and tendons through the flesh, the excited earth casts off the flesh altogether, and its bones come out from beneath. Mountains are the bones of the earth, their highest peaks are invariably those parts of its anatomy which in the plains lie buried under five and twenty thousand feet of solid thickness of superincumbent soil, and which spring up in the mountain ranges in vast pyramids or wedges flinging their garment of earth away from them on each side. The masses of the lower hills are laid over and against their sides, like the masses of lateral masonry against the skeleton arch of an unfinished bridge, except that they slope up to and lean against the central ridge: and finally, upon the slopes of these lower hills are strewed the level beds of sprinkled gravel, sand, and clay, which form the extent of the champaign. Here then is another grand principle of the truth of earth, that the mountains must come from under all, and be the support of all; and that everything also must be laid in their arms, heap above heap, the plains being the uppermost. Opposed to this truth is every appearance of the hills being laid upon the plains or built upon them. Nor is this a truth only of the earth on a large scale, for every minor rock (in position) comes out from the soil about it as an island out of the sea, lifting the earth near it like waves beating on its sides.—*Pt. II, Sec. 4, Ch. 1.*

GOD DEMANDS GREAT THINGS OF GREAT MINDS.

15. The man who, in the most conspicuous part of his foreground, will violate truth with every stroke of the pencil, is not likely to be more careful in other parts of it. . . . To handle the brush freely, and to paint grass and weeds with accuracy enough to satisfy the eye, are accomplishments which a year or two's practice will give any man; but to trace among the grass and weeds those mysteries of invention and combination, by which nature appeals to the

intellect—to render the delicate fissure, and descending curve, and undulating shadow of the mouldering soil, with gentle and fine finger, like the touch of rain itself—to find even in all that appears most trifling or contemptible, fresh evidence of the constant working of the Divine power "for glory and for beauty," and to teach it and proclaim it to the unthinking and the unregardless—this, as it is the peculiar province and faculty of the master-mind, so it is the peculiar duty which is demanded of it by the Deity.—*Pt. II, Sec. 4, Ch. 4.*

GREAT MINDS MAKE SMALL THINGS GREAT.

28-30. Greatness of mind is not shown by admitting small things, but by making small things great under its influence. He who can take no interest in what is small, will take false interest in what is great; he who cannot make a bank sublime, will make a mountain ridiculous. . . .

One lesson, however, we are invariably taught by all, however approached or viewed—that the work of the Great Spirit of nature is as deep and unapproachable in the lowest as in the noblest objects—that the Divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and mouldering stone, as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven, and settling the foundation of the earth; and that to the rightly perceiving mind, there is the same infinity, the same majesty, the same power, the same unity, and the same perfection, manifest in the casting of the clay as in the scattering of the cloud, in the mouldering of the dust as in the kindling of the day-star.—*Pt. II, Sec. 4, Ch. 4.*

TURNER'S MESSAGE OF DIVINE TRUTH.

8. From the beginning to the present height of his career, he has never sacrificed a greater truth to a less. As he advanced, the previous knowledge or attainment was absorbed in what succeeded, or abandoned only if incompatible, and never abandoned without a gain; and his present works present the sum and perfection of his accumulated knowledge, delivered with the impatience and passion of one who feels too much, and knows too much, and has too little time to say it in, to pause for expression, or ponder over his syllables. There is in them the obscurity, but the truth, of prophecy; the instinctive and burning language, which would express less if it uttered more, which is indistinct only by its fulness, and dark with its abundant meaning. He feels now, with long-trained vividness and keenness of sense, too bitterly the impotence of the hand, and the vainness of the color to catch one shadow or one image of the glory which God has revealed to him. He has dwelt and communed with nature all the days of his life; he knows her now too well, he cannot palter over the material littleness of her outward form; he must give her soul, or he has done nothing, and he cannot do this with the flax,

and the earth, and the oil. "I cannot gather the sunbeams out of the east, or I would make *them* tell you what I have seen; but read this, and interpret this, and let us remember together. I cannot gather the gloom out of the night sky, or I would make that teach you what I have seen; but read this, and interpret this, and let us feel together. And if you have not that within you which I can summon to my aid, if you have not the sun in your spirit, and the passion in your heart, which my words may awaken, though they be indistinct and swift, leave me; for I will give you no patient mockery, no laborious insult of that glorious nature, whose I am and whom I serve. Let other servants imitate the voice and the gesture of their master, while they forget his message. Hear that message from me; but remember, that the teaching of Divine truth must still be a mystery."—*Pt. II, Sec. 6, Ch. 2.*

THE FINGER OF GOD IN NATURE:—TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

20-21. Their duty is neither to choose, nor compose, nor imagine, nor experimentalize: but to be humble and earnest in following the steps of nature, and tracing the finger of God. Nothing is so bad a symptom, in the work of young artists, as too much dexterity of handling; for it is a sign that they are satisfied with their work, and have tried to do nothing more than they were able to do. Their work should be full of failures; for these are the signs of efforts. They should keep to quiet colors—grays and browns; and, making the early works of Turner their example, as his latest are to be their object of emulation, should go to nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning, and remember her instruction, rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth. Then, when their memories are stored, and their imaginations fed, and their hands firm, let them take up the scarlet and the gold, give the reins to their fancy and show us what their heads are made of. We will follow them wherever they choose to lead; we will check at nothing; they are then our masters, and are fit to be so. They have placed themselves above our criticism, and we will listen to their words in all faith and humility; but not unless they themselves have before bowed, in the same submission, to a higher Authority and Master.—*Pt. II, Sec. 6, Ch. 3.*

II

MODERN PAINTERS.

Vol. II. (1846.)

Part III. Of Ideas of Beauty.
Part III. Sect. 1. Of the Theoretic Faculty—15 Chaps.
Part III. Sect. 2. Of the Imagination—5 Chaps.

This is a continuance of Vol. I. It is of great value as a further study of certain principles in art, and it is, perhaps, of equal value to the art student and the religious teacher. In his preface to the third volume the author says:

"The first and second volumes were written to check, as far as I could, the attacks upon Turner which prevented the public from honoring his genius, at the time when his power was greatest. The check was partially given, but too late; Turner was seized by painful illness not long after the second volume appeared; his works, towards the close of the year 1845, showed a conclusive failure of power; and I saw that nothing remained for me to write, but his epitaph. . . .

It is an idea too frequently entertained, by persons who are not much interested in art, that there are no laws of right or wrong concerning it; and that the best art is that which pleases most widely. Hence the constant allegation of "dogmatism" against any one who states unhesitatingly either preference or principle, respecting pictures. There are, however, laws of truth and right in painting, just as fixed as those of harmony in music, or of affinity in chemistry. Those laws are perfectly ascertainable by labor, and ascertainable no other way."

An able English writer on the social aspects of Ruskin's work remarks that: "The religious tone of his art-treatment in 'Modern Painters' is not due to a general orthodox recognition of the divine supremacy in the order of the world, still less is it to be regarded as a literary expression of youthful piety. It is the first deliberate and philosophic statement of that doctrine of theocratic government

of nature and of human life, which remained a fixed principle in all his work. . . . There is indeed, a stern enthusiasm in his early statement of this creed, which bears the marks of his early Calvinist ancestry, and sometimes reminds us of that famous Scottish document, the Shorter Catechism. . . . The theology of the second volume of 'Modern Painters' is one among many indications of a ripening moral and religious fervour at this period of his life. The theology of Barrow and Hooker, the glowing piety of George Herbert, laid hold of his mind and spirit, . . . and a period of intense devotion . . . fastened upon him an abiding sense of the truth that moral character is the root of art.'"[1]

The selections which follow include some of those lofty and powerful descriptions of masterpieces of religious art, which suggests the question,—which is greater:—the oil painting of the artist —Turner, or the word painting of Ruskin?

WITNESSES FOR GOD.

4. Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this follow me no farther; for this I propose always to assume) is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness. Whatever enables us to fulfil this function, is in the pure and first sense of the word useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist, are in a secondary and mean sense, useful, or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 1.*

NATIONS FORGET GOD IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY.

7. Deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also, a fear greater than of sword and sedition; that dependence on God may be forgotten because the bread is given and the water is sure, that gratitude to him may cease because his constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law, that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world, that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vain-glory, and love in dissimulation,[2] that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting

[1] "*John Ruskin, Social Reformer*," J. A. Hobson.

[2] Rom. xii. 9.

words and foulness of dark thoughts, to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust.

THE SALT OF NATIONS.

1. And though I believe that we have salt enough of ardent and holy mind amongst us to keep us in some measure from this moral decay, yet the signs of it must be watched with anxiety, in all matter however trivial, in all directions however distant. And at this time, when the iron roads are tearing up the surface of Europe, as grape-shot do the sea, when their great sagene is drawing and twitching the ancient frame and strength of England together, contracting all its various life, its rocky arms and rural heart, into a narrow, finite, calculating metropolis of manufactures, when there is not a monument throughout the cities of Europe, that speaks of old years and mighty people, but it is being swept away to build cafes and gaming-houses; when the honor of God is thought to consist in the poverty of His temple, and the column is shortened, and the pinnacle shattered, the color denied to the casement, and the marble to the altar, while exchequers are exhausted in luxury of boudoirs, and pride of reception-rooms; when we ravage without a pause all the loveliness of creation which God in giving pronounced good, and destroy without a thought all those labors which men have given their lives, and their sons' sons' lives to complete, and have left for a legacy to all their kind, a legacy of more than their hearts' blood, for it is of their souls' travail, there is need, bitter need, to bring back, if we may, into men's minds, that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him by whom we live, and that he is not to be known by marring his fair works, and blotting out the evidence of his influences upon his creatures, not amid the hurry of crowds and crash of innovation, but in solitary places, and out of the glowing intelligences which he gave to men of old. He did not teach them how to build for glory and for beauty, he did not give them the fearless, faithful, inherited energies that worked on and down from death to death, generation after generation, that we, foul and sensual as we are, might give the carved work of their poured-out spirit to the axe and the hammer; . . . nor clothed the grass only for the oven.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 1.*

THE HIGHER MINISTRY OF SCIENCE.

8. The common consent of men proves and accepts the proposition, that whatever part of any pursuit ministers to the bodily comforts, and admits of material uses, is ignoble, and whatsoever part is addressed to the mind only, is noble; and that geology does better in reclothing dry bones and revealing lost creations, than in tracing veins of lead and beds of iron; astronomy better in opening to us the houses of heaven than in teaching navigation; botany better in displaying structure than in expressing juices; surgery better in investigating organization than in setting limbs; only it is ordained that, for our encouragement, every step we make in the more exalted range of science adds something also to its practical applicabilities; that all the great phenomena of nature, the knowledge of which is desired by the angels only, by us partly, as it reveals to farther vision the being and the glory of Him in whom they rejoice and we live, dispense yet such kind influences and so much of material blessing as to be joyfully felt by all inferior creatures, and to be desired by them with such single desire as the imperfection of their nature may admit; that the strong torrents which, in their own gladness fill the hills with hollow thunder and the vales with winding light, have yet their bounden charge of field to feed and barge to bear; that the fierce flames to which the Alp owes its upheaval and the volcano its terror, temper for us the metal vein and quickening spring; and that for our incitement, I say not our reward, for knowledge is its own reward, herbs have their healing, stones their preciousness, and stars their times.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 1.*

THE DIVINE IN EVERY HUMAN ATTRIBUTE.

6. In whatever is an object of life, in whatever may be infinitely and for itself desired, we may be sure there is something of divine, for God will not make anything an object of life to his creatures which does not point to, or partake of, Himself. And so, though we were to regard the pleasures of sight merely as the highest of sensual pleasures, and though they were of rare occurrence, and, when occurring, isolated and imperfect, there would still be a supernatural character about them, owing to their permanence and self-sufficiency, where no other sensual pleasures are permanent or self-sufficient. But when, instead of being scattered, interrupted, or chance-distributed, they are gathered together, and so arranged to enhance each other as by chance they could not be, there is caused by them not only a feeling of strong affection towards the object in which they exist, but a perception of purpose and adaptation of it to our desires; a perception, therefore, of the immediate operation of the Intelligence which so formed us, and so feeds us.

Out of which perception arise joy, admiration, and gratitude.

Now the mere animal consciousness of the pleasantness I call

æsthesis; but the exulting, reverent, and grateful perception of it I call theoria. For this, and this only, is the full comprehension and contemplation of the beautiful as a gift of God, a gift not necessary to our being, but added to, and elevating it, and twofold, first of the desire, and secondly of the thing desired.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

7. And that this joyfulness and reverence are a necessary part of theoretic pleasure is very evident when we consider that, by the presence of these feelings, even the lower and more sensual pleasures may be rendered theoretic. . . . .

All things may be elevated by affection, as the spikenard of Mary, and in the Song of Solomon, the myrrh upon the handles of the lock, and that of Isaac concerning his son. And the general law for all these pleasures is, that when sought in the abstract and ardently, they are foul things, but when received with thankfulness and with reference to God's glory, they become theoretic; and so I can find something divine in the sweetness of wild fruits, as well as in the pleasantness of the pure air, and the tenderness of its natural perfumes that come and go as they list.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 2.*

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY CENTERED IN THE HEART.

8. As it is necessary to the existence of an idea of beauty, that the sensual pleasure which may be its basis, should be accompanied first with joy, then with love of the object, then with the perception of kindness in a superior Intelligence, finally with thankfulness and veneration towards that Intelligence itself, and as no idea can be at all considered as in any way an idea of beauty, until it be made up of these emotions, any more than we can be said to have an idea of a letter of which we perceive the perfume and the fair writing, without understanding the contents of it, or intent of it; and as these emotions are in no way resultant from, nor obtainable by, any operation of the intellect, it is evident that the sensation of beauty is not sensual on the one hand, nor is it intellectual on the other, but is dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart, both for its truth and for its intensity, insomuch that even the right after-action of the intellect upon facts of beauty so apprehended, is dependent on the acuteness of the heart feeling about them; and thus the Apostolic words come true, in this minor respect as in all others, that men are alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, having the understanding darkened because of the hardness of their hearts, and so being past feeling, give themselves up to lasciviousness; for we do indeed see constantly that men having naturally acute perceptions of the beautiful, yet not receiving it with a pure heart, nor into their hearts at all, never comprehend it, nor receive good from it, but make it a mere minister to their

desires, and accompaniment and seasoning of lower sensual pleasures, until all their emotions take the same earthly stamp, and the sense of beauty sinks into the servant of lust.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 2.*

THE PURE IN HEART SEES GOD.

10. The Christian theoria seeks not, though it accepts, and touches with its own purity, what the Epicurean sought, but finds its food and the objects of its love everywhere, in what is harsh and fearful, as well as what is kind, nay, even in all that seems coarse and commonplace; seizing that which is good, and delighting more sometimes at finding its table spread in strange places, and in the presence of its enemies, and its honey coming out of the rock, than if all were harmonized into a less wondrous pleasure, hating only what is self-sighted and insolent of men's work, despising all that is not of God, unless reminding it of God, yet able to find evidence of him still, where all seems forgetful of him, and to turn that into a witness of his working which was meant to obscure it, and so with clear and unoffended sight beholding him forever, according to the written promise,—Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 2.*

POWER OF CHOICE.

2. Though we can neither at once choose whether we shall see an object, red, green, or blue, nor determine to like the red better than the blue, or the blue better than the red, yet we can, if we choose, make ourselves ultimately susceptible of such impressions in other degrees, and capable of pleasures in them in different measure; and because, wherever power of any kind is given, there is responsibility attached, it is the duty of men to prefer certain impressions of sense to others, because they have the power of doing so, this being precisely analogous to the law of the moral world, whereby men are supposed not only capable of governing their likes and dislikes, but the whole culpability or propriety of actions is dependent upon this capability, so that men are guilty or otherwise, not for what they do, but for what they desire, the command being not, thou shalt obey, but thou shalt love, the Lord thy God, which, if men were not capable of governing and directing their affections, would be the command of an impossibility.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 3.*

PATIENCE AND MORAL TASTE.

10. The temper by which right taste is formed is, first, patient. It dwells upon what is submitted to it, it does not trample upon it lest it should be pearls, even though it look like husks, it is a good ground, soft, penetrable, retentive, it does not send up thorns

of unkind thoughts, to choke the weak seed, it is hungry and thirsty too, and drinks all the dew that falls on it, it is an honest and good heart, that shows no too ready springing before the sun be up, but fails not afterwards; it is distrustful of itself, so as to be ready to believe and to try all things, and yet so trustful of itself, that it will neither quit what it has tried, nor take anything without trying. And that pleasure which it has in things that it finds true and good, is so great that it cannot possibly be led aside by any tricks of fashion, nor diseases of vanity, it cannot be cramped in its conclusions by partialities and hypocrisies, its visions and its delights are too penetrating, too living, for any whitewashed object or shallow fountain long to endure or supply. It clasps all that it loves so hard, that it crushes it if it be hollow.

11. Now, the conclusions of this disposition are sure to be eventually right, more and more right according to the general maturity of all the powers, but it is sure to come right at last, because its operation is in analogy to, and in harmony with, the whole spirit of the Christian moral system, and that which it will ultimately love and rest in, are great sources of happiness common to all the human race, and based on the relations they hold to their Creator. —*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 3.*

TRUE AND FALSE TASTES.

12. If we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing, we may argue that we have reached the true perception of its universal laws. Hence, false taste may be known by its fastidiousness, by its demands of pomp, splendor, and unusual combination, by its enjoyment only of particular styles and modes of things, and by its pride also, for it is forever meddling, mending, accumulating, and self-exulting, its eye is always upon itself, and it tests all things around it by the way they fit it. But true taste is forever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished, casting its shoes from off its feet because it finds all ground holy, lamenting over itself and testing itself by the way that it fits things.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 3.*

HIGHEST PLEASURES ONLY THROUGH DIFFICULTIES.

14. Had it been ordained by the Almighty that the highest pleasures of sight should be those of most difficult attainment and that to arrive at them it should be necessary to accumulate gilded palaces tower over tower, and pile artificial mountains around insinuated lakes, there would have been a direct contradiction between the unselfish duties and inherent desires of every individual. But no such contradiction exists in the system of Divine Providence, which, leaving it open to us, if we will, as creatures in probation, to abuse this sense like every other, and pamper it with selfish and

thoughtless vanities as we pamper the palate with deadly meats, until the appetite of tasteful cruelty is lost in its sickened satiety, incapable of pleasure unless, Caligula like, it concentrate the labor of a million of lives into the sensation of an hour, leaves it also open to us, by humble and loving ways, to make ourselves susceptible of deep delight from the meanest objects of creation, and of a delight which shall not separate us from our fellows, nor require the sacrifice of any duty or occupation, but which shall bind us closer to men and to God, and be with us always, harmonized with every action, consistent with every claim, unchanging and eternal.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 3.*

PROGRESS IN PURITY OUR TRUEST PLEASURE.

12. Between youth and age there will be found differences of seeking, which are not wrong, nor of false choice in either, but of different temperament, the youth sympathizing more with the gladness, fulness, and magnificence of things, and the gray hairs with their completion, sufficiency, and repose. And so, neither condemning the delights of others, nor altogether distrustful of our own, we must advance, as we live on, from what is brilliant to what is pure, and from what is promised to what is fulfilled, and from what is our strength to what is our crown, only observing in all things how that which is indeed wrong, and to be cut up from the root, is dislike, and not affection. For by the very nature of these beautiful qualities, which I have defined to be the signature of God upon his works, it is evident that in whatever we altogether dislike, we see not all; that the keenness of our vision is to be tested by the expansiveness of our love, and that as far as the influence of association has voice in the question, though it is indeed possible that the inevitable painfulness of an object, for which we can render no sufficient reason, may be owing to its recalling of a sorrow, it is more probably dependent on its accusation of a crime. —*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 4.*

INFINITY OF SPACE.

5. There is one thing . . . which no other object of sight suggests in equal degree, and that is,—Infinity. It is of all visible things the least material, the least finite, the farthest withdrawn from the earth prison-house, the most typical of the nature of God, the most suggestive of the glory of His dwelling-place. For the sky of night, though we may know it boundless, is dark, it is a studded vault, a roof that seems to shut us in and down, but the bright distance has no limit, we feel its infinity, as we rejoice in its purity of light.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 5.*

INFINITY OF GOD.

19. Farther expressions of infinity there are in the mystery of nature, and in some measure in her vastness, but these are dependent on our own imperfections, and therefore, though they produce sublimity, they are unconnected with beauty. For that which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness, and the infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable, not concealed, but incomprehensible: it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure unsearchable sea.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 5.*

UNITY AND COMPREHENSIVENESS OF GOD.

1. That Unity which consists not in his own singleness or separation, but in the necessity of his inherence in all things that be, without which no creature of any kind could hold existence for a moment. Which necessity of Divine essence I think it better to speak of as comprehensiveness, than as unity, because unity is often understood in the sense of oneness or singleness, instead of universality, whereas the only Unity which by any means can become grateful or an object of hope to men, and whose types therefore in material things can be beautiful, is that on which turned the last words and prayer of Christ before his crossing of the Kidron brook. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word. That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee."—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 6.*

STRENGTH AND UNITY IN ALL THINGS.

2. There is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature, but it is capable of an unity of some kind with other creatures, and in that unity is its perfection and theirs, and a pleasure also for the beholding of all other creatures that can behold. So the unity of spirits is partly in their sympathy, and partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love; and these are their delight and their strength, for their strength is in their co-working and army fellowship, and their delight is in the giving and receiving of alternate and perpetual currents of good, their inseparable dependency on each other's being, and their essential and perfect depending on their Creator's: and so the unity of earthly creatures is their power and their peace, not like the dead and cold peace of undisturbed stones and solitary mountains, but the living peace of trust, and the living power of support, of hands that hold each other and are still: and so the unity of matter is, in its noblest form, the organization of it which builds it up into temples for the spirit, and in its lower form, the sweet and strange affinity, which gives to it the glory of its orderly elements, and the fair variety

of change and assimilation that turns the dust into the crystal, and separates the waters that be above the firmament from the waters that be beneath, and in its lowest form; it is the working and walking and clinging together that gives their power to the winds, and its syllables and soundings to the air, and their weight to the waves, and their burning to the sunbeams, and their stability to the mountains, and to every creature whatsoever operation is for its glory and for others' good.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 6.*

SPIRITUAL UNITY.

3. In spiritual creatures it is their own constant building up by true knowledge and continuous reasoning to higher perfection, and the singleness and straightforwardness of their tendencies to more complete communion with God. And there is the unity of membership, which we may call essential unity, which is the unity of things separately imperfect into a perfect whole, and this is the great unity of which other unities are but parts and means, it is in matter the harmony of sounds and consistency of bodies, and among spiritual creatures, their love and happiness and very life in God.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 6.*

REST—A SIGN AND A GIFT.

1. As opposed to passion, changefulness, or laborious exertion, repose is the especial and separating characteristic of the eternal mind and power; it is the "I am" of the Creator opposed to the "I become" of all creatures; it is the sign alike of the supreme knowledge which is incapable of surprise, the supreme power which is incapable of labor, the supreme volition which is incapable of change; it is the stillness of the beams of the eternal chambers laid upon the variable waters of ministering creatures; and as we saw before that the infinity which was a type of the Divine nature on the one hand, became yet more desirable on the other from its peculiar address to our prison hopes, and to the expectations of an unsatisfied and unaccomplished existence, so the types of this third attribute of the Deity might seem to have been rendered farther attractive to mortal instinct, through the infliction upon the fallen creature of a curse necessitating self having too much of changefulness for his purpose, is spoken of as one "that heareth not the loud winds when they call, and moveth altogether, if it move at all." And again of children, which, that it may remove from them the child restlessness, the imagination conceives as rooted flowers "Beneath an old gray oak, as violets, lie." On the other hand, the scattered rocks, which have not, as such, vitality enough for rest, are gifted with it by the living image: they "lie couched around us like a flock of sheep."—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 7.*

SYMMETRY—A TYPE OF DIVINE JUSTICE.

1. The fourth constituent of beauty (symmetry). In all perfectly beautiful objects, there is found the opposition of one part to another and a reciprocal balance obtained, . . . and even in the meanest things the rule holds, as in the kaleidoscope, wherein agreeableness is given to forms altogether accidental merely by their repetition and reciprocal opposition; which orderly balance and arrangement are essential to the perfect operation of the more earnest and solemn qualities of the beautiful, as being heavenly in their nature, and contrary to the violence and disorganization of sin, so that the seeking of them and submission to them is always marked in minds that have been subjected to high moral discipline. —*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 8.*

PURITY—AN ESSENCE OF LIGHT AND A TYPE OF THE DIVINE.

1. It may at first appear strange that I have not in my enumeration of the types of Divine attributes, included that which is certainly the most visible and evident of all, as well as the most distinctly expressed in Scripture; God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. But I could not logically class the presence of an actual substance or motion with mere conditions and modes of being, neither could I logically separate from any of these, that which is evidently necessary to the perception of all. And it is also to be observed that though the love of light is more instinctive in the human heart than any other of the desires connected with beauty, we can hardly separate its agreeableness in its own nature from the sense of its necessity and value for the purposes of life, neither the abstract painfulness of darkness from the sense of danger and incapacity connected with it; and note also that it is not *all* light, but light possessing the universal qualities of beauty, diffused or infinite rather than in points, tranquil, not startling and variable, pure, not sullied or oppressed, which is indeed pleasant and perfectly typical of the Divine nature.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 9.*

BEAUTY IN NATURE—AN EXPRESSION OF THE DIVINE.

2. The qualities of beauty are not to be considered as stamped upon matter for our teaching or enjoyment only, but as the necessary consequence of the perfection of God's working, and the inevitable stamp of his image on what he creates. For it would be inconsistent with his Infinite perfection to work imperfectly in any place, or in any matter; wherefore we do not find that flowers and fair trees, and kindly skies, are given only where man may see them and be fed by them, but the Spirit of God works everywhere alike, where there is no eye to see, covering all lonely places with an equal glory, using the same pencil and outpouring the same splendor, in the caves of the waters where the sea-snakes swim, and in the

desert where the satyrs dance, among the fir-trees of the stork, and the rocks of the conies, as among those higher creatures whom he has made capable witnesses of his working.

3. Nevertheless, I think that the admission of different degrees of this glory and image of himself upon creation, has the look of something meant especially for us; for although, in pursuance of the appointed system of government by universal laws, these same degrees exist where we cannot witness them, yet the existence of degrees at all seems at first unlikely in Divine work, and I cannot see reason for it unless that palpable one of increasing in us the understanding of the sacred characters by showing us the results of their comparative absence.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 11.*

DEGREES OF PERFECTION FOR MAN'S SAKE.

4. The fact of our deriving constant pleasure from whatever is a type or semblance of Divine attributes, and from nothing but that which is so, is the most glorious of all that can be demonstrated of human nature; it not only sets a great gulf of specific separation between us and the lower animals, but it seems a promise of a communion ultimately deep, close, and conscious, with the Being whose darkened manifestations we here feebly and unthinkingly delight in. Probably to every order of intelligence more of his image becomes palpable in all around them, and the glorified spirits and the angels have perceptions as much more full and rapturous than ours, as ours than those of beasts and creeping things. And receiving it, as we must, for an universal axiom that "no natural desire can be entirely frustrate," and seeing that these desires are indeed so unfailing in us that they have escaped not the reasoners of any time, but were held divine of old, and in even heathen countries, it cannot be but that there is in these visionary pleasures, lightly as we now regard them, cause for thankfulness, ground for hope, anchor for faith, more than in all the other manifold gifts and guidances, wherewith God crowns the years, and hedges the paths of men.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 11.*

LOVE AND VITAL BEAUTY.

2. Its first perfection relating to vital beauty, is the kindness and unselfish fulness of heart, which receives the utmost amount of pleasure from the happiness of all things. Of which in high degree the heart of man is incapable, neither what intense enjoyment the angels may have in all that they see of things that move and live, and in the part they take in the shedding of God's kindness upon them, can we know or conceive: only in proportion as we draw near to God, and are made in measure like unto him, can we increase this our possession of charity, of which the entire essence is in God only. Wherefore it is evident that even the ordinary

exercise of this faculty implies a condition of the whole moral being in some measure right and healthy, and that to the entire exercise of it there is necessary the entire perfection of the Christian character, for he who loves not God, nor his brother, cannot love the grass beneath his feet and the creatures that fill those spaces in the universe which he needs not, and which live not for his uses; nay, he has seldom grace to be grateful even to those that love him and serve him, while, on the other hand, none can love God nor his human brother without loving all things which his Father loves, nor without looking upon them every one as in that respect his brethren also, and perhaps worthier than he, if in the under concords they have to fill, their part is touched more truly.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 12.*

GOD'S PROVIDENCE IN ALL ORGANIC NATURE.

8. There is not any organic creature, but in its history and habits it shall exemplify or illustrate to us some moral excellence or deficiency or some point of God's providential government, which it is necessary for us to know. Thus the functions and the fates of animals are distributed to them, with a variety which exhibits to us the dignity and results of almost every passion and kind of conduct, some filthy and slothful, pining and unhappy; some rapacious, restless, and cruel; some ever earnest and laborious, and, I think, unhappy in their endless labor, creatures, like the bee, that heap up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them, and others employed like angels in endless offices of love and praise. Of which when, in right condition of mind, we esteem those most beautiful, whose functions are the most noble, whether as some, in mere energy, or as others, in moral honor, so that we look with hate on the foulness of the sloth, and the subtlety of the adder, and the rage of the hyena: with the honor due to their earthly wisdom we invest the earnest ant and unwearied bee; but we look with full perception of sacred function to the tribes of burning plumage and choral voice. And so what lesson we might receive for our earthly conduct from the creeping and laborious things, was taught us by that earthly king who made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones (yet thereafter was less rich towards God). But from the lips of an heavenly King, who had not where to lay his head, we were taught what lesson we have to learn from those higher creatures who sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns, for their Heavenly Father feedeth them.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 12.*

MORAL JUDGMENT THE STANDARD OF BEAUTY.

12. Looking to the whole kingdom of organic nature, we find that our full receiving of its beauty depends first on the sensibility and then on the accuracy and touchstone faithfulness of the heart

in its moral judgments, so that it is necessary that we should not only love all creatures well, but esteem them in that order which is according to God's laws and not according to our own human passions and predilections, not looking for swiftness, and strength, and cunning, rather than for patience and kindness, still less delighting in their animosity and cruelty one towards another . . . so that in all cases we are to beware of such opinions as seem in any way referable to human pride, or even to the grateful or pernicious influence of things upon ourselves, and to cast the mind free, and out of ourselves, humbly, and yet always in that noble position of pause above the other visible creatures, nearer God than they, which we authoritatively hold, thence looking down upon them, and testing the clearness of our moral vision by the extent, and fulness, and constancy of our pleasure in the light of God's love as it embraces them, and the harmony of his holy laws, that forever bring mercy out of rapine, and religion out of wrath.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 12.*

EVERY CREATURE OF GOD IS GOOD.

1. In the first or sympathetic operation of the theoretic faculty, it will be remembered, we receive pleasure from the signs of mere happiness in living things. In the second theoretic operation of comparing and judging, we constituted ourselves such judges of the lower creatures as Adam was made by God when they were brought to him to be named, and we allowed of beauty in them as they reached, more or less, to that standard of moral perfection by which we test ourselves. But, in the third place, we are to come down again from the judgment seat, and taking it for granted that every creature of God is in some way good, and has a duty and specific operation providentially accessory to the well-being of all, we are to look in this faith to that employment and nature of each, and to derive pleasure from their entire perfection and fitness for the duty they have to do, and in their entire fulfilment of it: and so we are to take pleasure and find beauty in the magnificent binding together of the jaws of the ichthyosaurus for catching and holding, and in the adaptation of the lion for springing, and of the locust for destroying, and of the lark for singing, and in every creature for the doing of that which God has made it to do. Which faithful pleasure in the perception of the perfect operation of lower creatures I have placed last among the perfections of the theoretic faculty concerning them, because it is commonly last acquired, both owing to the humbleness and trustfulness of heart which it demands, and because it implies a knowledge of the habits and structure of every creature, such as we can but imperfectly possess.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 13.*

MORAL DIVERSITY OF MANKIND.

1. Having passed gradually through all the orders and fields of creation, and traversed that goodly line of God's happy creatures who "leap not, but express a feast, where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants," without finding any deficiency which human invention might supply, nor any harm which human interference might mend, we come at last to set ourselves face to face with ourselves, expecting that in creatures made after the image of God we are to find comeliness and completion more exquisite than in the fowls of the air and the things that pass through the paths of the sea. But behold a sudden change from all former experience. No longer among the individuals of the race is there equality or likeness, a distributed fairness and fixed type visible in each, but evil diversity, and terrible stamp of various degradation; features seamed with sickness, dimmed by sensuality, convulsed by passion, pinched by poverty, shadowed by sorrow, branded with remorse; bodies consumed with sloth, broken down by labor, tortured by disease, dishonored in foul uses; intellects without power, hearts without hope, minds earthly and devilish; our bones full of the sin of our youth, the heaven revealing our iniquity, the earth rising up against us, the roots dried up beneath, and the branch cut off above; well for us only, if, after beholding this our natural face in a glass, we desire not straightway to forget what manner of men we be.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 14.*

LOVE AND FAITH ABOVE REASON.

5. The operation of the right moral feelings on the intellect is always for the good of the latter, for it is not possible that selfishness should reason rightly in any respect, but must be blind in its estimation of the worthiness of all things, neither anger, for that overpowers the reason or outcries it, neither sensuality, for that overgrows and chokes it, neither agitation, for that has no time to compare things together, neither enmity, for that must be unjust, neither fear, for that exaggerates all things, neither cunning and deceit, for that which is voluntarily untrue will soon be unwittingly so: but the great reasoners are self-command, and trust unagitated, and deep-looking Love, and Faith, which as she is above Reason, so she best holds the reins of it from her high seat: so that they err grossly who think of the right development even of the intellectual type as possible, unless we look to higher sources of beauty first.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 14.*

SOUL CULTURE AND BODILY BEAUTY.

7. There is a certain period of the soul culture when it begins to interfere with some of the characters of typical beauty belonging to the bodily frame, the stirring of the intellect wearing down the

flesh, and the moral enthusiasm burning its way out to heaven, through the emaciation of the earthen vessel; and that there is, in this indication of subduing of the mortal by the immortal part, an ideal glory of perhaps a purer and higher range than that of the more perfect material form. We conceive, I think, more nobly of the weak presence of Paul, than of the fair and ruddy countenance of Daniel.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 14.*

EFFECT OF LIFE HERE UPON THE BODY IN HEAVEN.

10. David, ruddy and of fair countenance, with the brook stone of deliverence in his hand, is not more ideal than David leaning on the old age of Barzillai, returning chastened to his kingly home. And they who are as the angels of God in heaven, yet cannot be conceived as so assimilated that their different experiences and affections upon earth shall then be forgotten and effectless: the child taken early to his place cannot be imagined to wear there such a body, nor to have such thoughts, as the glorified apostle who has finished his course, and kept the faith on earth. And so whatever perfections and likeness of love we may attribute to either the tried or the crowned creatures, there is the difference of the stars in glory among them yet; differences of original gifts, though not of occupying till their Lord come, different dispensations of trial and of trust, of sorrow and support, both in their own inward, variable hearts, and in their positions of exposure or of peace, of the gourd shadow and the smiting sun, of calling at heat of day or eleventh hour, of the house unroofed by faith, and the clouds opened by revelation: differences in warning, in mercies, in sicknesses, in signs, in time of calling to account; like only they all are by that which is not of them, but the gift of God's unchangeable mercy. "I will give unto this last even as unto thee."—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 14.*

EFFECT OF THE FALL UPON THE FUTURE BODY.

11. Be it observed, that what we must determinedly banish from the human form and countenance in our seeking of its ideal, is not everything which can be ultimately traced to the Adamite fall for its cause, but only the immediate operation and presence of the degrading power of sin. For there is not any part of our feeling of nature, nor can there be through eternity, which shall not be in some way influenced and affected by the fall, and that not in any way of degradation, for the renewing in the divinity of Christ is a nobler condition than ever that of Paradise, and yet throughout eternity is must imply and refer to the disobedience, and the corrupt state of sin and death, and the suffering of Christ himself, which can we conceive of any redeemed soul as for an instant forgetting, or as remembering without sorrow? Neither are the alter-

nations of joy and such sorrow as by us is inconceivable, being only as it were a softness and silence in the pulse of an infinite felicity, inconsistent with the state even of the unfallen, for the angels who rejoice over repentance cannot but feel an uncomprehended pain as they try and try again in vain, whether they may not warm hard hearts with the brooding of their kind wings.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 14.*

SIN WILL SEE SIN AND PURITY WILL SEE ITSELF.

16. 17. The right ideal is to be reached only by the banishment of the immediate signs of sin upon the countenance and body. How, therefore, are the signs of sin to be known and separated?

No intellectual operation is here of any avail. There is not any reasoning by which the evidences of depravity are to be traced in movements of muscle or forms of feature; there is not any knowledge, nor experience, nor diligence of comparison that can be of avail. Here, as throughout the operation of the theoretic faculty, the perception is altogether moral, an instinctive love and clinging to the lines of light. Nothing but love can read the letters, nothing but sympathy catch the sound, there is no pure passion that can be understood or painted except by pureness of heart; the foul or blunt feeling will see itself in everything, and set down blasphemies; it will see Beelzebub in the casting out of devils, it will find its god of flies in every alabaster box of precious ointment. The indignation of zeal towards God (nemesis) it will take for anger against man, faith and veneration it will miss of, as not comprehending, charity it will turn into lust, compassion into pride, every virtue it will go over against, like Shimei, casting dust. But the right Christian mind will in like manner find its own image wherever it exists, it will seek for what it loves, and draw it out of all dens and caves, and it will believe in its being, often when it cannot see it, and always turn away its eyes from beholding vanity; and so it will lie lovingly over all the faults and rough places of the human heart, as the snow from heaven does over the hard, and black, and broken mountain rocks, following their forms truly, and yet catching light for them to make them fair, and that must be a steep and unkindly crag indeed which it cannot cover.

18. Now of this spirit there will always be little enough in the world, and it cannot be given nor taught by men, and so it is of little use to insist on it farther, only I may note some practical points respecting the ideal treatment of human form, which may be of use in these thoughtless days. There is not the face, I have said, which the painter may not make ideal if he choose, but that subtile feeling which shall find out all of good that there is in any given countenance is not, except by concern for other things than art, to be acquired. But certain broad indications of evil there are which the bluntest feeling may perceive, and which the habit

of distinguishing and casting out of would both ennoble the schools of art, and lead in time to greater acuteness of perception with respect to the less explicable characters of soul beauty.

PRIDE DESTRUCTIVE OF BEAUTY.

19. Those signs of evil which are commonly most manifest on the human features are roughly divisible into these four kinds, the signs of pride, of sensuality, of fear, and of cruelty. Any one of which will destroy the ideal character of the countenance and body.

The first, pride, is perhaps the most destructive of all the four, seeing it is the undermost and original story of all sin; and it is base also from the necessary foolishness of it, because at its best, that is when grounded on a just estimation of our own elevation or superiority above certain others, it cannot but imply that our eyes look downward only, and have never been raised above our own measure, for there is not the man so lofty in his standing nor capacity but he must be humble in thinking of the cloud habitation and far sight of the angelic intelligences above him, and in perceiving what infinity there is of things he cannot know nor even reach unto, as it stands compared with that little body of things he can reach, and of which nevertheless he can altogether understand not one; not to speak of that wicked and fond attributing of such excellency as he may have to himself, and thinking of it as his own getting, which is the real essence and criminality of pride, nor of those viler forms of it, founded on false estimation of things beneath us and irrational contemning of them; but taken at its best, it is still base to that degree that there is no grandeur of feature which it cannot destroy and make despicable, so that the first step towards the ennobling of any face is the ridding it of its vanity.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 14.*

SENSUALITY FATAL TO BEAUTY IN ART.

21. That second destroyer of ideal form, the appearance of sensual character, though not less fatal in its operation on modern art, is more difficult to trace, owing to its peculiar subtlety. For it is not possible to say by what minute differences the right conception of the human form is separated from that which is luscious and foul: for the root of all is in the love and seeking of the painter, who, if of impure and feeble mind, will cover all that he touches with clay staining, as Bandinelli puts a foul scent of human flesh about his marble Christ.

24. With the religious painters such nudity as they were compelled to treat is redeemed as much by severity of form and hardness of line as by color, so that generally their draped figures are preferable, as in the Francia of our own gallery. But these, with Michael Angelo and the Venetians, except Titian, form a great

group, pure in sight and aim, between which and all other schools by which the nude has been treated, there is a gulf fixed, and all the rest, compared with them, seem striving how best to illustrate that of Spenser.

> "Of all God's works, which doe this worlde adorn,
> There is no one more faire, and excellent
> Than is man's body both for power and forme
> Whiles it is kept in sober government.
> But none than it more foul and indecent
> Distempered through misrule and passions bace."
>
> —*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 14.*

HOLY FEAR AND HUMAN TERROR.

27. 28. Respecting those two other vices of the human face, the expressions of fear and ferocity, there is less to be noted, as they only occasionally enter into the conception of character.

. . . . . .

Among the children of God, while there is always that fearful and bowed apprehension of his majesty, and that sacred dread of all offence to him, which is called the fear of God, yet of real and essential fear there is not any but clinging of confidence to him, as their Rock, Fortress, and Deliverer, and perfect love, and casting out of fear, so that it is not possible that while the mind is rightly bent on him, there should be dread of anything either earthly or supernatural, and the more dreadful seems the height of his majesty, the less fear they feel that dwell in the shadow of it, ("Of whom shall I be afraid?") so that they are as David was, devoted to his fear; whereas, on the other hand, those who, if they may help it, never conceive of God, but thrust away all thought and memory of him, and in his real terribleness and omnipresence fear him not nor know him, yet are of real, acute, piercing, and ignoble fear haunted for evermore; fear inconceiving and desperate that calls to the rocks, and hides in the dust; and hence the peculiar baseness of the expression of terror, a baseness attributed to it in all times, and among all nations, as of a passion atheistical, brutal, and profane. So also, it is always joined with ferocity, which is of all passions the least human; for of sensual desires there is license to men, as necessity; and of vanity there is intellectual cause, so that when seen in a brute it is pleasant and a sign of good wit; and of fear there is at times necessity and excuse, as being allowed for prevention of harm; but of ferocity there is no excuse nor palliation, but it is pure essence of tiger and demon, and it casts on the human face the paleness alike of the horse of Death, and the ashes of hell.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 14.*

GOOD SOMETIMES EXPRESSED BY EVIL MEN.

8. It seems to me that much of what is great, and to all men beneficial, has been wrought by those who neither intended nor knew the good they did, and that many mighty harmonies have been discoursed by instruments that had been dumb or discordant, but that God knew their stops. The spirit of Prophecy consisted with the avarice of Balaam, and the disobedience of Saul. Could we spare from its page that parable, which he said, who saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open, though we know that the sword of his punishment was then sharp in its sheath beneath him in the plains of Moab? or shall we not lament with David over the shield cast away on the Gilboa mountains, of him to whom God gave *another heart* that day when he turned his back to go from Samuel? It is not our part to look hardly, nor to look always, to the character or the deeds of men, but to accept from all of them, and to hold fast that which we can prove good, and feel to be ordained for us. We know that whatever good there is in them is itself divine, and wherever we see the virtue of ardent labor and self-surrendering to a single purpose, wherever we find constant reference made to the written scripture of natural beauty, this at least we know is great and good, this we know is not granted by the counsel of God, without purpose, nor maintained without result. Their interpretation we may accept, into their labor we may enter, but they themselves must look to it, if what they do has no intent of good, nor any reference to the Giver of all gifts. Selfish in their industry, unchastened in their wills, ungrateful for the Spirit that is upon them, they may yet be helmed by that Spirit whithersoever the Governor listeth; involuntary instruments they may become of others' good; unwillingly they may bless Israel, doubtingly discomfit Amalek, but shortcoming there will be of their glory, and sure of their punishment.—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 15.*

THE ROOT OF SCHISM AND THE FAILURE OF PREACHING.

11. 12. It seems to me that the real sources of bluntness in the feelings towards the splendor of the grass and glory of the flower, are less to be found in ardor of occupation, in seriousness of compassion, or heavenliness of desire, than in the turning of the eye at intervals of rest too selfishly within; the want of power to shake off the anxieties of actual and near interest, and to leave results in God's hands; the scorn of all that does not seem immediately apt for our purposes, or open to our understanding, and perhaps something of pride, which desires rather to investigate than to feel. I believe that the root of almost every schism and heresy from which the Christian church has ever suffered, has been the effort of men to earn, rather than to receive, their salvation; and that the reason

that preaching is so commonly ineffectual is, that it calls on men oftener to work for God, than to behold God working for them. If, for every rebuke that we utter of men's vices, we put forth a claim upon their hearts; if for every assertion of God's demands from them, we could substitute a display of his kindness to them; if side by side with every warning of death, we could exhibit proofs and promises of immortality; if, in fine, instead of assuming the being of an awful Deity, which men, though they cannot and dare not deny, are always unwilling, sometimes unable, to conceive, we were to show them a near, visible, inevitable, but all beneficent Deity, whose presence makes the earth itself a heaven, I think there would be fewer deaf children sitting in the market-place.

GOD VISIBLE THROUGH SERVICE.

At all events, whatever may be the inability in this present life to mingle the full enjoyment of the Divine works with the full discharge of every practical duty, and confessedly in many cases this must be, let us not attribute the inconsistency to any indignity of the faculty of contemplation, but to the sin and the suffering of the fallen state, and the change of order from the keeping of the garden to the tilling of the ground. We cannot say how far it is right or agreeable with God's will, while men are perishing round about us, while grief, and pain, and wrath, and impiety, and death, and all the powers of the air, are working wildly and evermore, and the cry of blood going up to heaven, that any of us should take hand from the plough; but this we know, that there will come a time when the service of God shall be the beholding of him; and though in these stormy seas, where we are now driven up and down, his Spirit is dimly seen on the face of the waters, and we are left to cast anchors out of the stern, and wish for the day, that day will come, when, with the evangelists on the crystal and stable sea, all the creatures of God shall be full of eyes within, and there shall be "no more curse, but his servants shall serve him, and shall see his face."—*Pt. III, Sec. 1, Ch. 15.*

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN IMAGINATION.

9. A powerfully imaginative mind seizes and combines at the same instant, not only two, but all the important ideas of its poem or picture, and while it works with any one of them, it is at the same instant working with and modifying all in their relations to it, never losing sight of their bearings on each other; as the motion of a snake's body goes through all parts at once, and its volition acts at the same instant in coils that go contrary ways.

This faculty is indeed something that looks as if man were made after the image of God. It is inconceivable, admirable, altogether divine; and yet wonderful as it may seem, it is palpably evident

that no less an operation is necessary for the production of any great work, for, by the definition of unity of membership, (the essential characteristic of greatness,) not only certain couples or groups of parts, but *all* the parts of a noble work must be separately imperfect; each must imply, and ask for all the rest, and the glory of every one of them must consist in its relation to the rest, neither while so much as one is wanting can any be right.

WHAT THE HUMAN MIND CANNOT DO.

10. There is, however, a limit to the power of all human imagination. When the relations to be observed are absolutely necessary, and highly complicated, the mind cannot grasp them, and the result is a total deprivation of all power of imagination associative in such matter. For this reason, no human mind has ever conceived a new animal. For as it is evident that in an animal, every part implies all the rest; that is, the form of the eye involves the form of the brow and nose, these the form of the forehead and lip, these of the head and chin, and so on, so that it is physically impossible to conceive of any one of these members, unless we conceive the relation it bears to the whole animal; and as this relation is necessary, certain, and complicated, allowing of no license or inaccuracy, the intellect utterly fails under the load, and is reduced to mere composition, putting the bird's wing on men's shoulders, or half the human body to half the horse's, in doing which there is no action of imagination, but only of fancy; though in the treatment and contemplation of the compound form there may be much imagination.—*Pt. III, Sec. 2, Ch. 2.*

TINTORET'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

20. The most exquisite instance of this imaginative power occurs in an incident in the background of the Crucifixion. I will not insult this marvellous picture by an effort at a verbal account of it. I would not whitewash it with praise, and I refer to it only for the sake of two thoughts peculiarly illustrative of the intellectual faculty immediately under discussion. In the common and most catholic treatment of the subject, the mind is either painfully directed to the bodily agony, coarsely expressed by outward anatomical signs, or else it is permitted to rest on that countenance inconceivable by man at any time, but chiefly so in this its consummated humiliation. In the first case, the representation is revolting; in the second, inefficient, false, and sometimes blasphemous. None even of the greatest religious painters have ever, so far as I know, succeeded here. . . . But Tintoret here, as in all other cases, penetrating into the root and deep places of his subject, despising all outward and bodily appearances of pain, and seeking for some means of expressing, not the rack of nerve or sinew, but the fainting

of the deserted Son of God before his Eloi cry, and yet feeling himself utterly unequal to the expression of this by the countenance, has on the one hand filled his picture with such various and impetuous muscular exertion that the body of the Crucified is, by comparison, in perfect repose, and on the other has cast the countenance altogether into shade. But the agony is told by this, and by this only, that though there yet remains a chasm of light on the mountain horizon where the earthquake darkness closes upon the day, the broad and sunlight glory about the head of the Redeemer has become wan, and of the color of ashes.

But the great painter felt he had something more to do yet. Not only that agony of the Crucified, but the tumult of the people, that rage which invoked his blood upon them and their children. Not only the brutality of the soldier, the apathy of the centurion, nor any other merely instrumental cause of the Divine suffering, but the fury of his own people, the noise against him of those for whom he died, were to be set before the eye of the understanding, if the power of the picture was to be complete. This rage, be it remembered, was one of disappointed pride; and the disappointment dated essentially from the time when, but five days before, the King of Zion came, and was received with hosannahs, riding upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. To this time, then, it was necessary to direct the thoughts, for therein are found both the cause and the character, the excitement of, and the witness against, this madness of the people. In the shadow behind the cross, a man, riding on an ass colt, looks back to the multitude, while he points with a rod to the Christ crucified. The ass is feeding on the *remnants of withered palm-leaves.—Pt. III, Sec. 2, Ch. 3.*

THE JUDGMENT DAY BY TINTORET.

24. By Tintoret only has this unmanageable event been grappled with in its verity; not typically nor symbolically, but as they may see it who shall not sleep, but be changed. Only one traditional circumstance he has received with Dante and Michael Angelo, the boat of the condemned; but the impetuosity of his mind bursts out even in the adoption of this image, he has not stopped at the scowling ferryman of the one nor at the sweeping blow and demon dragging of the other, but, seized Hylas-like by the limbs, and tearing up the earth in his agony, the victim is dashed into his destruction; nor is it the sluggish Lethe, nor the fiery lake that bears the cursed vessel, but the oceans of the earth and the waters of the firmament gathered into one white, ghastly cataract, the river of the wrath of God, roaring down into the gulf where the world has melted with its fervent heat, choked with the ruin of nations, and the limbs of its corpses tossed out of its whirling, like water-wheels. Bat-like, out of the holes and caverns and shadows of the

earth, the bones gather, and the clay-heaps heave, rattling and adhering into half-kneaded anatomies, that crawl, and startle, and struggle up among the putrid weeds, with the clay clinging to their clotted hair, and their heavy eyes sealed by the earth darkness yet, like his of old who went his way unseeing to Siloam Pool; shaking off one by one the dreams of the prison-house, hardly hearing the clangor of the trumpets of the armies of God, blinded yet more, as they awake, by the white light of the new Heaven, until the great vortex of the four winds bears up their bodies to the judgment seat: the firmament is all full of them, a very dust of human souls, that drifts, and floats, and falls in the interminable, inevitable light; the bright clouds are darkened with them as with thick snow, currents of atom life in the arteries of heaven, now soaring up slowly, farther, and higher, and higher still, till the eye and the thought can follow no farther, borne up, wingless, by their inward faith and by the angel powers invisible, now hurled in countless drifts of horror before the breath of their condemnation.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN GREAT PICTURES.

25. The power of every picture depends on the penetration of the imagination into the TRUE nature of the thing represented, and on the utter scorn of the imagination for all shackles and fetters of mere external fact that stand in the way of its suggestiveness. In the Baptism it cuts away the trunks of trees as if they were so much cloud or vapor, that it may exhibit to the thought the completed sequency of the scene; in the Massacre, it covers the marble floor with visionary light, that it may strike terror into the spectator without condescending to butchery; it defies the bare fact, but creates in him the fearful feeling; in the Crucifixion it annihilates locality, and brings the palm-leaves to Calvary, so only that it may bear the mind to the mount of Olives, as in the entombment it brings the manger to Jerusalem, that it may take the heart to Bethlehem; and all this it does in the daring consciousness of its higher and spiritual verity, and in the entire knowledge of the fact and substance of all that it touches. The imaginary boat of the demon angel expands the rush of the visible river into the descent of irresistible condemnation; but to make that rush and roar felt by the eye and heard by the ear, the rending of the pine branches above the cataract is taken directly from nature; it is an abstract of Alpine storm.—*Pt. III, Sec. 2, Ch. 3.*

MANIFESTATION OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

2. There are four ways in which beings supernatural may be conceived as manifesting themselves to human sense. The first, by external types, signs, or influences; as God to Moses in the flames of the bush, and to Elijah in the voice of Horeb.

The second, by the assuming of a form not properly belonging to them; as the Holy Spirit of that of a Dove, the second person of the Trinity of that of a lamb; and so such manifestations, under angelic or other form, of the first person of the Trinity, as seem to have been made to Abraham, Moses and Ezekiel.

The third, by the manifestation of a form properly belonging to them, but not necessarily seen; as of the Risen Christ to his disciples when the doors were shut. And the fourth, by their operation on the human form, which they influence or inspire, as in the shining of the face of Moses.

It is evident that in all these cases, wherever there is form at all, it is the form of some creature to us known. It is no new form peculiar to spirit nor can it be. We can conceive of none. Our inquiry is simply, therefore, by what modifications those creature forms to us known, as of a lamb, a bird, or a human creature, may be explained as signs or habitations of Divinity, or of angelic essence, and not creatures such as they seem.—*Pt. III, Sec. 2, Ch. 5.*

ART HAS NOT SUCCESSFULLY REPRESENTED CHRIST.

7. Of that which is more than creature, no creature ever conceived. I think this almost self-evident, for it is clear that the illimitableness of Divine attributes cannot be by matter represented, (though it may be typified,) and I believe that all who are acquainted with the range of sacred art will admit, not only that no representation of Christ has ever been even partially successful, but that the greatest painters fall therein below their accustomed level; Perugino and Fra Angelico especially; Leonari has I think done best, but perhaps the beauty of the fragment left at Milan, is as much dependent on the very untraceableness resulting from injury as on its original perfection.—*Pt. III, Sec. 2, Ch. 5.*

GREEK ART COMPARED WITH CHRISTIAN ART.

20. Of whatever kind or degree the shortcoming may be, it is not possible but that shortcoming should be visible in every pagan conception, when set beside Christian; and, believing, for my own part, that there is not only deficiency, but such difference in kind as must make all Greek conception full of danger to the student in proportion to his admiration of it; as I think has been fatally seen in its effect on the Italian schools when its pernicious element first mingled with their solemn purity, and recently in its influence on the French historical painters: neither can I from my present knowledge fix upon an ancient statue which expresses by the countenance any one elevated character of the soul, or any single enthusiastic self-abandoning affection, much less any such majesty of feeling as might mark the features for supernatural. The Greek could not conceive a spirit; he could do nothing with

out limbs; his god is a finite god, talking, pursuing, and going journeys; if at any time he was touched with a true feeling of the unseen powers around him, it was in the field of poised battle, for there is something in the near coming of the shadow of death, something in the devoted fulfilment of mortal duty, that reveals the real God, though darkly; . . . and yet what were the Greek's thoughts of his god of battle? No spirit power was in the vision; it was a being of clay strength and human passion, foul, fierce, and changeful; of penetrable arms and vulnerable flesh. Gather what we may of great, from pagan chisel or pagan dream, and set it beside the orderer of Christian warfare, Michael the Archangel: not Milton's "with hostile brow and visage all inflamed," not even Milton's in kingly treading of the hills of Paradise, not Raffaelle's with the expanded wings and brandished spear, but Perugino's with his triple crest of traceless plume unshaken in heaven, his hand fallen on his crossleted sword, the truth girdle binding his undinted armor; God has put his power upon him, resistless radiance is on his limbs, no lines are there of earthly strength, no trace on the divine features of earthly anger; trustful and thoughtful, fearless, but full of love, incapable except of the repose of eternal conquest, vessel and instrument of Omnipotence, filled like a cloud with the victor light, the dust of principalities and powers beneath his feet, the murmur of hell against him heard by his spiritual ear like the winding of a shell on the far-off seashore.—*Pt. III, Sec. 2, Ch. 5.*

HIGHEST EXPRESSION OF ART IN CHRISTIAN THEMES.

21. The field of sacred history, the intent and scope of Christian feeling, are too wide and exalted to admit of the juxtaposition of any other sphere or order of conception; they embrace all other fields like the dome of heaven. With what comparison shall we compare the types of the martyr saints, the St. Stephen of Fra Bartolomeo, with his calm forehead crowned by the stony diadem, or the St. Catherine of Raffaelle looking up to heaven in the dawn of the eternal day, with her lips parted in the resting from her pain? or with what the Madonnas of Francia and Pinturicchio, in whom the hues of the morning and the solemnity of the eve, the gladness in accomplished promise, and sorrow of the sword-pierced heart, are gathered into one human lamp of ineffable love? or with what the angel choirs of Angelico, with the flames on their white foreheads waving brighter as they move, and the sparkles streaming from their purple wings like the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea, listening, in the pauses of alternate song, for the prolonging of the trumpet blast, and the answering of psaltery and cymbal, throughout the endless deep and from all the star shores of heaven?—*Pt. III, Sec. 2, Ch. 5.*

III

MODERN PAINTERS.
Vol. III. (1856.)

Part IV. "Of Many Things"—18 Chaps.

Ten years had passed since Ruskin issued his second volume of this great work, containing Parts I to III. This third volume is Part IV, and in it, the author treats "of many things" in art: each one of the eighteen chapters being devoted to a separate subject. Chief among these subjects are "Style," "Realization," "Ideal," "Novelty," and "Landscape."

In the preface the author tells us that he had given these ten years of his life to the "single purpose of enabling myself to judge rightly of art."

In chapter VII on "The True Ideal—Naturalist," he claims the attributes of a seer for all great artists:—

"All the great men *see* what they paint before they paint it,—see it in a perfectly passive manner,—cannot help seeing it if they would; whether in their mind's eye, or in bodily fact, does not matter; very often the mental vision is, I believe, in men of imagination, clearer than the bodily one; but vision it is, of one kind or another,—the whole scene, character, or incident passing before them as in second sight, whether they will or no, and requiring them to paint it as they see it; they not daring, under the might of its presence, to alter one jot or tittle of it as they write it down or paint it down; it being to them in its own kind and degree always a true vision or Apocalypse, and invariably accompanied in their hearts by a feeling correspondent to the words,—'Write the things *which thou hast seen,* and the things which *are.*'"

Although written at the time when passing through the critical change in faith and doctrine,[1] the volume, as a whole, furnishes abundant evidence of the religious mind of Ruskin of which the following selections are witnesses:

[1] See Chapters on "The Religious Mind of Ruskin."

THE RIGHT USE OF THE IMAGINATION.

Its first and noblest use is, to enable us to bring sensibly to our sight the things which are recorded as belonging to our future state, or as invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses in heaven and earth, and see, as if they were now present, the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we may conceive the great army of the inhabitants of heaven, and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with for ever; that we may be able to vision forth the ministry of angels beside us, and see the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round; but above all, to call up the scenes and facts in which we are commanded to believe, and be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event of the history of the Redeemer.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 1.*

CHRIST AT LAKE OF GALILEE—PETER'S BOLD SWIM.

16. I suppose there is no event in the whole life of Christ to which, in hours of doubt or fear, men turn with more anxious thirst to know the close facts of it, or with more earnest and passionate dwelling upon every syllable of its recorded narrative, than Christ's showing Himself to his disciples at the lake of Galilee. There is something pre-eminently open, natural, full fronting our disbelief in this manifestation. The others, recorded after the resurrection, were sudden, phantom-like, occurring to men in profound sorrow and wearied agitation of heart; not, it might seem, safe judges of what they saw. But the agitation was now over. They had gone back to their daily work, thinking still their business lay netwards, unmeshed from the literal rope and drag. "Simon Peter saith unto them, 'I go a fishing.' They say unto him, 'We also go with thee.'" True words enough, and having far echo beyond those Galilean hills. That night they caught nothing; but when the morning came, in the clear light of it, behold a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of anything but their fruitless hauls. They had no guess who it was. It asked them simply if they had caught anything. They said no. And it tells them to cast yet again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand, to look who it is; and though the glinting of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is, at last; and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in, over the nets. One would have liked to see him swim those hundred yards, and stagger to his knees on the beach.

Well, the others get to the beach, too, in time, in such slow way as men in general do get, in this world, to its true shore, much impeded by that wonderful "dragging the net with fishes;" but they get there—seven of them in all; first the Denier, and then the

slowest believer, and then the quickest believer, and then the two throne-seekers, and two more, we know not who.

They sit down on the shore face to face with Him, and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then, to Peter, all dripping still, shivering, and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun, on the other side of the coal fire,—thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with him by his Master since that look of His,—to him, so amazed, comes the question, "Simon, lovest thou me?"—*Pt. IV, Ch. 4.*

ART IN RELIGION—A FAILURE.

20. Has there, then, been *no* true religious ideal? Has religious art never been of any service to mankind? I fear, on the whole, not. Of true religious ideal, representing events historically recorded, with solemn effort at a sincere and unartificial conception, there exist, as yet, hardly any examples. Nearly all good religious pictures fall into one or other branch of the false ideal, either into the Angelican (passionate ideal) or the Raphaelesque (philosophical ideal). But there is one true form of religious art, nevertheless, in the pictures of the passionate ideal which represent imaginary beings of another world. Since it is evidently right that we should try to imagine the glories of the next world, and as this imagination must be, in each separate mind, more or less different, and unconfined by any laws of material fact, the passionate ideal has not only full scope here, but it becomes our duty to urge its power to its utmost, so that every condition of beautiful form and color may be employed to invest these scenes with greater delightfulness (the whole being, of course, received as an assertion of possibility, not of absolute fact). All the paradises imagined by the religious painters—the choirs of glorified saints, angels, and spiritual powers, when painted with full belief in this possibility of their existence, are true ideals. . . . Nothing but unmixed good can accrue to any mind from the contemplation of Orcagna's Last Judgment or his Triumph of Death, of Angelico's Last Judgment and Paradise, or any of the scenes laid in heaven by the other faithful religious masters; and the more they are considered, not as works of art, but as real visions of real things, more or less imperfectly set down, the more good will be got by dwelling upon them. The same is true of all representations of Christ as a living presence among us now, as in Hunt's Light of the World.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 4.*

FUTURE OF ART IN RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

If we would cherish the hope that sacred art may, indeed, arise for *us,* two separate cautions are to be addressed to the two opposed classes of religionists whose influence will chiefly retard that hope's

accomplishment. The group calling themselves Evangelical ought no longer to render their religion an offence to the men of the world by associating it only with the most vulgar forms of art. It is not necessary that they should admit either music or painting into religious service; but, if they admit either the one or the other, let it not be bad music nor bad painting: it is certainly in nowise more for Christ's honor that His praise should be sung discordantly, or His miracles painted discreditably, than that His word should be preached ungrammatically. Some Evangelicals, however, seem to take a morbid pride in the triple degradation.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 4.*

NO VULGARITY IN TRUTH.

9. There is, indeed, perhaps, no greater sign of innate and *real* vulgarity of mind or defective education than the want of power to understand the universality of the ideal truth; the absence of sympathy with the colossal grasp of those intellects, which have in them so much of divine, that nothing is small to them, and nothing large; but with equal and unoffended vision they take in the sum of the world. . . . A certain portion of this divine spirit is visible even in the lower examples of all the true men; it is, indeed, perhaps, the clearest test of their belonging to the true and great group, that they are continually touching what to the multitude appear vulgarities. The higher a man stands, the more the word "vulgar" becomes unintelligible to him. Vulgar? what, that poor farmer's girl of William Hunt's, bred in the stable, putting on her Sunday gown, and pinning her best cap out of the green and red pin-cushion? Not so; she may be straight on the road to those high heavens, and may shine hereafter as one of the stars in the firmament forever. Nay, even that lady in the satin bodice with her arm laid over a balustrade to show it, and her eyes turned up to heaven to show them; and the sportsman waving his rifle for the terror of beasts, and displaying his perfect dress for the delight of men, are kept, by the very misery and vanity of them, in the thoughts of a great painter, at a sorrowful level, somewhat above vulgarity. It is only when the minor painter takes them on his easel, that they become things for the universe to be ashamed of.

We may dismiss this matter of vulgarity in plain and few words, at least as far as regards art. There is never vulgarity in a *whole* truth, however commonplace. It may be unimportant or painful. It cannot be vulgar. Vulgarity is only in concealment of truth, or in affectation.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 7.*

GENIUS.

10. Every great composition is in perfect harmony with all true rules, and involves thousands too delicate for ear, or eye, or thought, to trace; still it is possible to reason, with infinite pleasure and

profit, about these principles, when the thing is once done; only, all our reasoning will not enable any one to do another thing like it, because all reasoning falls infinitely short of the divine instinct. Thus we may reason wisely over the way a bee builds its comb, and be profited by finding out certain things about the angles of it. But the bee knows nothing about those matters. It builds its comb in a far more inevitable way. And, from a bee to Paul Veronese, all master-workers work with this awful, this inspired unconsciousness.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 7.*

GOD—THE ONLY FINISHER.

5. Our best finishing is but coarse and blundering work after all. We may smooth, and soften, and sharpen till we are sick at heart; but take a good magnifying glass to our miracle of skill, and the invisible edge is a jagged saw, and the silky thread a rugged cable, and the soft surface a granite desert. Let all the ingenuity and all the art of the human race be brought to bear upon the attainment of the utmost possible finish, and they could not do what is done in the foot of a fly, or the film of a bubble. God alone can finish; and the more intelligent the human mind becomes, the more the infiniteness of interval is felt between human and divine work in this respect.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 9.*

INSPIRED MEN.

22. Greatness in art (as assuredly in all other things, but more distinctly in this than in most of them), is not a teachable nor gainable thing, but *the expression of the mind of a God-made great man;* that teach, or preach, or labor as you will, everlasting difference is set between one man's capacity and another's; and that this God-given supremacy is the priceless thing, always just as rare in the world at one time as another. What you can manufacture, or communicate, you can lower the price of, but this mental supremacy is incommunicable; you will never multiply its quantity, nor lower its price; and nearly the best thing that men can generally do is to set themselves, not to the attainment, but the discovery of this; learning to know gold, when we see it, from iron-glance, and diamonds from flint-sand, being for most of us a more profitable employment than trying to make diamonds out of our own charcoal. And for this God-made supremacy, I generally have used, and shall continue to use, the word Inspiration, not carelessly nor lightly, but in all logical calmness and perfect reverence.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 10.*

CHRIST AND THE MOUNTAINS.

10. Commended as it was to all men by the continual practice of Christ himself,—gave to all mountain solitude at once a sanctity and a terror, in the Mediæval mind, which were altogether differ-

ent from anything that it had possessed in the un-Christian periods. On the one side, there was an idea of sanctity attached to rocky wilderness, because it had always been among hills that the Deity had manifested himself most intimately to men, and to the hills that His saints had nearly always retired for meditation, for especial communion with Him, and to prepare for death. Men acquainted with the history of Moses, alone at Horeb, or with Israel at Sinai,—of Elijah by the brook Cherith, and in the Horeb cave; of the deaths of Moses and Aaron on Hor and Nebo; of the preparation of Jephthah's daughter for her death among the Judea Mountains; of the continual retirement of Christ Himself to the mountains for prayer, His temptation in the desert of the Dead Sea, His sermon on the hills of Capernaum, His transfiguration on the crest of Tabor, and His evening and morning walks over Olivet for the four or five days preceding His crucifixion,—were not likely to look with irreverent or unloving eyes upon the blue hills that girded their golden horizon, or drew upon them the mysterious clouds out of the height of the darker heaven. But with this impression of their greater sanctity was involved also that of a peculiar terror. In all this,—their haunting by the memories of prophets, the presences of angels, and the everlasting thoughts and words of the Redeemer,—the mountain ranges seemed separated from the active world, and only to be fitly approached by hearts which were condemnatory of it. Just in so much as it appeared necessary for the noblest men to retire to the hill-recesses before their missions could be accomplished or their spirits perfected, in so far did the daily world seem by comparison to be pronounced profane and dangerous; and to those who loved that world, and its work, the mountains were thus voiceful with perpetual rebuke, and necessarily contemplated with a kind of pain and fear, such as a man engrossed by vanity feels at being by some accident forced to hear a startling sermon, or to assist at a funeral service. Every association of this kind was deepened by the practice and the precept of the time; and thousands of hearts, which might otherwise have felt that there was loveliness in the wild landscape, shrank from it in dread, because they knew that the monk retired to it for penance, and the hermit for contemplation.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 14.*

GOD'S WISDOM—AS SEEN IN THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

51. Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared for example of Nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be

trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine,—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance, that our Lord, when about to work the miracle which, of all that He showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive, —the miracle of the loaves,—commanded the people to sit down by companies "upon the green grass." He was about to feed them with the principal produce of earth and the sea, the simplest representations of the food of mankind. He gave them the *seed* of the herb; He bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit, for their sustenance; thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had entrusted the comfort, consolation, and sustenance of man, to the simplest and most despised of all the leafy families of the earth. And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them,—the walks by silent, scented paths, —the rests in noonday heat,—the joy of herds and flocks,—the power of all shepherd life and meditation,—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust,—pastures beside the pacing brooks,—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills,—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea,—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices; all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift, in our own land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakspeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom,—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping

down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."—*Pt. IV, Ch. 14.*

SCRIPTURE IMAGERY IN THE GRASS.

53. As the grass of the earth leads us to the place where our Lord commanded the multitude to sit down by companies upon the green grass; so the grass of the waters, thought of as sustaining itself among the waters of affliction, leads us to the place where a stem of it was put into our Lord's hand for his sceptre; and in the crown of thorns, and the rod of reed, was foreshown the everlasting truth of the Christian ages—that all glory was to be begun in suffering, and all power in humility.

Assembling the images we have traced, and adding the simplest of all, from Isaiah xl. 6, we find, the grass and flowers are types, in their passing, of the passing of human life, and, in their excellence, of the excellence of human life; and this in a twofold way; first, by their Beneficence, and then, by their endurance:—the grass of the earth, in giving the seed of corn, and in its beauty under tread of foot and stroke of scythe; and the grass of the waters, in giving its freshness for our rest, and in its bending before the wave.[1] But understood in the broad human and Divine sense, the "*herb* yielding seed" (as opposed to the fruit-tree yielding fruit) includes a third family of plants, and fulfils a third office to the human race. It includes the great family of the lints and flaxes, and fulfils thus the *three* offices of giving food, raiment, and rest. Follow out this fulfilment; consider the association of the linen garment and the linen embroidery, with the priestly office, and the furniture of the tabernacle; and consider how the rush has been, in all time, the first natural carpet thrown under the human foot. Then next observe the three virtues definitely set forth by the three families of plants; not arbitrarily or fancifully associated with them, but in all the three cases marked for us by Scriptural words:

1st. Cheerfulness, or joyful serenity; in the grass for food and beauty.—"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin."

2d. Humility; in the grass for rest.—"A bruised reed shall He not break."

[1] So also in Isa. xxxv. 7, the prevalence of righteousness and peace over all evil is thus foretold: "In the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be *grass*, with *reeds* and *rushes*."

3d. Love; in the grass for clothing (because of its swift kindling).—"The smoking flax shall He not quench."

And then, finally observe the confirmation of these last two images in, I suppose, the most important prophecy, relating to the future state of the Christian Church, which occurs in the Old Testament, namely, that contained in the closing chapters of Ezekiel. The measures of the Temple of God are to be taken; and because it is only by charity and humility that those measures ever can be taken, the angel has "a line of *flax* in his hand, and a measuring *reed*." The use of the line was to measure the land, and of the reed to take the dimensions of the buildings; so the buildings of the church, or its labors, are to be measured by *humility*, and its territory or land, by *love*.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 14.*

THE GREATNESS OF TRUE HUMILITY.

24. I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean, by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking of his opinions, but a right understanding of the relation between what *he* can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Durer writes calmly to one who had found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done;" Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else;—only they do not expect their fellowmen therefore to fall down and worship them; they have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not *in* them, but *through* them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them. And they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 16.*

SELFISHNESS AND MORAL BLINDNESS.

9. The apathy which cannot perceive beauty is very different from the stern energy which disdains it; and the coldness of heart which receives no emotion from external nature, is not to be confounded with the wisdom of purpose which represses emotion in action. In the case of most men, it is neither acuteness of the reason, nor breadth of humanity, which shields them from the impressions of natural scenery, but rather low anxieties, vain discontents, and mean pleasures; and for one who is blind to the works of God by profound abstraction or lofty purpose, tens of thousands have their eyes sealed by vulgar selfishness, and their intelligence crushed by impious care.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 17.*

SANCTITY IN NATURE.

19. Although there was no definite religious sentiment mingled with it, there was a continual perception of Sanctity in the whole of nature, from the slightest thing to the vastest;—an instinctive awe, mixed with delight; an indefinable thrill, such as we sometimes imagine to indicate the presence of a disembodied spirit. I could only feel this perfectly when I was alone; and then it would often make me shiver from head to foot with the joy and fear of it, when after being some time away from the hills, I first got to the shore of a mountain river, where the brown water circled among the pebbles, or when I saw the first swell of distant land against the sunset, or the first low broken wall, covered with mountain moss. I cannot in the least *describe* the feeling; but I do not think this is my fault, nor that of the English language, for, I am afraid, no feeling *is* describable. If we had to explain even the sense of bodily hunger to a person who had never felt it, we should be hard put to it for words; and this joy in nature seemed to me to come of a sort of heart-hunger, satisfied with the presence of a Great and Holy Spirit. These feelings remained in their full intensity till I was eighteen or twenty, and then, as the reflective and practical power increased, and the "cares of this world" gained upon me, faded gradually away, in the manner described by Wordsworth in his Intimations of Immortality.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 17.*

PRACTICAL TEACHING OF SCRIPTURE.

33. The greater number of the words which are recorded in Scripture, as directly spoken to men by the lips of the Deity, are either simple revelations of His law, or special threatenings, commands, and promises relating to special events. But two passages of God's speaking, one in the Old and one in the New Testament, possess, it seems to me, a different character from any of the rest, having been uttered, the one to effect the last necessary change in the mind of a man whose piety was in other respects perfect; and the other, as the first statement to all men of the principles of Christianity by Christ Himself—I mean the 38th to 41st chapters of the book of Job and the Sermon on the Mount. Now the first of these passages is, from beginning to end, nothing else than a direction of the mind which was to be perfected to humble observance of the works of God in nature. And the other consists only in the inculcation of *three* things: 1st, right conduct; 2nd, looking for eternal life; 3rd, trusting God, through watchfulness of his dealings with His creation: and the entire contents of the book of Job, and of the Sermon on the Mount, will be found resolvable simply into these three requirements from all men,—that they should act rightly, hope for heaven, and watch God's wonders and work in the earth; the right conduct being always summed

up under the three heads of *justice, mercy,* and *truth,* and no mention of any doctrinal point whatsoever occurring in either piece of divine teaching.

SIMPLEST TRUTHS NEGLECTED.

34. As far as I can judge of the ways of men, it seems to me that the simplest and most necessary truths are always the last believed; and I suppose that well-meaning people in general would rather regulate their conduct and creed by almost any other portion of Scripture whatsoever, than by that Sermon on the Mount, which contains the things that Christ thought it first necessary for all men to understand. Nevertheless, I believe the time will soon come for the full force of these two passages of Scripture to be accepted. Instead of supposing the love of nature necessarily connected with the faithlessness of the age, I believe it is connected properly with the benevolence and liberty of the age; that it is precisely the most healthy element which distinctively belongs to us; and that out of it, cultivated no longer in levity or ignorance, but in earnestness and as a duty, results will spring of an importance at present inconceivable; and lights arise, which, for the first time in man's history, will reveal to him the true nature of his life, the true field for his energies, and the true relations between him and his Maker.

BEST THINGS FREE.

35. There are two classes of precious things in the world: those that God gives us for nothing—sun, air, and life (both mortal life and immortal); and the secondarily precious things which he gives us for a price: these secondarily precious things, worldly wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money; they never can be cheapened. No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier, or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. And they will at last, and soon, too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering (as they think) space and time, do, in reality, conquer nothing; for space and time are, in their own essence, unconquerable, and besides did not want any sort of conquering; they wanted *using.* A fool always wants to shorten space and time: a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and kill time: a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 17.*

THE BOOK OF JOB AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

40. The whole language, both of the book of Job and the Sermon on the Mount, gives precisely the view of nature which is taken by the uninvestigating affection of a humble, but powerful mind. There is no dissection of muscles or counting of elements, but the boldest and broadest glance at the apparent facts, and the most magnificent metaphor in expressing them. 'His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. In his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into joy before him." And in the often repeated, never obeyed, command, "Consider the lilies of the field," observe there is precisely the delicate attribution of life which we have seen to be the characteristic of the modern view of landscape,—"They toil not." There is no science, or hint of science; no counting of petals, nor display of provisions for sustenance: nothing but the expression of sympathy, at once the most childish, and the most profound,—"They toil not."—*Pt. IV, Ch. 17.*

NATURE SPEAKS TO THE NOBLE LIFE.

41. When the active life is nobly fulfilled, and the mind is then raised beyond it into clear and calm beholding of the world around us, the simplest forms of nature are strangely animated by the sense of the Divine presence; the trees and flowers seem all, in a sort, children of God; and we ourselves, their fellows, made out of the same dust, and greater than they only in having a greater portion of the Divine power exerted on our frame, and all the common uses and palpably visible forms of things, become subordinate in our minds to their inner glory,—to the mysterious voices in which they talk to us about God, and the changeful and typical aspects by which they witness to us of holy truth, and fill us with obedient, joyful, and thankful emotion.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 17.*

CAUSES OF WAR.

32. Wherever there is war, there *must* be injustice on one side or the other, or on both. There have been wars which were little more than trials of strength between friendly nations, and in which the injustice was not to each other, but to the God who gave them life. But in a malignant war of these present ages there is injustice of ignobler kind, at once to God and man, which *must* be stemmed for both their sakes. It may, indeed, be so involved with national prejudices, or ignorances, that neither of the contending nations can conceive it as attaching to their cause; nay, the constitution of their governments, and the clumsy crookedness of their political dealings with each other, may be such as to prevent either of them from knowing the actual cause for which they have gone to war.—*Pt. IV, Ch. 18.*

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY NOT NECESSARY TO CHRISTIAN TRUTH.

It is also often declared necessary to study the German controversialists, because the grounds of religion "must be inquired into." I am sorry to hear they have not been inquired into yet; but if it be so, there are two ways of pursuing that inquiry: one for scholarly men, who have leisure on their hands, by reading all that they have time to read, for and against, and arming themselves at all points for controversy with all persons; the other,—a shorter and simpler way,—for busy and practical men, who want merely to find out how to live and die. Now for the learned and leisurely men I am not writing; they know what and how to read better than I can tell them. For simple and busy men, concerned much with art, which is eminently a practical matter, and fatigues the eyes, so as to render much reading inexpedient, I *am* writing; and such men I do, to the utmost of my power, dissuade from meddling with German books; not because I fear inquiry into the grounds of religion, but because the only inquiry which is *possible* to them must be conducted in a totally different way. They have been brought up as Christians, and doubt if they should remain Christians. They cannot ascertain, by investigation, if the Bible be true; but *if it be,* and Christ ever existed, and was God, then, certainly, the Sermon which He has permitted for 1800 years to stand recorded as first of all His own teaching in the New Testament, must be true. Let them take that Sermon and give it fair practical trial: act out every verse of it, with no quibbling or explaining away, except the reduction of such *evidently* metaphorical expressions as "cut off thy foot," "pluck the beam out of thine eye," to their effectively practical sense. Let them act out, or obey, every verse literally for a whole year, so far as they can,—a year being little enough time to give to an inquiry into religion; and if, at the end of the year, they are not satisfied, and still need to prosecute the inquiry, let them try the German system if they choose. —*Appendix II, German Philosophy.*

IV

MODERN PAINTERS.

Vol. IV. (1856.)

Part V. Of Mountain Beauty—20 Chaps.

From the view-point of this work of psychological inquiry and selection the fourth volume of Modern Painters is the greatest of them all. It is a product of the same ten years of labor as the third volume, and was issued only three months later, viz.: March, 1856. It is illustrated with no less than 34 plates and 116 figures.

"Mountain Beauty," the general subject of the volume, lends itself easily, in the hands of Ruskin, to a series of chapters on the Creation which are of superb beauty and of rare value to all teachers of moral and religious truths. We find it necessary to our purpose to give almost the whole of the chapter on "The Firmament" and "The Dry Land," and the concluding portions of "The Mountain Glory," only dividing them with side-headings according to the general plan of this work.

SANCTITY OF COLOR IN THE SCRIPTURES.

24. The ascertainment of the sanctity of color is not left to human sagacity. It is distinctly stated in Scripture. I have before alluded to the sacred chord of color (blue, purple, and scarlet, with white and gold) as appointed in the Tabernacle; this chord is the fixed base of all coloring with the workmen of every great age; . . . In this chord the scarlet is the powerful color, and is on the whole the most perfect representation of abstract color which exists; blue being in a certain degree associated with shade, yellow with light, and scarlet, as absolute *color,* standing alone. Accordingly, we find it used, together with cedar wood, hyssop, and running water, as an emblem of purification, in Leviticus xiv. 4, and other places, and so used not merely as the representative of the color of blood, since it was also to be dipped in the actual blood of a living bird. So that the cedar wood for its perfume, the hyssop for its searchingness, the water for its cleansing, and the scarlet for its kindling or enlightening, are all used as tokens of sanctification;[1] and it can-

[1] The redeemed Rahab bound for a sign a *scarlet* thread in the window. Compare Canticles iv. 3.

not be with any force alleged, in opposition to this definite appointment, that scarlet is used incidentally to illustrate the stain of sin, "though thy sins be as scarlet," any more than it could be received as a diminution of the authority for using snow-whiteness as a type of purity, that Gehazi's leprosy is described as being as "white as snow." An incidental image has no authoritative meaning, but a stated ceremonial appointment has: besides, we have the reversed image given distinctly in Prov. xxxi.: "She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with *scarlet.*" And, again: "Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights." So, also, the arraying of the mystic Babylon in purple and scarlet may be interpreted exactly as we choose: either, by those who think color sensual, as an image of earthly pomp and guilt, or, by those who think it sacred, as an image of assumed or pretended sanctity. It is possible the two meanings may be blended, and the idea may be that the purple and fine linen of Dives are worn in hypocritical semblance of the purple and fine linen of the high priest, being, nevertheless, themselves, in all cases typical of all beauty and purity.—*Pt. V, Ch. 3.*

THE FIRMAMENT—THE GENESIS ACCOUNT.

2. The account given of the stages of Creation in the first chapter of Genesis, is in every respect clear and intelligible to the simplest reader, except in the statement of the work of the second day. I suppose that this statement is passed over by careless readers without an endeavor to understand it; and contemplated by simple and faithful readers as a sublime mystery, which was not intended to be understood. But there is no mystery in any other part of the chapter, and it seems to me unjust to conclude that any was intended here.

And the passage ought to be peculiarly interesting to us as being the first in the Bible in which the *heavens* are named, and the only one in which the word "Heaven," all important as that word is to our understanding of the most precious promises of Scripture, receives a definite explanation.

3. In the first place, the English word "Firmament" itself is obscure and useless; because we never employ it but as a synonym of heaven; it conveys no other distinct idea to us; and the verse, though from our familiarity with it we imagine that it possesses meaning, has in reality no more point or value than if it were written, "God said, let there be a something in the midst of the waters, and God called the something Heaven."

But the marginal reading, "Expansion," has definite value; and the statement that "God said, let there be an expansion in the midst of the waters, and God called the expansion Heaven," has an apprehensible meaning.

4. Accepting this expression as the one intended, we have next to ask what expansion there is, between two waters, describable by the term Heaven. Milton adopts the term "expanse;"[1] but he understands it of the whole volume of the air which surrounds the earth. Whereas, so far as we can tell, there is no water beyond the air, in the fields of space; and the whole expression of division of waters from waters is thus rendered valueless.—*Pt. V, Ch. 6.*

GOD IN THE CLOUDS.

5. Now, with respect to this whole chapter, we must remember always that it is intended for the instruction of all mankind, not for the learned reader only; and that, therefore, the most simple and natural interpretation is the likeliest in general to be the true one. An unscientific reader knows little about the manner in which the volume of the atmosphere surrounds the earth; but I imagine that he could hardly glance at the sky when rain was falling in the distance, and see the level line of the bases of the clouds from which the shower descended, without being able to attach an instant and easy meaning to the words, "Expansion in the midst of the waters." And if, having once seized this idea, he proceeded to examine it more accurately, he would perceive at once, if he had ever noticed *anything* of the nature of clouds, that the level line of their bases did indeed most severely and stringently divide "waters from waters," that is to say, divide water in its collective and tangible state, from water in its divided and aerial state; or the waters which *fall* and *flow,* from those which *rise* and *float.* Next, if we try this interpretation in the theological sense of the word *Heaven,* and examine whether the clouds are spoken of as God's dwelling-place, we find God going before the Israelites in a pillar of cloud; revealing Himself in a cloud on Sinai; appearing in a cloud on the mercy-seat; filling the Temple of Solomon with the cloud when its dedication is accepted; appearing in a great cloud to Ezekiel; ascending into a cloud before the eyes of the disciples on Mount Olivet; and in like manner returning to Judgment. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." "Then shall they see the son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."[2] While farther, the "clouds" and "heavens" are used as interchangeable words in those Psalms which most distinctly set

[1] "God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round." —"*Paradise Lost,*" book vii.

[2] The reader may refer to the following texts, which it is needless to quote: Exod. xiii. 21, xvi. 10, xix. 9, xxiv. 16, xxxiv. 5, Levit. xvi. 2, Num. x. 34, Judges v. 4, 1 Kings viii. 10, Ezek. i. 4, Dan. vii. 13, Matt. xxiv. 30, 1 Thess. iv. 17, Rev. i. 7.

forth the power of God: "He bowed the heavens also, and came down; he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies." And, again: "Thy mercy, Oh Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." And, again: "His excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds." Again: "The clouds poured out water, the skies sent out a sound, the voice of thy thunder was in the heaven." Again: "Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne; the heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory."

HE "BOWED THE HEAVENS."

6. In all these passages the meaning is unmistakable, if they possess definite meaning at all. We are too apt to take them merely for sublime and vague imagery, and therefore gradually to lose the apprehension of their life and power. The expression, "He bowed the Heavens," for instance, is, I suppose, received by most readers as a magnificent hyperbole, having reference to some peculiar and fearful manifestation of God's power to the writer of the Psalm in which the words occur. But the expression either has plain meaning, or it has *no* meaning. Understand by the term "Heaven" the compass of infinite space around the earth, and the expression, "bowed the Heavens," however sublime, is wholly without meaning; infinite space cannot be bent or bowed. But understand by the "Heavens" the veil of clouds above the earth, and the expression is neither hyperbolical nor obscure; it is pure, plain, and accurate truth, and it describes God, not as revealing Himself in any peculiar way to David, but doing what he is still doing before our own eyes day by day. By accepting the words in their simple sense, we are thus led to apprehend the immediate presence of the Deity, and His purpose of manifesting Himself as near us whenever the storm-cloud stoops upon its course; while by our vague and inaccurate acceptance of the words we remove the idea of His presence far from us, into a region which we can neither see nor know; and gradually, from the close realization of a living God who "maketh the clouds his chariot," we refine and explain ourselves into dim and distant suspicion of an inactive God, inhabiting inconceivable places, and fading into the multitudinous formalisms of the laws of Nature.

BY SEARCHING WE CANNOT FIND OUT GOD.

7. All errors of this kind arise from the originally mistaken idea that man can, "by searching, find out God—find out the Almighty to perfection;" that is to say, by help of courses of reasoning and accumulations of science, apprehend the nature of the Deity in a more exalted and more accurate manner than in a state of comparative ignorance; whereas it is clearly necessary, from the beginning to the end of time, that God's way of revealing Himself to His crea-

tures should be a *simple* way, which *all* those creatures may understand. Whether taught or untaught, whether of mean capacity or enlarged, it is necessary that communion with their Creator should be possible to all; and the admission to such communion must be rested, not on their having a knowledge of astronomy, but on their having a human soul. In order to render this communion possible, the Deity has stooped from His throne, and has not only, in the person of the Son, taken upon Him the veil of our human *flesh,* but, in the person of the Father, taken upon Him the veil of our human *thoughts,* and permitted us, by His own spoken authority, to conceive Him simply and clearly as a loving Father and Friend;—a being to be walked with and reasoned with; to be moved by our entreaties, angered by our rebellion, alienated by our coldness, pleased by our love, and glorified by our labor; and, finally to be beheld in immediate and active presence in all the powers and changes of creation. This conception of God, which is the child's, is evidently the only one which can be universal, and therefore the only one which *for us* can be true. The moment that, in our pride of heart, we refuse to accept the condescension of the Almighty, and desire Him, instead of stooping to hold our hands, to rise up before us into His glory,—we hoping that by standing on a grain of dust or two of human knowledge higher than our fellows, we may behold the Creator as He rises,—God takes us at our word; He rises, into His own invisible and inconceivable majesty; He goes forth upon the ways which are not our ways, and retires into the thoughts which are not our thoughts; and we are left alone. And presently we say in our vain hearts, "There is no God."

GOD'S OWN ACCOUNT OF CREATION.

8. I would desire, therefore, to receive God's account of His own creation as under the ordinary limits of human knowledge and imagination it would be received by a simply minded man; and finding that the "heavens and the earth" are spoken of always as having something like equal relation to each other ("thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them"), I reject at once all idea of the term "Heavens" being intended to signify the infinity of space inhabited by countless worlds; for between those infinite heavens and the particle of sand, which not the earth only, but the sun itself, with all the solar system, is in relation to them, no relation of equality or comparison could be inferred. But I suppose the heavens to mean that part of creation which holds equal companionship with our globe; I understand the "rolling of those heavens together as a scroll" to be an equal and relative destruction with the "melting of the elements in fervent heat;"[1] and I under-

[1] Compare also Job xxxvi. 29, "The spreading of the clouds, and the noise of his *tabernacle;*" and xxxviii. 33, "Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds?"

stand the making the firmament to signify that, so far as man is concerned, most magnificent ordinance of the clouds;—the ordinance that as the great plain of waters was formed on the face of the earth, so also a plain of waters should be stretched along the height of air, and the face of the cloud answer the face of the ocean; and that this upper and heavenly plain should be of waters, as it were, glorified in their nature, no longer quenching the fire, but now bearing fire in their own bosoms; no longer murmuring only when the winds raise them or rocks divide, but answering each other with their own voices from pole to pole; no longer restrained by established shores, and guided through unchanging channels, but going forth at their pleasure like the armies of the angels, and choosing their encampments upon the heights of the hills; no longer hurried downwards forever, moving but to fall, nor lost in lightless accumulation of the abyss, but covering the east and west with the waving of their wings, and robing the gloom of the farther infinite with a vesture of divers colors, of which the threads are purple and scarlet, and the embroideries flame.

GOD REVEALS HIMSELF IN THE HEAVENS.

9. This, I believe, is the ordinance of the firmament; and it seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of these heavens God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped, at the presence of God." "He doth set His bow in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, his promises of everlasting love. "In them hath he set a *tabernacle* for the "sun;" whose burning ball, which without the firmament would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeared into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds, and the Inhabiter of eternity, we cannot behold Him; but, as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed His dwelling-place. "Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his

footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, "Our Father which art in heaven."—*Pt. V, Ch. 6.*

GENESIS ACCOUNT OF THE DRY LAND.

1. The words which marked for us the purpose of the clouds are followed immediately by those notable ones: "And God said, Let the waters which are under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear."

We do not, perhaps, often enough consider the deep significance of this sentence. We are too apt to receive it as the description of an event vaster only in its extent, not in its nature, than the compelling the Red Sea to draw back, that Israel might pass by. We imagine the Deity in like manner rolling the waves of the greater ocean together on a heap, and setting bars and doors to them eternally.

But there is a far deeper meaning than this in the solemn words of Genesis, and in the correspondent verse of the Psalm, "His hands prepared the dry land." Up to that moment the earth had been *void,* for it had been *without form.* The command that the waters should be gathered was the command that the earth should be *sculptured.* The sea was not driven to his place in suddenly restrained rebellion, but withdrawn to his place in perfect and patient obedience. The dry land appeared, not in level sands, forsaken by the surges, which those surges might again claim for their own; but in range beyond range of swelling hill and iron rock, forever to claim kindred with the firmament, and be companioned by the clouds of heaven.

THE "DAY" OF GENESIS.

2. What space of time was in reality occupied by the "day" of Genesis, is not at present, of any importance for us to consider. By what furnaces of fire the adamant was melted, and by what wheels of earthquake it was torn, and by what teeth of glacier and weight of sea-waves it was engraven and finished into its perfect form, we may perhaps hereafter endeavor to conjecture; but here, as in few words the work is summed by the historian, so in few broad thoughts it should be comprehended by us; and as we read the mighty sentence, "Let the dry land appear," we should try to follow the finger of God, as it engraved upon the stone tables of the earth the letters and the law of its everlasting form; as gulf by gulf, the channels of the deep were ploughed; and cape by cape, the lines were traced, with Divine foreknowledge, of the shores that were to limit the nations; and chain by chain, the mountain walls were lengthened forth, and

their foundations fastened forever; and the compass was set upon the face of the depth, and the fields, and the highest part of the dust of the world were made; and the right hand of Christ first strewed the snow of Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary.

THE WISDOM AND LOVE OF CREATION.

3. It is not, I repeat, always needful, in many respects it is not possible, to conjecture the manner, or the time, in which this work was done; but it is deeply necessary for all men to consider the magnificence of the accomplished purpose, and the depth of the wisdom and love which are manifested in the ordinances of the hills. For observe, in order to bring the world into the form which it now bears, it was not mere *sculpture* that was needed; the mountains could not stand for a day unless they were formed of materials altogether different from those which constitute the lower hills, and the surfaces of the valleys. A harder substance had to be prepared for every mountain chain; yet not so hard but that it might be capable of crumbling down into earth fit to nourish the alpine forest and the alpine flower; not so hard but that, in the midst of the utmost majesty of its enthroned strength, there should be seen on it the seal of death, and the writing of the same sentence that had gone forth against the human frame, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." And with this perishable substance the most majestic forms were to be framed that were consistent with the safety of man; and the peak was to be lifted, and the cliff rent, as high and as steeply as was possible, in order yet to permit the shepherd to feed his flocks upon the slope, and the cottage to nestle beneath their shadow.

GOD'S PROVISION IN THE MOUNTAINS.

4. And observe, two distinct ends were to be accomplished in the doing this. It was, indeed, absolutely necessary that such eminences should be created, in order to fit the earth in any wise for human habitation; for without mountains the air could not be purified, nor the flowing of the rivers sustained, and the earth must have become for the most part desert plain, or stagnant marsh. But the feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working,—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment,—are their higher missions. They are as a great and noble architecture; first giving shelter, comfort, and rest; and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend.

MOUNTAINS GIVE MOTION TO WATER.

5. Deep calleth unto deep. I know not which of the two is the more wonderful,—that calm, gradated, invisible slope of the champaign land, which gives motion to the stream; or that passage cloven

for it through the ranks of hill, which, necessary for the health of the land immediately around them, would yet, unless so supernaturally divided, have fatally intercepted the flow of the waters from far-off countries. When did the great spirit of the river first knock at those adamantine gates? When did the porter open to it, and cast his keys away forever, lapped in whirling sand? I am not satisfied—no one should be satisfied—with that vague answer,—the river cuts its way. Not so. The river *found* its way. I do not see that rivers, in their own strength, can do much in cutting their way; they are nearly as apt to choke their channels up, as to carve them out. Only give a river some little sudden power in a valley, and see how it will use it. Cut itself a bed? Not so, by any means, but fill up its bed, and look for another, in a wild, dissatisfied, inconsistent manner. Any way, rather than the old one, will better please it; and even if it is banked up and forced to keep to the old one, it will not deepen, but do all it can to raise it, and leap out of it. And although, wherever water has a steep fall, it will swiftly cut itself a bed deep into the rock or ground, it will not, when the rock is hard, cut a wider channel than it actually needs; so that if the existing river beds, through ranges of mountain, had in reality been cut by the streams, they would be found, wherever the rocks are hard, only in the form of narrow and profound ravines,—like the well-known channel of the Niagara, below the fall; not in that of extended valleys. And the actual work of true mountain rivers, though often much greater in proportion to their body of water than that of the Niagara, is quite insignificant when compared with the area and depth of the valleys through which they flow; so that, although in many cases it appears that those larger valleys have been excavated at earlier periods by more powerful streams, or by the existing stream in a more powerful condition, still the great fact remains always equally plain, and equally admirable, that, whatever the nature and duration of the agencies employed, the earth was so shaped at first as to direct the currents of its rivers in the manner most healthy and convenient for man. The valley of the Rhone may, though it is not likely, have been in great part excavated in early time by torrents a thousand times larger than the Rhone; but it could not have been excavated at all, unless the mountains had been thrown at first into two chains, between which the torrents were set to work in a given direction. And it is easy to conceive how, under any less beneficent dispositions of their masses of hill, the continents of the earth might either have been covered with enormous lakes, as parts of North America actually are covered; or have become wildernesses of pestiferous marsh; or lifeless plains, upon which the water would have dried as it fell, leaving them for great part of the year desert. Such districts do exist, and exist in vastness: the *whole* earth is not prepared for the habitation of man; only certain small portions are prepared for him,—the houses, as it were, of the human race, from which they

are to look abroad upon the rest of the world, not to wonder or complain that it is not all house, but to be grateful for the kindness of the admirable building, in the house itself, as compared with the rest. It would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit, as to think it an evil that the globe is no larger than it is. As much as we shall ever need is evidently assigned to us for our dwelling-place; the rest, covered with rolling waves or drifting sands, fretted with ice, or crested with fire, is set before us for contemplation in an uninhabitable magnificence; and that part which we are enabled to inhabit owes its fitness for human life chiefly to its mountain ranges, which, throwing the superfluous rain off as it falls, collect it in streams or lakes, and guide it into given places, and in given directions; so that men can build their cities in the midst of fields which they know will be always fertile, and establish the lines of their commerce upon streams which will not fail.

OTHER MINISTRIES OF MOUNTAINS.

8. The second great use of mountains is to maintain a constant change in the currents and nature of the *air*.

9. The third great use of mountains is to cause perpetual change in the *soils* of the earth. Without such provisions the ground under cultivation would in a series of years become exhausted and require to be upturned laboriously by the hand of man. But the elevations of the earth's surface provide for it a perpetual renovation. The higher mountains suffer their summits to be broken into fragments and to be cast down in sheets of massy rock, full, as we shall see presently, of every substance necessary for the nourishment of plants: these fallen fragments are again broken by frost, and ground by torrents, into various conditions of sand and clay—materials which are distributed perpetually by the streams farther and farther from the mountain's base.

. . . . . .

10. The three great functions—those of giving motion and change to water, air, and earth,—are indispensable to human existence; they are operations to be regarded with as full a depth of gratitude as the laws which bid the tree bear fruit, or the seed multiply itself in the earth. And thus those desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountain, which, in nearly all ages of the world, men have looked upon with aversion or with terror, and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are, in reality, sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulness of the plain. The valleys only feed; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our idea of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is

lifted toward heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy; and the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other, unshaken in its faithfulness, forever bear the seal of their appointed symbol:

> "Thy *righteousness* is like the great mountains:
> Thy *judgments* are a great deep."
>
> —*Pt. V, Ch. 7.*

WASTE AND DECAY AS DIVINE INSTRUMENTS.

12. In the hand of the great Architect of the mountains, time and decay are as much the instruments of His purpose as the forces by which He first led forth the troops of hills in leaping flocks:—the lightning and the torrent and the wasting and weariness of innumerable ages, all bear their part in the working out of one consistent plan; and the Builder of the temple forever stands beside His work, appointing the stone that is to fall, and the pillar that is to be abased, and guiding all the seeming wildness of chance and change, into ordained splendors and foreseen harmonies.

THE MOUNTAIN ALPS AND THE CREATOR.

13. I can hardly conceive any one standing face to face with one of these towers of central rock, and yet not also asking himself, Is this indeed the actual first work of the Divine Master on which I gaze? Was the great precipice shaped by His finger, as Adam was shaped out of the dust? Were its clefts and ledges carved upon it by its Creator, as the letters were on the Tables of the Law, and was it thus left to bear its eternal testimony to His beneficence among these clouds of heaven? Or is it the descendant of a long race of mountains, existing under appointed laws of birth and endurance, death and decrepitude?

14. There can be no doubt as to the answer. The rock itself answers audibly by the murmur of some falling stone or rending pinnacle. It is *not* as it was once. Those waste leagues around its feet are loaded with the wrecks of what it was. On these, perhaps, of all mountains, the characters of decay are written most clearly; around these are spread most gloomily the memorials of their pride, and the signs of their humiliation.

"What then were they once?"

The only answer is yet again,—"Behold the cloud."

Their form, as far as human vision can trace it, is one of eternal decay. No retrospection can raise them out of their ruins, or withdraw them beyond the law of their perpetual fate. Existing science may be challenged to form, with the faintest color of probability, any conception of the original aspect of a crystalline mountain; it cannot be followed in its elevation, or traced in its connection with its fellows. No eyes ever "saw its substance, yet being imperfect;" its history is a monotone of endurance and destruction; all that we can

certainly know of it, is that it was once greater than it is now, and it only gathers vastness, and still gathers, as it fades into the abyss of the unknown.—*Pt. V, Ch. 13.*

A CRUMB OF MICA AS THE AXE OF GOD.

17. Is not this a strange type, in the very heart and height of these mysterious Alps—these wrinkled hills in their snowy, cold, gray-haired old age, at first so silent, then, as we keep quiet at their feet, muttering and whispering to us garrulously, in broken and dreaming fits, as it were, about their childhood—is it not a strange type of the things which "out of weakness are made strong?" If one of those little flakes of mica-sand, hurried intremulous spangling along the bottom of the ancient river, too light to sink, too faint to float, almost too small for sight, could have had a mind given to it as it was at last borne down with its kindred dust into the abysses of the stream, and laid, (would it not have thought?) for a hopeless eternity, in the dark ooze, the most despised, forgotten, and feeble of all earth's atoms; incapable of any use or change; not fit, down there in the diluvial darkness, so much as to help an earth-wasp to build its nest, or feed the first fibre of a lichen;—what would it have thought, had it been told that one day, knitted into a strength as of imperishable iron, rustless by the air, infusible by the flame, out of the substance of it, with its fellows, the axe of God should hew that Alpine tower; that against *it*—poor, helpless, mica flake!—the wild north winds should rage in vain; beneath *it*—low-fallen mica flake! —the snowy hills should lie bowed like flocks of sheep, and the kingdoms of the earth fade away in unregarded blue; and around it—weak, wave-drifted mica flake!—the great war of the firmament should burst in thunder, and yet stir it not; and the fiery arrows and angry meteors of the night fall blunted back from it into the air; and all the stars in the clear heaven should light, one by one as they rose, new cressets upon the points of snow that fringed its abiding-place on the imperishable spire?—*Pt. V, Ch. 16.*

MEN WILL SEE WHAT THEY LOOK FOR.

4. In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight. But yet the saying was a notably sad one; for it came of the conviction in the speaker's mind that there was in reality *no* crooked and *no* straight; that all so-called discernment was fancy, and that men might, with equal rectitude of judgment, and good-deserving of their fellow-men, perceive and paint whatever was convenient to them.

WE DO NOT SEE THE WHOLE OF ANYTHING.

5. Whereas things may always be seen truly by candid people, though never *completely*. No human capacity ever yet saw the whole of a thing; but we may see more and more of it the longer we look. Every individual temper will see something different in it: but supposing the tempers honest, all the differences are there. Every advance in our acuteness of perception will show us something new; but the old and first discerned thing will still be there, not falsified, only modified and enriched by the new perceptions, becoming continually more beautiful in its harmony with them and more approved as a part of the Infinite truth.

6. There are no natural objects out of which more can be thus learned than out of stones. They seem to have been created especially to reward a patient observer. Nearly all other objects in nature can be seen, to some extent, without patience, and are pleasant even in being half seen. Trees, clouds, and rivers are enjoyable even by the careless; but the stone under his foot has for carelessness nothing in it but stumbling: no pleasure is languidly to be had out of it, nor food, nor good of any kind; nothing but symbolism of the hard heart and the unfatherly gift. And yet, do but give it some reverence and watchfulness, and there is bread of thought in it, more than in any other lowly feature of all the landscape.—*Pt. V, Ch. 18.*

LESSONS OF THE STONES.

26. There are two lessons to be gathered from the opposite conditions of mountain decay, of perhaps a wider range of meaning than any which were suggested even by the states of mountain strength. In the first, we find the unyielding rock, undergoing no sudden danger and capable of no total fall, yet, in its hardness of heart, worn away by perpetual trampling of torrent waves, and stress of wandering storm. Its fragments, fruitless and restless, are tossed into ever-changing heaps: no labor of man can subdue them to his service, nor can his utmost patience secure any dwelling-place among them. In this they are the type of all that humanity which, suffering under no sudden punishment or sorrow, remains "stony ground," afflicted, indeed, continually by minor or vexing cares, but only broken by them into fruitless ruin of fatigued life. Of this ground not "corn-giving,"—this "rough valley, neither eared nor sown,"[1] of the common world, it is said, to those who have set up their idols in the wreck of it—

"Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion. They, they are thy lot."—*Isai. lvii. 5, 6.*

But, as we pass beneath the hills which have been shaken by

[1] Deut. xxi. 4. So Amos, vi. 12: "Shall horses run upon the rock; will one plough here with oxen?"

earthquake and torn by convulsion, we find that periods of perfect repose succeeded those of destruction. The pools of calm water lie clear beneath their fallen rocks, the water-lilies gleam, and the reeds whisper among their shadows; the village rises again over the forgotten graves, and its church-tower, white through the storm-twilight, proclaims a renewed appeal to His protection in whose hand "are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also." There is no loveliness of Alpine valley that does not teach the same lesson. It is just where "the mountain falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place," that, in process of years, the fairest meadows bloom between the fragments, the clearest rivulets murmur from their crevices among the flowers, and the clustered cottages, each sheltered beneath some strength of mossy stone, now to be removed no more, and with their pastured flocks around them, safe from the eagle's stoop and the wolf's ravin, have written upon their fronts, in simple words, the mountaineer's faith in the ancient promise—

"Neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh;
"For thou shalt be in league with the Stones of the Field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."

—*Pt. V, Ch. 18.*

NATURE'S WARNINGS AND THE MYSTERY OF PUNISHMENT.

32. It has always appeared to me that there was, even in more healthy mountain districts, a certain degree of inevitable melancholy; nor could I ever escape from the feeling that here, where chiefly the beauty of God's working was manifested to men, warning was also given, and that to the full, of the enduring of His indignation against sin.

It seems one of the most cunning and frequent of self-deceptions to turn the heart away from this warning and refuse to acknowledge anything in the fair scenes of the natural creation but beneficence. Men in general lean towards the light, so far as they contemplate such things at all, most of them passing "by on the other side," either in mere plodding pursuit of their own work, irrespective of what good or evil is around them, or else in selfish gloom, or selfish delight, resulting from their own circumstances at the moment. Of those who give themselves to any true contemplation, the plurality, being humble, gentle, and kindly hearted, look only in nature for what is lovely and kind; partly, also, God gives the disposition to every healthy human mind in some degree to pass over or even harden itself against evil things, else the suffering would be too great to be borne; and humble people, with a quiet trust that everything is for the best, do not fairly represent the facts to themselves, thinking them none of their business. So, what between hard-hearted people, thoughtless people, busy people, humble people,

and cheerfully minded people—giddiness of youth, and preoccupations of age—philosophies of faith, and cruelties of folly—priest and Levite, masquer and merchantman, all agreeing to keep their own side of the way—the evil that God sends to warn us gets to be forgotten, and the evil that He sends to be mended by us gets left unmended. And then, because people shut their eyes to the dark indisputableness of the facts in front of them, their Faith, such as it is, is shaken or uprooted by every darkness in what is revealed to them. In the present day it is not easy to find a well-meaning man among our more earnest thinkers, who will not take upon himself to dispute the whole system of redemption, because he cannot unravel the mystery of the punishment of sin. But can he unravel the mystery of the punishment of NO sin?—*Pt. V, Ch. 19.*

BIBLE SIGNIFICANCE OF MOUNTAINS.

45. It may perhaps be permitted me to mark the significance of the earliest mention of mountains in the Mosaic books; at least, of those in which some Divine appointment or command is stated respecting them. They are first brought before us as refuges for God's people from the two judgments of water and fire. The ark *rests* upon the "mountains of Ararat:" and man, having passed through that great baptism unto death, kneels upon the earth first where it is nearest heaven, and mingles with the mountain clouds the smoke of his sacrifice of thanksgiving. Again: from the midst of the first judgment by fire, the command of the Deity to His servant is, "Escape to the mountain;" and the morbid fear of the hills which fills any human mind after long stay in places of luxury and sin, is strangely marked in Lot's complaining reply: "I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me." The third mention, in way of ordinance, is a far more solemn one: "Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off." "The Place," the Mountain of Myrrh, or of bitterness, chosen to fulfil to all the seed of Abraham, far off and near, the inner meaning of promise regarded in that vow: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh mine help."

And the fourth is the delivery of the law on Sinai.

THE DEATH OF AARON AND MOSES.

46. It seemed, then, to the monks, that the mountains were appointed by their Maker to be to man, refuges from Judgment, signs of Redemption, and altars of Sanctification and obedience; and they saw them afterwards connected, in the manner the most touching and gracious, with the death, after his task had been accomplished, of the first anointed Priest; the death, in like manner, of the first inspired Lawgiver; and, lastly, with the assumption of his office by the Eternal Priest, Lawgiver, and Saviour.

Observe the connection of these three events. Although the *time* of the deaths of Aaron and Moses was hastened by God's displeasure, we have not, it seems to me, the slightest warrant for concluding that the *manner* of their deaths was intended to be grievous or dishonorable to them. Far from this: it cannot, I think, be doubted that in the denial of the permission to enter the Promised Land, the whole punishment of their sin was included; and that as far as regarded the manner of their deaths, it must have been appointed for them by their Master in all tenderness and love; and with full purpose of ennobling the close of their service upon the earth. It might have seemed to *us* more honorable that both should have been permitted to die beneath the shadow of the Tabernacle, the congregation of Israel watching by their side; and all whom they loved gathered together to receive the last message from the lips of the meek lawgiver, and the last blessing from the prayer of the anointed priest. But it was not thus they were permitted to die. Try to realize that going forth of Aaron from the midst of the congregation. He who had so often done sacrifice for their sin, going forth now to offer up his own spirit. He who had stood, among them, between the dead and the living, and had seen the eyes of all that great multitude turned to him, that by his intercession their breath might yet be drawn a moment more, going forth now to meet the Angel of Death face to face, and deliver himself into his hand. Try if you cannot walk, in thought, with those two brothers, and the son, as they passed the outmost tents of Israel, and turned, while yet the dew lay round about the camp, towards the slopes of Mount Hor; talking together for the last time, as step by step, they felt the steeper rising of the rocks, and hour after hour, beneath the ascending sun, the horizon grew broader as they climbed, and all the folded hills of Idumea, one by one subdued, showed amidst their hollows in the haze of noon, the windings of that long desert journey, now at last to close. But who shall enter into the thoughts of the High Priest, as his eyes followed those paths of ancient pilgrimage; and, through the silence of the arid and endless hills, stretching even to the dim peak of Sinai, the whole history of those forty years was unfolded before him, and the mystery of his own ministries revealed to him; and that other Holy of Holies, of which the mountain peaks were the altars, and the mountain clouds the veil, the firmament of his Father's dwelling, opened to him still more brighter and infinitely as he drew nearer his death; until at last, on the shadeless summit,—from him on whom sin was to be laid no more—from him on whose heart the names of sinful nations were to press their graven fire no longer,—the brother and the son took breastplate and ephod, and left him to his rest.

MOSES AT THE MOUNTAIN.

47. There is indeed a secretness in this calm faith and deep restraint of sorrow, into which it is difficult for us to enter; but the death of Moses himself is more easily to be conceived; and had in it circumstances still more touching, as far as regards the influence of the external scene. For forty years Moses had not been alone. The care and burden of all the people, the weight of their woe, and guilt, and death, had been upon him continually. The multitude had been laid upon him as if he had conceived them; their tears had been his meat, night and day, until he had felt as if God had withdrawn His favor from him, and he had prayed that he might be slain, and not see his wretchedness.[1] And now, at last, the command came, "Get thee up into this mountain." The weary hands that had been so long stayed up against the enemies of Israel, might lean again upon the shepherd's staff, and fold themselves for the shepherd's prayer—for the shepherd's slumber. Not strange to his feet, though forty years unknown, the roughness of the bare mountain-path, as he climbed from ledge to ledge of Abarim; not strange to his aged eyes the scattered clusters of the mountain herbage, and the broken shadows of the cliffs, indented far across the silence of uninhabited ravines; scenes such as those among which, with none, as now, beside him but God, he had led his flocks so often; and which he had left, how painfully! taking upon him the appointed power, to make of the fenced city a wilderness, and to fill the desert with songs of deliverance. It was not to embitter the last hours of his life that God restored to him, for a day, the beloved solitudes he had lost; and breathed the peace of the perpetual hills around him, and cast the world in which he had labored and sinned far beneath his feet, in that mist of dying blue;—all sin, all wandering, soon to be forgotten forever; the Dead Sea—a type of God's anger understood by him, of all men, most clearly, who had seen the earth open her mouth, and the sea his depth, to overwhelm the companies of those who contended with his Master—lay waveless beneath him; and beyond it, the fair hills of Judah, and the soft plains and banks of Jordan, purple in the evening light as with the blood of redemption, and fading in their distant fulness into mysteries of promise and of love. There, with his unabated strength, his undimmed glance, lying down upon the utmost rocks, with angels waiting near to contend for the spoils of his spirit, he put off his earthly armor. We do deep reverence to his companion prophet, for whom the chariot of fire came down from heaven; but was his death less noble, whom his Lord Himself buried in the vales of Moab, keeping, in the secrets of the eternal counsels, the knowledge of a sepulchre, from which he was to be called, in the fulness of time to talk with that

[1] Number xi. 12, 15.

Lord, upon Hermon, of the death that He should accomplish at Jerusalem?

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

47. And lastly, let us turn our thoughts for a few moments to the cause of the resurrection of these two prophets. We are all of us too much in the habit of passing it by, as a thing mystical and inconceivable, taking place in the life of Christ for some purpose not by us to be understood, or, at the best, merely as a manifestation of His divinity of brightness of heavenly light, and the ministering of the spirits of the dead, intended to strengthen the faith of His three chosen apostles. And in this as in many other events recorded by the Evangelists, we lose half the meaning and evade the practical power upon ourselves, by never accepting in its fulness the idea that our Lord was "perfect man" "tempted in all things like as we are." Our preachers are continually trying, in all manner of subtle ways, to explain the union of the Divinity with the Manhood, an explanation which certainly involves first their being able to describe the nature of Deity itself, or, in plain words, to comprehend God. They never can explain, in any one particular, the union of the natures; they only succeed in weakening the faith of their hearers as to the entireness of either. The thing they have to do is precisely the contrary of this—to insist upon the *entireness* of both. We never think of Christ enough as God, never enough as Man; the instinctive habit of our minds being always to miss of the Divinity, and the reasoning and enforced habit to miss of the Humanity. We are afraid to harbor in our own hearts, or to utter in the hearing of others, any thought of our Lord, as hungering, tired, sorrowful, having a human soul, a human will, and affected by events of human life as a finite creature is; and yet one half of the efficiency of His atonement, and the whole of the efficiency of His example, depend on His having been this to the full.

48. Consider, therefore, the Transfiguration as it relates to the human feelings of our Lord. It was the first definite preparation for His death. He had foretold it to His disciples six days before; then takes with Him the three chosen ones into "an high mountain apart." From an exceeding high mountain, at the first taking on Him the ministry of life, He had beheld, and rejected the kingdoms of the earth, and their glory: now, on a high mountain, He takes upon Him the ministry of death. Peter and they that were with him, as in Gethsemane, were heavy with sleep. Christ's work had to be done alone.

The tradition is, that the Mount of Transfiguration was the summit of Tabor; but Tabor is neither a high mountain, nor was it in any sense a mountain *"apart,"* being in those years both inhabited and fortified. All the immediately preceding ministries of Christ had been at Cesarea Philippi. There is no mention of travel south-

ward in the six days that intervened between the warning given to His disciples, and the going up into the hill. What other hill could it be than the southward slope of that goodly mountain, Hermon, which is indeed the centre of all the Promised Land, from the entering in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt; the mount of fruitfulness, from which the springs of Jordan descended to the valleys of Israel. Along its mighty forest avenues, until the grass grew fair with the mountain lilies, His feet dashed in the dew of Hermon, He must have gone to pray his first recorded prayer about death; and from the steep of it, before He knelt, could see to the south all the dwelling-place of the people that had sat in darkness, and seen the great light, the land of Zabulon and of Naphtali, Galilee of the nations;—could see, even with His human sight, the gleam of that lake by Capernaum and Chorazin, and many a place loved by Him, and vainly ministered to, whose house was now left unto them desolate; and, chief of all, far in the utmost blue, the hills above Nazareth, sloping down to His old home: hills on which yet the stones lay loose, that had been taken up to cast at Him, when He left them forever.

THE MOUNTAIN GLORY.

49. "And as he prayed, two men stood by him." Among the many ways in which we miss the help and hold of Scripture, none is more subtle than our habit of supposing that, even as man, Christ was free from the Fear of Death. How could He then have been tempted as we are? since among all the trials of the earth, none spring from the dust more terrible than that Fear. It had to be borne by Him, indeed, in a unity, which we can never comprehend, with the foreknowledge of victory,—as His sorrow for Lazarus, with the consciousness of the power to restore him; but it *had* to be borne, and that in its full earthly terror; and the presence of it is surely marked for us enough by the rising of those two at His side. When, in the desert, He was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered unto Him; now, in the fair world, when He is girding Himself for the work of death, the ministrants come to Him from the grave.

But from the grave conquered. One, from that tomb under Abarim, which His own hand had sealed so long ago; the other from the rest in to which he had entered, without seeing corruption. There stood by Him Moses and Elias, and spake of His decease.

Then, when the prayer is ended, the task accepted, first, since the star paused over Him at Bethlehem, the full glory falls upon Him from heaven, and the testimony is borne to his everlasting Sonship and power. "Hear ye him."

If, in their remembrance of these things, and in their endeavor to follow in the footsteps of their Master, religious men of by-gone days, closing themselves in the hill solitudes, forgot sometimes,

and sometimes feared, the duties they owed to the active world, we may perhaps pardon them more easily than we ought to pardon ourselves, if we neither seek any influence for good nor submit to it unsought, in scenes to which thus all the men whose writings we receive as inspired, together with their Lord, retired whenever they had any task or trial laid upon them needing more than their usual strength of spirit. Nor, perhaps, should we have unprofitably entered into the mind of the earlier ages, if among our other thoughts, as we watch the chains of the snowy mountains rise on the horizon, we should sometimes admit the memory of the hour in which their Creator, among their solitudes, entered on His travail for the salvation of our race; and indulge the dream, that as the flaming and trembling mountains of the earth seem to be the monuments of the manifesting of his terror on Sinai,—these pure and white hills, near to the heaven, and sources of all good to the earth, are the appointed memorials of that light of His Mercy, that fell, snow-like, on the Mount of Transfiguration.—*Pt. V, Ch. 20.*

V

MODERN PAINTERS.

Vol. V. (1860.)

Part VI. Of Leaf Beauty—10 Chaps.
Part VII. Of Cloud Beauty—4 Chaps.
Part VIII. Of Ideas of Relation:—Invention Formal—4 Chaps.
Part IX. Of Ideas of Relation:—Invention Spiritual—12 Chaps.

With this volume Mr. Ruskin brought his "Modern Painters" to a close, although he intended to have written at least one more on "Water." Like Vol. IV this is profusely illustrated, having 33 page plates and 101 figure drawings.

The subjects of the four sections, respectively, and the fact that the volume is the outcome of the author's riper years of study, should prepare the reader for many of his nobler passages of inspired poetry. And truly we will not be disappointed. It brings us, over and over again, into close view of the sublimest things in nature, and notwithstanding the change of mind through which Ruskin had passed, it never fails to turn the mind upward, to nature's God.

Part VIII and IX are of inestimable value to all who have a mind for the greater works of the great masters of art, especially the review of religious paintings.

It is here that the critical mind of Ruskin is seen at the highest. No one should think of visiting the great Venetian Art Galleries without first reading this volume; and it may be said that no art teacher is fully equipped who has not made this book his friend, and of Modern Painters as a whole, it may be said that no preacher, without it, has received the best aid to knowledge and faith which literature affords.

We learn from a letter of Ruskin's published in "The Life and Times of Sydney Smith." that he (Sydney Smith) was "the first in literary circles to assert the value of Modern Painters."

TEACH OUR YOUTH TO SEE RATHER THAN TO SAY.

The main thing which we ought to teach our youth is to *see* something,—all that the eyes which God has given them are capable of seeing. The sum of what we *do* teach them is to *say* something. As far as I have experience of instruction, no man ever dreams of teaching a boy to get to the root of a matter; to think it out; to get quit of passion and desire in the process of thinking; or to fear no face of man in plainly asserting the ascertained result. But to *say* anything in a glib and graceful manner,—to give an epigrammatic turn to nothing,—to quench the dim perceptions of a feeble adversary, and parry cunningly the home thrusts of a strong one,—to invent blanknesses in speech for breathing time, and slipperinesses in speech for hiding time,—to polish malice to the deadliest edge, shape profession to the seemliest shadow, and mask self-interest under the fairest pretext,—all these skills we teach definitely, as the main arts of business and life. . . .

The common plea that anything does to "exercise the mind upon" is an utterly false one. The human soul, in youth, is *not* a machine of which you can polish the cogs with any kelp or brickdust near at hand; and, having got it into working order, and good, empty, and oiled serviceableness, start your immortal locomotive at twenty-five years old or thirty, express from the Strait Gate, on the Narrow Road. The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction, I use the words with their weight in them; in taking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes, and faiths. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies,—not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace, and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat, and recover *that* to its clearness and rubied glory when the north wind has blown upon it; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence, and to bring the heavenly colors back to him—at least in this world.—*Appendix to Vol. V.*

THE LAW OF HELP AND HURT.

4. In substance which we call "inanimate," as of clouds, or stones, their atoms may cohere to each other, or consist with each other, but they do not help each other. The removal of one part does not injure the rest.

But in a plant, the taking away of any one part does injure the rest. Hurt or remove any portion of the sap, bark, or pith, the rest is injured. If any part enters into a state in which it no more assists the rest, and has thus become "helpless," we call it also "dead."

The power which causes the several portions of the plant to help

each other, we call life. Much more is this so in an animal. We may take away the branch of a tree without much harm to it; but not the animal's limb. Thus, intensity of life is also intensity of helpfulness—completeness of depending of each part on all the rest. The ceasing of this help is what we call corruption; and in proportion to the perfectness of the help, is the dreadfulness of the loss. The more intense the life has been, the more terrible is its corruption.

The decomposition of a crystal is not necessarily impure at all. The fermentation of a wholesome liquid begins to admit the idea slightly; the decay of leaves yet more; of flowers, more; of animals, with greater painfulness and terribleness in exact proportion to their original vitality; and the foulest of all corruption is that of the body of man; and, in his body, that which is occasioned by disease, more than that of natural death.

6. A pure or holy state of anything is that in which all its parts are helpful or consistent. They may or may not be homogeneous. The highest or organic purities are composed of many elements in an entirely helpful state. The highest and first law of the universe—and the other name of life, is, therefore, "help." The other name of death is "separation." Government and co-operation are in all things and eternally the laws of life. Anarchy and competition, eternally, and in all things, the laws of death.—*Pt. VIII, Ch. 1.*

"CREATION" AND "MAKING"—A DIFFERENCE.

19. What is a "creation?" Nay, it may be replied, to "create" cannot be said of man's labor. On the contrary, it not only can be said, but is and must be said continually. You certainly do not talk of creating a watch, or creating a shoe; nevertheless you *do* talk of creating a feeling. Why is this? Look back to the greatest of all creation, that of the world. Suppose the trees had been ever so well or so ingeniously put together, stem and leaf, yet if they had not been able to grow, would they have been well created? Or suppose the fish had been cut and stitched finely out of skin and whalebone; yet, cast upon the waters, had not been able to swim? Or suppose Adam and Eve had been made in the softest clay, ever so neatly, and set at the foot of the tree of knowledge, fastened up to it, quite unable to fall, or do anything else, would they have been well created, or in any true sense created at all?

20. It will, perhaps, appear to you, after a little farther thought, that to create anything in reality is to put life into it.

A poet, or creator, is therefore a person who puts things together, not as a watchmaker steel, or a shoemaker leather, but who puts life into them.

His work is essentially this: it is the gathering and arranging of material by imagination, so as to have in it at last the harmony

or helpfulness of life, and the passion or emotion of life. Mere fitting and adjustment of material is nothing; that is watchmaking. But helpful and passionate harmony, essentially choral harmony, so called from the Greek word "rejoicing,"[1] is the harmony of Apollo and the Muses; the word Muse and Mother being derived from the same root, meaning "passionate seeking," or love, of which the issue is passionate finding, or sacred INVENTION. For which reason I could not bear to use any baser word than this of invention. And if the reader will think over all these things, and follow them out, as I think he may easily with this much of clew given him, he will not any more think it wrong in me to place invention so high among the powers of man.[1]—*Pt. VIII, Ch. 1. The Law of Help.*

GREATNESS AND LITTLENESS.

1. In the entire range of art principles, none perhaps present a difficulty so great to the student, or require from the teacher expression so cautious, and yet so strong, as those which concern the nature and influence of magnitude.

In one sense, and that deep, there is no such thing as magnitude. The least thing is as the greatest, and one day as a thousand years, in the eyes of the Maker of great and small things. In another sense, and that close to us and necessary, there exist both magnitude and value. Though not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoted, there are yet creatures who are of more value than many; and the same Spirit which weighs the dust of the earth in a balance, counts the isles as a little thing.

2. The just temper of human mind in this matter may, nevertheless, be told shortly. Greatness can only be rightly estimated when minuteness is justly reverenced. Greatness is the aggregation of minuteness; nor can its sublimity be felt truthfully by any mind unaccustomed to the affectionate watching of what is least.

. . . . . .

The Lord of power and life knew which were His noblest works, when He bade His servant watch the play of the Leviathan, rather than dissect the spawn of the minnow.—*Pt. VIII, Ch. 3.*

MAN IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

10. The directest manifestation of Deity to man is in His own image, that is, in man.

"In his own image. After his likeness." The truth of these

[1] This being, indeed, among the visiblest signs of the Divine or immortal life. We have got a base habit of opposing the word "mortal" or deathful" merely to "*im*-mortal;" whereas it is essentially contrary to "divine," that which is deathful being anarchic or disobedient, and that which is divine ruling and obedient; this being the true distinction between flesh and spirit.

words seems to lie at the foundation of our knowledge both of God and man; yet do we not usually pass the sentence by, in dull reverence, attaching no definite sense to it at all? . . .

11. It cannot be supposed that the bodily shape of man resembles, or resembled, any bodily shape in Deity. The likeness must therefore be, or have been, in the soul. Had it wholly passed away, and the Divine soul been altered into a soul brutal or diabolic, I suppose we should have been told of the change. But we are told nothing of the kind. The verse still stands as if for our use and trust. It was only death which was to be our punishment. Not *change*. So far as we live, the image is still there; defiled, if you will; broken, if you will; all but effaced, if you will, by death and the shadow of it. But not changed. We are not made now in any other image than God's. There are, indeed, the two states of this image—the earthly and heavenly, but both Adamite, both human, both the same likeness; only one defiled, and one pure. So that the soul of man is still a mirror, wherein may be seen, darkly, the image of the mind of God.

REVELATION IMPOSSIBLE TO THE CORRUPT MIND.

11. These may seem daring words. I am sorry that they do; but I am helpless to soften them. Discover any other meaning of the text if you are able;—but be sure that it *is* a meaning—a meaning in your head and heart—not a subtle gloss, nor a shifting of one verbal expression into another, both idealess. I repeat, that, to me, the verse has, and can have, no other signification than this—that the soul of man is a mirror of the mind of God. A mirror dark, distorted, broken, use what blameful words you please of its state; yet in the main, a true mirror, out of which alone, and by which alone, we can know anything of God at all.

"How?" the reader, perhaps, answers indignantly. "I know the nature of God by revelation, not by looking into myself."

Revelation to what? To a nature incapable of receiving truth? That cannot be; for only to a nature capable of truth, desirous of it, distinguishing it, feeding upon it, revelation is possible. To a being undesirous of it, and hating it, revelation is impossible. There can be none to a brute, or fiend. In so far, therefore, as you love truth, and live therein, in so far revelation can exist for you;—and in so far, your mind is the image of God's.

GOD'S REVELATION—LOVE.

12. But consider farther, not only *to* what, but *by* what, is the revelation. By sight? or word? If by sight, then to eyes which see justly. Otherwise, no sight would be revelation. So far, then, as your sight is just, it is the image of God's sight.

If by words,—how do you know their meanings? Here is a short piece of precious word revelation, for instance. "God is love."

Love! yes. But what is *that?* The revelation does not tell you that I think. Look into the mirror, and you will see. Out of your own heart you may know what love is. In no other possible way,—by no other help or sign. All the words and sounds ever uttered, all the revelations of cloud, or flame, or crystal, are utterly powerless. They cannot tell you, in the smallest point, what love means. Only the broken mirror can.

GOD IS JUSTICE.

13. Here is more revelation. "God is just!" Just! What is that? The revelation cannot help you to discover. You say it is dealing equitably or equally. But how do you discern the equality? Not by inequality of mind; not by a mind incapable of weighing, judging, or distributing. If the lengths seem unequal in the broken mirror, for you they are unequal; but if they seem equal, then the mirror is true. So far as you recognize equality, and your conscience tells you what is just, so far your mind is the image of God's: and so far as you do *not* discern this nature of justice or equality, the words "God is just" bring no revelation to you.

14. "But His thoughts are not as our thoughts." No: the sea is not as the standing pool by the wayside. Yet when the breeze crisps the pool, you may see the image of the breakers, and a likeness of the foam. Nay, in some sort, the same foam. If the sea is forever invisible to you, something you may learn of it from the pool. Nothing, assuredly, any otherwise.

"But this poor miserable Me! Is *this,* then, all the book I have got to read about God in?" Yes, truly so. No other book, no fragment of book than that will you ever find;—no velvet-bound missal, nor frankincensed manuscript;—nothing hieroglyphic nor cuneiform; papyrus and pyramid are alike silent on this matter; nothing in the clouds above, nor in the earth beneath. That flesh-bound volume is the only revelation that is, that was, or that can be. In that is the image of God painted; in that is the law of God written; in that is the promise of God revealed. Know thyself; for through thyself only thou canst know God.

THE HUMAN SOUL AS A REFLECTION OF THE DIVINE.

15. Through the glass, darkly. But, except through the glass, in nowise.

A tremulous crystal, waved as water, poured out upon the ground;—you may defile it, despise it, pollute it at your pleasure, and at your peril; for on the peace of those weak waves must all the heaven you shall ever gain be first seen; and through such purity as you

can win for those dark waves, must all the light of the risen Son of righteousness be bent down, by faint refraction. Cleanse them, and calm them, as you love your life.

Therefore it is that all the power of nature depends on subjection to the human soul. Man is the sun of the world; more than the real sun. The fire of his wonderful heart is the only light and heat worth gauge or measure. Where he is, are the tropics; where he is not, the ice-world.—*Pt. IX, Ch. 1.*

SPIRITUAL NATURE OF MAN.

3. Man being the crowning and ruling work of God, it will follow that all his best art must have something to tell about himself, as the soul of things, and ruler of creatures. It must also make this reference to himself under a true conception of his own nature. Therefore all art which involves no reference to man is inferior or nugatory. And all art which involves misconception of man, or base thought of him, is in that degree false, and base.

Now the basest thought possible concerning him is, that he has no spiritual nature; and the foolishest misunderstanding of him possible is, that he has or should have, no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual—coherently and irrevocably so; neither part of it may, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other. All great art confesses and worships both.—*Pt. IX, Ch. 2.*

FAITH INSPIRES FOR WORK.

10. The right faith of man is not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work. It is not intended that he should look away from the place he lives in now, and cheer himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in next, but that he should look stoutly into this world, in faith that if he does his work thoroughly here, some good to others or himself, with which, however, he is not at present concerned, will come of it hereafter. And this kind of brave, but not very hopeful or cheerful faith, I perceive to be always rewarded by clear practical success and splendid intellectual power; while the faith which dwells on the future fades away into rosy mist, and emptiness of musical air. That result indeed follows naturally enough on its habit of assuming that things must be right, or must come right, when, probably, the fact is, that so far as we are concerned, they are entirely wrong; and going wrong: and also on its weak and false way of looking on what these religious persons call "the bright side of things," that is to say, on one side of them only, when God has given them two sides, and intended us to see both.—*Pt. IX, Ch. 2.*

CONTENTMENT ONLY CAN POSSESS.

19. There are, indeed, two forms of discontent: one laborious, the other indolent and complaining. We respect the man of laborious desire, but let us not suppose that his restlessness is peace, or his ambition meekness. It is because of the special connection of meekness with contentment that it is promised that the meek shall "inherit the earth." Neither covetous men, nor the Grave, can inherit anything;[1] they can but consume. Only contentment can possess.

HOW TO BE SATISFIED.

20. The most helpful and sacred work, therefore, which can at present be done for humanity, is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how "to better themselves," but how to "satisfy themselves." It is the curse of every evil nation and evil creature to eat, and *not* be satisfied. The words of blessing are, that they shall eat and be satisfied. And as there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger, the bread of justice or righteousness; which hungering after, men shall always be filled, that being the bread of Heaven; but hungering after the bread, or wages, of unrighteousness, shall not be filled, that being the bread of Sodom.

TAKE NO TROUBLOUS THOUGHT.

21. And, in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life,—this, at present, of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life—that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days: so, also, not excluding the idea of providence, or provision, but wholly of accumulation;—the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure;—therefore, chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world.—*Pt. IX, Ch. 11.*

[1] "There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, four things say not, It is enough: the grave; and the barren womb; the earth that is not filled with water; and the fire, that saith not, It is enough!"

VI

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.
(1851.)

This little work was written in defense of a society known as "The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren," which originated in the desire to make nature the great teacher of art as against the tendency to reduce it to a set of rules.

Ruskin based his pamphlet on a text from his own writings in "Modern Painters," in which he advised that young artists "should go to nature in all singleness of heart, and talk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning, rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing."

Through the whole pamphlet he breathes a profound admiration for Turner, who is his model, here as elsewhere. But the key to it all, from the standpoint of this volume, is in the opening paragraph as follows:

GOD DESIGNS THAT ALL MEN SHOULD WORK.

It may be proved with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in this world without working, but it seems to me no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written, "in the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written, "in the breaking of thy heart," thou shalt eat bread; and I find that, as on the one hand, infinite misery is caused by idle people, who both fail in doing what was appointed for them to do, and set in motion various springs of mischief in matters in which they should have no concern, so on the other hand, no small misery is caused by overworked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves, and force upon others, of work itself. Were it not so, I believe the fact of their being unhappy is in itself a violation of divine law, and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now, in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: they must be fit for it: they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as need some testimony

of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or rather knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it. So that in order that a man may be happy, it is necessary that he should not only be capable of his work, but a good judge of his work.

VII

GIOTTO AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA.

ONE VOL. (1853.)

Mr. Ruskin tells us, that this book was not written "with any idea of attempting a history of Giotto's life. It consists of a series of notes in explanation of the frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua. But Mr. Harrison says of it:—"I know nothing of Ruskin's more admirable, and more valuable than this sympathetic estimate of Giotto's marvellous genius and romantic life, with these brief, vivid, and strictly historic notes. . . . Giotto was the most profound, the most humane, the soundest and most balanced intellect in the entire history of modern art . . . This, Ruskin was the first to teach us. His estimate of Giotto's compositions is based on a sympathetic, but not a servile understanding of the apocryphal Gospels, current in the fourteenth century, and the quaint and beautiful legends of the Virgin's life."

The essay consists of only 80 pages, but it is so fully in harmony with the purpose of the present volume that we find it difficult to select any of its sentences to the exclusion of others. The reason for this is made apparent in the following passage: "Giotto was not indeed one of the most accomplished painters, but he was one of the greatest men, who ever lived. He was the first master of his time, in architecture as well as in painting; he was the friend of Dante, and the undisputed interpreter of religious truth, by means of painting, over the whole of Italy. The works of such a man may not be the best to set before children in order to teach them drawing; but they assuredly should be studied with the greatest care by all who are interested in the history of the human mind.

As far as I am aware, he never painted profane subjects. All his important existing works are exclusively devoted to the illustration of Christianity."

The frescoes of Scripture subjects in the chapel number 38. Ruskin's descriptive representation of these works of art affords us more

than a glimpse of their beauty and character. Three of these are selected here as examples of the whole, as well as for the lessons conveyed in these rare word-paintings, drawn in loving testimony of a great artist's work.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

23. It is strange that the sweet significance of this first of the miracles should have been lost sight of by nearly all artists after Giotto; and that no effort was made by them to conceive the circumstances of it in simplicity. The poverty of the family in which the marriage took place,—proved sufficiently by the fact that a carpenter's wife not only was asked as a chief guest, but even had authority over the servants,—is shown further to have been distressful, or at least embarrassed, poverty by their want of wine on such an occasion. It was not certainly to remedy an accident of careless provision, but to supply a need sorrowfully betraying the narrow circumstances of His hosts, that our Lord wrought the beginning of miracles. Many mystic meanings have been sought in the act, which, though there is no need to deny, there is little evidence to certify: but we may joyfully accept, as its first indisputable meaning, that of simple kindness; the wine being provided here, when needed, as the bread and fish were afterwards for the hungry multitudes. The whole value of the miracle, in its serviceable tenderness, is at once effaced when the marriage is supposed, as by Veronese and other artists of later times, to have taken place at the house of a rich man. For the rest, Giotto sufficiently implies, by the lifted hand of the Madonna, and the action of the fingers of the bridegroom, as if they held sacramental bread, that there lay a deeper meaning under the miracle for those who could accept it. How all miracle *is* accepted by common humanity, he has also shown in the figure of the ruler of the feast, drinking. This unregarding forgetfulness of present spiritual power is similarly marked by Veronese, by placing the figure of a fool with his bauble immediately underneath that of Christ, and by making a cat play with her shadow in one of the wine-vases.

It is to be remembered, however, in examining all pictures of this subject, that the miracle was not made manifest to all the guests;—to none indeed, seemingly, except Christ's own disciples; the ruler of the feast, and probably most of those present (except the servants who drew the water), knew or observed nothing of what was passing, and merely thought the good wine had been "kept until now."

THE LAST SUPPER.

28. I have not examined the original fresco with care enough to be able to say whether the uninteresting quietness of its design is redeemed by more than ordinary attention to expression; it is one of the least attractive subjects in the Arena

Chapel, and always sure to be passed over in any general observation of the series: nevertheless, however unfavourably it may at first contrast with the designs of later masters, and especially with Leonardo's, the reader should not fail to observe that Giotto's aim, had it been successful, was the higher of the two, as giving truer rendering of the probable fact. There is no distinct evidence, in the sacred text, of the annunciation of coming treachery having produced among the disciples the violent surprise and agitation represented by Leonardo. Naturally, they would not at first understand what was meant. They knew nothing distinctly of the machinations of the priests; and so little of the character or purposes of Judas, that even after he had received the sop which was to point him out to the others as false;—and after they had heard the injunction, "That thou doest, do quickly,"—the other disciples had still no conception of the significance, either of the saying, or the act: they thought that Christ meant he was to buy something for the feast. Nay, Judas himself, so far from starting, as a convicted traitor, and thereby betraying himself, as in Leonardo's picture, had not, when Christ's first words were uttered, any immediately active intention formed. The devil had not entered into him until he received the sop. The passage in St. John's account is a curious one, and little noticed; but it marks very distinctly the paralysed state of the man's mind. He had talked with the priests, covenanted with them, and even sought opportunity to bring Jesus into their hands; but while such opportunity was wanting, the act had never presented itself fully to him for adoption or rejection. He had toyed with it, dreamed over it, hesitated, and procrastinated over it, as a stupid and cowardly person would, such as traitors are apt to be. But the way of retreat was yet open; the conquest of the tempter not complete. Only after receiving the sop the idea *finally* presented itself clearly, and was accepted, "To-night, while He is in the garden, I can do it; and I will." And Giotto has indicated this distinctly by giving Judas still the Apostle's nimbus, both in this subject and in that of the Washing of the Feet; while it is taken away in the previous subject of the Hiring, and the following one of the Seizure: thus it fluctuates, expires, and reillumines itself, until his fall is consummated. This being the general state of the Apostles' knowledge, the words, "One of you shall betray me," would excite no feeling in their minds correspondent to that with which we now read the prophetic sentence. What this "giving up" of their Master meant became a question of bitter and self-searching thought with them,—gradually of intense sorrow and questioning. But had they understood it in the sense we now understand it, they would never have each asked, "Lord, is it I?" Peter believed himself incapable even of *denying* Christ; and of giving him up to death for money, every one of his true disciples *knew* themselves incapable; the thought never occurred to them. In slowly-increasing

wonder and sorrow (ηρξαντο λυπεισθαι, Mark xiv. 19), not knowing what was meant, they asked one by one, with pauses between, "Is it I?" and another, "Is it I?" and this so quietly and timidly that the one who was lying on Christ's breast never stirred from his place; and Peter, afraid to speak, signed to him to ask who it was.

THE RESURRECTION.

36. Quite one of the loveliest designs of the series. It was a favorite subject with Giotto; meeting, in all its conditions, his love of what was most mysterious, yet most comforting and full of hope, in the doctrines of his religion. His joy in the fact of the Resurrection, his sense of its function, as the key and primal truth of Christianity, was far too deep to allow him to dwell on any of its minor circumstances, as later designers did, representing the moment of bursting the tomb, and the supposed terror of its guards. With Giotto the leading thought is not of physical reanimation, nor of the momentarily exerted power of breaking the bars of the grave; but the consummation of Christ's work in the first manifesting to human eyes, and the eyes of one who had loved Him and believed in Him, His power to take again the life He had laid down. This first appearance to her out of whom He had cast seven devils is indeed the very central fact of the Resurrection. The keepers had not seen Christ; they had seen only the angel descending, whose countenance was like lightning: for fear of him they became as dead; yet this fear, though great enough to cause them to swoon, was so far conquered at the return of morning, that they were ready to take money-payment for giving a false report of the circumstances. The Magdalen, therefore, is the first witness of the Resurrection; to the love, for whose sake much had been forgiven, this gift is also first given; and as the first witness of the truth, so she is the first messenger of the Gospel. To the Apostles it was granted to proclaim the Resurrection to all nations; but the Magdalen was bidden to proclaim it to the Apostles.

In the chapel of the Bargello, Giotto has rendered this scene with yet more passionate sympathy. Here, however, its significance is more thoughtfully indicated through all the accessories, down even to the withered trees above the sepulchre, while those of the garden burst into leaf. This could hardly escape notice when the barren boughs were compared by the spectator with the rich foliage of the neighbouring designs, though, in the detached plate, it might easily be lost sight of.

VIII

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAWING.

THREE LETTERS TO BEGINNERS. (1856.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

This little volume of less than 200 pages was first used as a Manual of Elementary Drawing and, as such, was in popular demand as soon as published. It was not however designed by the Author as a Manual for Artists, but as a book of suggestions and instruction for the young. It is written in the most simple and captivating form of language, so that, even to those who care nothing for the art of drawing, it is one of the most delightful books for the young to read.

Ruskin believed that everybody could learn drawing; that the head and hand could be trained to steady thought and aim, and that the result would be to greatly augment the vision and powers of the mind. He illustrated the simplicity of the art in this volume by drawings of his own, which are given in the illustrations of all good editions of his works. The subjects are treated from the standpoints of:—1. "First Practice." 2. "Sketching from Nature." 3. "Color and Composition."

This is one of the books that ought to be available in a handy form for its practical value and beauty of expression, as well as for its worth as a class book for students.

IX

THE ELEMENTS OF PERSPECTIVE.

ARRANGED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. (1859.)

A supplementary volume to "The Elements of Drawing," and, like it, ought to be available as a handy book, or manual, for the youth of our land. It is written with great clearness and conciseness, in one hundred pages, and the subject is illustrated by Ruskin himself.

It is strictly what it professes to be, a school-book of instruction and is exceptional, among the Author's works, in that it offers no moral sermons, or religious teaching, other than that of the truth of the subject itself.

X

ADDRESS AT CAMBRIDGE.
(1858.)

(Republished in Vol. I. "On the Old Road.")

An inaugural address delivered at a school of Art, designed for workmen, treating of the principles to be applied in such a school. And yet Ruskin here announced that the Commercial value of Art cannot be acquired in this way. "You may lecture on the principles of Art to every school—and you will find that it can't be done on principles. . . . There's no way of getting good Art but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely to enjoy it. Examine the history of nations, and you will find that good Art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it, as if it were bread; basked in it, as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarrelled for it; starved for it; did, in fact, precisely the opposite with it of what we want to do with it—they make it to keep and we to sell."

And again he says in this lecture:—"Thus end all the arts of life, only in death; and thus issue all the gifts of man, only in dishonor, when they are pursued or possessed in the service of pleasure only."

This, in fact is the real theme of the address: "Even when painting does appear to have been pursued for pleasure only, if ever you find it rise to any noble level, you will also find that a stern search after truth has been at the root of its nobleness."

NOBLEST THINGS LOST.

"I had hoped to show you how many of the best impulses of the heart were lost in frivolity or sensuality, for want of purer beauty to contemplate, and of noble thoughts to associate with the fervor of hallowed passion; how, finally, a great part of the vital power of our religious faith was lost in us, for want of such art as would realize in some rational, probable, believable way, those events of sacred history which, as they visibly and intelligibly occurred, may also be visibly and intelligibly represented."

ESTEEM OF GREATER WORKS THAN OUR OWN.

"What you may have to teach the young men here is, not so much what they can do, as what they cannot;—to make them see how

much there is in nature which cannot be imitated, and how much in man which cannot be emulated. He only can be truly said to be educated in Art to whom all his work is only a feeble sign of glories which he cannot convey, and a feeble means of measuring, with ever enlarging admiration, the great and untraversable gulf which God has set between the great and the common intelligences of mankind; and all the triumphs of Art which man can commonly achieve are only crowned by pure delight in natural scenes themselves, and by the sacred and self-forgetful veneration which can be nobly abashed, and tremblingly exalted, in the presence of a human spirit greater than his own."

XI

HISTORY AND CRITICISM OF ART.

1. Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art." 1847.
2. Eastlake's History of Oil Painting. 1848.
3. Samuel Prout. 1849.
4. Sir Joshua and Holbein. 1860.

These essays are in the nature of "reviews" of the works named. They are among the best examples of Ruskin's critical mind. They are the work of a Master who knows his subject and is fully qualified to detect all weaknesses, and point to the elements of strength. Ruskin speaks of Lindsay as his own "first master in Italian art," and in "The Eagle's Nest" twenty-five years later he pays high tribute to him as a "historian of art." The reader who desires a clear view of the correspondence of the departments of art with those of human development would do well to read this review. We quote only the closing passage:—

PROGRESS OF NATIONS.

"Whatever else we may deem of the Progress of Nations, one character of that progress is determined and discernible. As in the encroachment of the land upon the sea, the strength of the sandy bastions is raised out of the sifted ruin of ancient inland hills—for every tongue of level land that stretches into the deep, the fall of Alps has been heard among the clouds, and as the fields of industry enlarge, the intercourse with Heaven is shortened. Let it not be doubted that as this change is inevitable, so it is expedient, though the form of teaching adopted and of duty prescribed be less mythic and contemplative, more active and unassisted:—for the light of Transfiguration on the Mountain is substituted the Fire of Coals upon the Shore, and on the charge to hear the Shepherd, follows that to feed the Sheep. Doubtful we may be for a time, and apparently deserted, but if, as we wait, we still look forward with steadfast will and humble heart, so that our Hope for the Future may be fed, not dulled or diverted by our love for the Past, we shall not be long left without a Guide:—the way will be opened, the Precursor appointed—the Hour will come, and the Man."

The Essay on "Eastlake" is a review of that author's "History of Oil Painting" and of an Essay by "Theophilus"—Priest and Monk.

"Samuel Prout" differs from the first two of this series, in the source and setting of the subject. Ruskin here tells the interesting story of the English boy, stirred to enthusiasm by his love for water-color work just when Turner was giving new and enlarging conceptions of that phase of art. Ruskin further shows us how Prout entered into new fields and studied architectural drawing, and says: "There is not a landsape of recent times in which the treatment of the architectural features has not been affected by principles which were first developed by Prout."

Sir Joshua and Holbein, the last of the four reviews was devoted to a friendly criticism of two great paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, viz.: "The Holy Family," and "The Graces;" and Holbein's "Madonna."

These essays were first published as Magazine articles and were included in the first volume of "On the Old Road." See Appendix.

LECTURES ON ART.

ONE VOL. SEVEN LECTURES. (1870.)

In these lectures, delivered at the University of Oxford, we have Ruskin at the best of his scholarship. In other works he is often more entertaining:—his pen pictures appeal more readily to the popular taste;—at other times he declaims against evil things with greater passion, or speaks with intenser prophetic fire as the "voice of one crying in the wilderness!"

But here, Ruskin is the Critic among critics, and he speaks with a greater care for accuracy; here he is the Teacher,—the Professor of the grand old University. Here then we look for studied expression, —words well weighed, the very best of the Philosopher. And truly we find it.

The respective titles of these seven lectures are suggestive:—(1) Inaugural. (2.) The Relation of Art to Religion. (3.) The Relation of Art to Morals. (4) The Relation of Art to Use. (5) Line. (6) Light. (7) Color. The second and third of these are especially to be commended from the standpoint of our present study. All religious teachers should read them over and over again.

In one of the following selections, (clauses 83, 84) we find a suggestion of Charles M. Sheldon's Story, "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

THE PRIDE OF FAITH.

38. Above all things, see that you be modest in your thoughts, for of this one thing we may be absolutely sure, that all our thoughts are but degrees of darkness. And in these days you have to guard against the fatallest darkness of two opposite Prides: the Pride of Faith, which imagines that the Nature of the Deity can be defined by its convictions; and the Pride of Science, which imagines that the Energy of Deity can be explained by its analysis.

39. Of these, the first, the Pride of Faith, is now, as it has been always, the most deadly, because the most complacent and subtle; because it invests every evil passion of our nature with the aspect of an angel of light, and enables the self-love, which might otherwise have been put to wholesome shame, and the cruel carelessness of the

ruin of our fellow-men, which might otherwise have been warmed into human love, or at least checked by human intelligence, to congeal themselves into the mortal intellectual disease of imagining that myriads of the inhabitants of the world for four thousand years have been left to wander and perish, many of them everlastingly, in order that, in fullness of time, divine truth might be preached sufficiently to ourselves; with this farther ineffable mischief for direct result, that multitudes of kindly-disposed, gentle, and submissive persons, who might else by their true patience have alloyed the hardness of the common crowd, and by their activity for good, balanced its misdoing, are withdrawn from all such true service of man, that they may pass the best part of their lives in what they are told is the service of God; namely, desiring what they cannot obtain, lamenting what they could avoid, and reflecting on what they cannot understand.

RIGHT THINGS PROCEED FROM THE DIVINE.

44. The more impartially you examine the phenomena of imagination, the more firmly you will be led to conclude that they are the result of the influence of the common and vital, but not, therefore, less divine spirit, of which some portion is given to all living creatures in such manner as may be adapted to their rank in creation; and that everything which men rightly accomplish is indeed done by divine help, but under a consistent law which is never departed from.

The strength of this spiritual life within us may be increased or lessened by our own conduct; it varies from time to time, as physical strength varies; it is summoned on different occasions by our will, and dejected by our distress, or our sin; but it is always equally human, and equally divine. We are men, and not mere animals, because a special form of it is with us always; we are nobler and baser men, as it is with us more or less; but it is never given to us in any degree which can make us more than men.

RELIGION AND REALISTIC ART.

56. In its higher branches it touches the most sincere religious minds, affecting an earnest class of persons who cannot be reached by merely poetical design; while in its lowest, it addresses itself not only to the most vulgar desires for religious excitement, but to the mere thirst for sensation of horror which characterizes the uneducated orders of partially civilized countries; nor merely to the thirst for horror, but to the strange love of death, as such, which has sometimes in Catholic countries showed itself peculiarly by the endeavor to paint the images in the chapels of the Sepulchre so as to look deceptively like corpses. The same morbid instinct has also affected the minds of many among the more imaginative and powerful artists with a feverish gloom which distorts their finest work; and lastly—

and this is the worst of all its effects—it has occupied the sensibility of Christian women, universally, in lamenting the sufferings of Christ, instead of preventing those of His people.

57. When any of you next go abroad, observe, and consider the meaning of the sculptures and paintings, which of every rank in art, and in every chapel and cathedral, and by every mountain path, recall the hours, and represent the agonies, of the Passion of Christ: and try to form some estimate of the efforts that have been made by the four arts of eloquence, music, painting, and sculpture, since the twelfth century, to wring out of the hearts of women the last drops of pity that could be excited for this merely physical agony: for the art nearly always dwells on the physical wounds or exhaustion chiefly and degrades, far more than it animates, the conception of pain.

Then try to conceive the quantity of time, and of excited and thrilling emotion, which have been wasted by the tender and delicate women of Christendom during these last six hundred years, in thus picturing to themselves, under the influence of such imagery, the bodily pain, long since passed, of One Person—which, so far as they indeed conceived it to be sustained by a divine nature, could not for that reason have been less endurable than the agonies of any simple human death by torture; and then try to estimate what might have been the better result, for the righteousness and felicity of mankind, if these same women had been taught the deep meaning of the last words that were ever spoken by their Master to those who had ministered to Him of their substance: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

RIGHT RECOGNITION OF DEEDS.

58. Think, what history might have been to us now; nay, what a different history that all of Europe might have become, if it had but been the object both of the people to discern, and of their arts to honor and bear record of the great deeds of their worthiest men. And if, instead of living, as they have always hitherto done, in a hellish cloud of contention and revenge, lighted by fantastic dreams of cloudy sanctities, they had sought to reward and punish justly, wherever reward and punishment were due, but chiefly to reward; and at least rather to bear testimony to the human acts which deserved God's anger or His blessing, than only in presumptuous imagination to display the secrets of Judgment, of the beatitudes of Eternity.

THE MASTER'S CROSS AND OURS.

59. Such I conceive generally, though indeed with good arising out of it, for every great evil brings some good in its backward eddies—such I conceive to have been the deadly function of art in its ministry to what, whether in heathen or Christian lands, and whether in the pageantry of words, or colors, or fair forms, is truly,

and in the deep sense, to be called idolatry—the serving with the best of our hearts and minds, some dear or sad fantasy which we have made for ourselves, while we disobey the present call of the Master, who is not dead, and who is not now fainting under His Cross, but requiring us to take up ours.

THE VALUE OF A CONSECRATED PLACE OF PRAYER.

61. Do not think I underrate the importance of the sentiments connected with their church to the population of a pastoral village. I admit, in its fullest extent, the moral value of the scene, which is almost always one of perfect purity and peace; and of the sense of supernatural love and protection, which fills and surrounds the low aisles and homely porch. But the question I desire earnestly to leave with you is, whether all the earth ought not to be peaceful and pure, and the acknowledgment of the divine protection as universal, as its reality? That in a mysterious way the preesnce of Deity is vouchsafed where it is sought, and withdrawn where it is forgotten, must of course be granted as the first postulate in the inquiry: but the point for our decision is just this, whether it ought always to be sought in one place only, and forgotten in every other.

DECORATION OF THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

62. Suppose it be admitted that by inclosing ground with walls, and performing certain ceremonies there habitually, some kind of sanctity is indeed secured within that space—still the question remains open whether it be advisable for religious purposes to decorate the enclosure. For separation the mere walls would be enough. What is the purpose of your decoration?

Let us take an instance—the most notable with which I am acquainted, the Cathedral of Chartres. You have there the most splendid colored glass, and the richest sculpture, and the grandest proportions of building, united to produce a sensation of pleasure and awe. We profess that this is to honor the Deity; or in other words, that it is pleasing to Him that we should delight our eyes with blue and gold and vermilion; windows lighted from within by the luster stones laid one on another, and ingeniously carved.

THE BEAUTY OF GOD'S TEMPLE.

63. I do not think that it can be doubted that it *is* pleasing to Him when we do this; for He has Himself prepared for us, nearly every morning and evening, windows painted with divine art, in blue and gold and vermilion; windows lighted from within by the luster of that heaven which we may assume, at least with more certainty than any consecrated ground, to be one of His dwelling-places. Again, in every mountain side, and cliff of rude sea-shore, He has

heaped stones one upon another of greater magnitude than those of Chartres Cathedral, and sculptured them with floral ornament—surely not less sacred because living.

CONSIDER THE WORK OF HIS HANDS.

64. Must it not then be only because we love our own work better than His, that we respect the lucent glass, but not the lucent clouds; that we weave embroidered robes with ingenious fingers, and make bright the gilded vaults we have beautifully ordained—while yet we have not considered the heavens the work of His fingers; nor the stars of the strange vault which He has ordained. And do we dream that by carving fonts and lifting pillars in His honor, who cuts the way of the rivers among the rocks, and at whose reproof the pillars of the earth are astonished, we shall obtain pardon for the dishonor done to the hills and streams by which He has appointed our dwelling-place—for the infection of their sweet air with poison—for the burning up of their tender grass and flowers with fire, and for spreading such a shame of mixed luxury and misery over our native lands, as if we labored only that, at least here in England, we might be able to give the lie to the song, whether of the Cherubim above, or Church beneath—"Holy, holy, Lord God of all creatures; Heaven—*and Earth*—are full of Thy glory?"

. . . . . .

65. *This* is the thing which I KNOW—and which, if you labor faithfully, you shall know also—that in reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the powers that cannot die.—*Lect. II.*

SONG AN INDEX TO MORAL EMOTION.

67. You must have the right moral state first, or you cannot have the art. But when the art is once obtained, its reflected action, enhances and completes the moral state out of which it arose, and, above all, communicates the exaltation to other minds which are already morally capable of the like.

For instance, take the art of singing, and the simplest perfect master of it (up to the limits of his nature) whom can you find—a skylark. From him you may learn what it is to "sing for joy." You must get the moral state first, the pure gladness, then give it finished expression; and it is perfected in itself, and made communicable to other creatures capable of such joy. But it is incommunicable to those who are not prepared to receive it.

Now all right human song is, similarly, the finished expression, by art, of the joy or grief of noble persons, for right causes. And accur-

ately in proportion to the rightness of the cause, and purity of the emotion, is the possibility of the fine art. A maiden may sing of her lost love, but a miser cannot sing of his lost money. And with absolute precision from highest to lowest, the fineness of the possible art is an index of the moral purity and majesty of the emotion it expresses. You may test it practically at any instant. Question with yourselves respecting any feeling that has taken strong possession of your mind, "Could this be sung by a master, and sung nobly, with a true melody and art?" Then it is a right feeling. Could it not be sung at all, or only sung ludicrously? It is a base one. And that is so in all the arts; so that with mathematical precision, subject to no error or exception, the art of a nation, so far as it exists, is an exponent of its ethical state.

GOOD LANGUAGE ROOTED IN MORAL CHARACTER.

68. An exponent, observe, and exalting influence; but not the root or cause. You cannot paint or sing yourselves into being good men; you must be good men before you can either paint or sing, and then the color and sound will complete in you all that is best.

No art-teaching could be of use to you, but would rather be harmful, unless it was grafted on something deeper than all art. For indeed not only with this, but much more with the art of all men, that of language, the chief vices of education have arisen from the one great fallacy of supposing that noble language is a communicable trick of grammar and accent, instead of simply the careful expression of right thought. All the virtues of language are, in their roots, moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; pleasant if he has sense of rhythm and order. There are no other virtues of language producible by art than these; but let me mark more deeply for an instant the significance of one of them. Language, I said, is only clear when it is sympathetic. You can, in truth, understand a man's word only by understanding his temper. Your own word is also as of an unknown tongue to him unless he understands yours. And it is this which makes the art of language, if any one is to be chosen separately from the rest, that which is fittest for the instrument of a gentleman's education. To teach the meaning of a word thoroughly is to teach the nature of the spirit that coined it; the secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle. And thus the principles of beautiful speech have all been fixed by sincere and kindly speech. On the laws which have been determined by sincerity, false speech, apparently beautiful, may afterward be constructed; but all such utterance, whether in oration or poetry, is not only without permanent power, but it is destructive of the principles it has usurped. So long as no words are uttered but in faithfulness, so long the art of language goes on exalting itself; but the moment it

is shaped and chiseled on external principles, it falls into frivolity, and perishes.

THE ORIGIN OF GOOD.

76. You will perceive that all good has its origin in good, never in evil; that the fact of either literature or painting being truly fine of their kind, whatever their mistaken aim or partial error, is proof of their noble origin: and that, if there is indeed sterling value in the thing done, it has come of a sterling worth in the soul that did it, however alloyed or defiled by conditions of sin which are sometimes more appalling or more strange than those which all may detect in their own hearts, because they are part of a personality altogether larger than ours, and as far beyond our judgment in its darkness as beyond our following in its light.

PARABLE OF "THE LAST SEVEN DAYS."

83. Supposing it were told any of you by a physician whose word you could not but trust, that you had not more than seven days to live. And suppose also that, by the manner of your education it happened to you, as it has happened to many, never to have heard of any future state, or not to have credited what you heard; and therefore that you had to face this fact of the approach of death in its simplicity: fearing no punishment for any sin that you might have before committed, or in the coming days might determine to commit; and having similarly no hope of reward for past, or yet possible, virtue; nor even of any consciousness whatever to be left to you, after the seventh day had ended, either of the results of your acts to those whom you loved, or of the feelings of any survivors toward you. Then the manner in which you would spend the seven days is an exact measure of the morality of your nature.

84. I know that some of you, and I believe the greater number of you, would, in such a case, spend the granted days entirely as you ought. Neither in numbering the errors, or deploring the pleasures of the past; nor in grasping at vile good in the present, nor vainly lamenting the darkness of the future; but in instant and earnest execution of whatever it might be possible for you to accomplish in the time, in setting your affairs in order, and in providing for the future comfort, and—so far as you might by any message or record of yourself, for the consolation—of those whom you loved, and by whom you desired to be remembered, not for your good, but for theirs. How far you might fail through human weakness, in shame for the past, despair at the little that could in the remnant of life be accomplished, or the intolerable pain of broken affection, would depend wholly on the degree in which your nature had been depressed or fortified by the manner of your past life. But I think there are few of you who would not spend those last days better than all that had preceded them.

85. If you look accurately through the records of the lives that have been most useful to humanity, you will find that all that has been done best, has been done so; that to the clearest intellects and highest souls—to the true children of the Father, with whom a thousand years are as one day, their poor seventy years are but as seven days. The removal of the shadow of death from them to an uncertain, but always narrow distance never takes away from them their intuition of its approach; the extending to them of a few hours more or less of light abates not their acknowledgment of the infinitude that must remain to be known beyond their knowledge—done beyond their deeds; the unprofitableness of their momentary service is wrought in a magnificent despair, and their very honor is bequeathed by them for the joy of others, as they lie down to their rest, regarding for themselves the voice of men no more.

TRUE JUSTICE REWARDS VIRTUE—OPPOSES VICE.

89. I believe it to be quite one of the crowning wickednesses of this age that we have starved and chilled our faculty of indignation, and neither desire nor darè to punish crimes justly. We have taken up the benevolent idea, forsooth, that justice is to be preventive instead of vindictive; and we imagine that we are to punish, not in anger, but in expediency; not that we may give deserved pain to the person in fault, but that we may frighten other people from committing the same fault. The beautiful theory of this non-vindictive justice is, that having convicted a man of a crime worthy of death, we entirely pardon the criminal, restore him to his place in our affection and esteem, and then hang him, not as a malefactor, but as a scarecrow. That is the theory. And the practice is, that we send a child to prison for a month for stealing a handful of walnuts, for fear that other children should come to steal more of our walnuts. And we do not punish a swindler for ruining a thousand families, because we think swindling is a wholesome excitement to trade.

90. But all true justice is vindictive to vice as it is rewarding to virtue. Only—and herein it is distinguished from personal revenge—it is vindictive of the wrong done, not of the wrong done to *us*. It is the national expression of deliberate anger, as of deliberate gratitude; it is not exemplary, or even corrective, but essentially retributive; it is the absolute art of measured recompense, giving honor where honor is due, and shame where shame is due, and joy where joy is due, and pain where pain is due. It is neither educational, for men are to be educated by wholesome habit, not by rewards and punishments; nor is it preventive, for it is to be executed without regard to any consequences; but only for righteousness' sake a righteous nation does judgment and justice. But in this, as in all other instances, the rightness of the secondary passion depends on its being grafted on those two primary instincts, the love of order and of kindness, so that indignation itself is against the wounding of love.

INDIFFERENCE TO HUMAN SUFFERING—WHY?

94. You will find that as of love, so of all the other passions, the right government and exaltation begins in that of the imagination, which is lord over them. For to *subdue* the passions, which is thought so often to be the sum of duty respecting them, is possible enough to a proud dullness; but to *excite* them rightly, and make them strong for good, is the work of the unselfish imagination. It is constantly said that human nature is heartless. Do not believe it. Human nature is kind and generous; but it is narrow and blind; and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels. People would instantly care for others as well as themselves if only they could *imagine* others as well as themselves. Let a child fall into the river before the roughest man's eyes; he will usually do what he can to get it out, even at some risk to himself; and all the town will triumph in the saving of one little life. Let the same man be shown that hundreds of children are dying of fever for want of some sanitary measure which it will cost him trouble to urge, and he will make no effort; and probably all the town would resist him if he did. So, also, the lives of many deserving women are passed in a succession of petty anxieties about themselves, and gleaning of minute interests and mean pleasures in their immediate circle, because they are never taught to make any effort to look beyond it; or to know anything about the mighty world in which their lives are fading, like blades of bitter grass in fruitless fields.—*Lect. III.*

ALL THINGS TO HIM THAT BELIEVE.

125. Every seventh day, if not oftener, the greater number of well-meaning persons in England thankfully receive from their teachers a benediction, couched in these terms: "The grace of our Lord Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you." Now I do not know precisely what sense is attached in the English public mind to those expressions. But what I have to tell you positively is, that the three things do actually exist, and can be known if you care to know them, and possessed if you care to possess them; and that another thing exists, beside these, of which we already know too much.

First, by simply obeying the orders of the founder of your religion, all grace, graciousness, or beauty and favor of gentle life, will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest. The grace of Christ exists, and can be had if you will. Secondly, as you know more and more of the created world, you will find that the true will of its Maker is that its creatures should be happy—that He has made everything beautiful in its time and its place, and that it is chiefly by the fault of men, when they are allowed the liberty of thwarting His laws, that creation groans or travails in pain. The love of God exists, and you may see it, and live in it if you will. Lastly, a spirit

does actually exist which teaches the ant her path, the bird her building, and men, in an instinctive and marvelous way, whatever lovely arts and noble deeds are possible to them. Without it you can do no good thing. To the grief of it you can do many bad ones. In the possession of it is your peace and your power.

And there is a fourth thing, of which we already know too much. There is an evil spirit whose dominion is in blindness and in cowardice, as the dominion of the spirit of wisdom is in clear sight and in courage.

And this blind and cowardly spirit is forever telling you that evil things are pardonable, and you shall not die for them, and that good things are impossible, and you need not live for them: and that gospel of his is now the loudest that is preached in your Saxon tongue. You will find some day, to your cost, if you believe the first part of it, that it is not true; but you may never, if you believe the second part of it, find, to your gain, that also, untrue; and, therefore, I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close—then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so, from day to day, and strength to strength, you shall build up indeed, by art, by thought, and by just will, an ecclesia of England, of which it shall not be said, "see what manner of stones are here," but "see what manner of men."—*Lect. IV.*

TRUE ART TESTIFIES OF GOD.

190. What art may do for scholarship, I have no right to conjecture; but what scholarship may do for art, I may in all modesty tell you. Hitherto, great artists, though always gentlemen, have yet been too exclusively craftsmen. Art has been less thoughtful than we suppose; it has taught much, but much, also, falsely. Many of the greatest pictures are enigmas; others, beautiful toys; others, harmful and corrupting toys. In the loveliest there is something weak; in the greatest there is something guilty. And this is the new thing that may come to pass—that scholars may resolve to teach also with the silent power of the arts; and that some among you may so learn and use them, that pictures may be painted which shall not be enigmas any more, but open teachings of what can no otherwise be so well shown; which shall not be fevered or broken visions any more, but shall be filled with the indwelling light of self-possessed imagination; which shall not be stained or enfeebled any more by evil passion, but glorious with the strength and chastity of noble human love; and which shall no more degrade or disguise the work of God in heaven, but testify of Him as here dwelling with men, and walking with them· not angry, in the garden of the earth.—*Lect. VII.*

XII

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

Ten Lectures at Oxford University. (1872.)

The subject of this volume is "The Relation of Natural Science to Art."

Ruskin did not regard it as among the best written of his works, but it was the choice of them all to Carlyle, and is certainly thoroughly characteristic of the Author, striking at once at the base of what he conceives to be popular errors.

Mr. Harrison, speaking of the title, says:—"It was so named in the way of fancy, in that it contains much about birds, at least twelve different species being mentioned, and something about eagles. . . . But, as usual, there is much besides the primary subject in this course— . . . two young ladies studying astronomy, forty texts from the Bible, the dangers of studying anatomy, dancing at the theatre, the famine, dwellings for the working classes, drawing from the nude," etc.

The lectures are spoken in more learned terms than those given to popular audiences but they are not the less pertinent to men and women in all grades of life, and at all periods of time.

KNOW THYSELF.

22. And, above all, this is true of man; for every other creature is compelled by its instinct to learn its own appointed lesson, and must centralize its perception in its own being. But man has the choice of stooping in science beneath himself, and striving in science beyond himself; and the "Know thyself" is, for him, not a law to which he must in peace submit; but a precept which of all others is the most painful to understand, and the most difficult to fulfill. Most painful to understand, and humiliating; and this alike, whether it be held to refer to the knowledge beneath us or above. For, singularly enough, men are always most conceited of the meanest science:—

> "Doth the Eagle know what is in the pit,
> Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?"

It is just those who grope with the mole and cling with the bat, who are vainest of their sight and of their wings.

23. "Know *thyself,*" but can it indeed be sophia,—can it be the noble wisdom, which thus speaks to science? Is not this rather, you will ask, the voice of the lower virtue of prudence, concerning itself with right conduct, whether for the interests of this world or of the future? Does not sophia regard all that is above and greater than man; and by so much as we are forbidden to bury ourselves in the mole's earth heap, by so much also, are we not urged to raise ourselves towards the stars?—*Lect. II.*

BE SUFFICIENT FOR THYSELF.

77. You have not often heard me use that word "independence." And, in the sense in which of late it has been accepted, you have never heard me use it but with contempt. For the true strength of every human soul it to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon, by as many inferior as it can reach.

But to-day I used the word in a widely different sense. I think you must have felt, in what amplification I was able to give you of the idea of Wisdom as an unselfish influence in Art and Science, how the highest skill and knowledge were founded in human tenderness, and that the kindly Art-wisdom which rejoices in the habitable parts of the earth, is only another form of the lofty Scientific charity, which "rejoices in the truth." And as the first order of Wisdom is to know thyself—though the least creature that can be known—so the first order of Charity is to be sufficient for thyself, though the least creature that can be sufficed; and thus contented and appeased, to be girded and strong for the ministry to others. If sufficient to thy day is the evil thereof, how much more should be the good!—*Lect. IV.*

SIMPLICITY AND CONTENTMENT.

81. My endeavour, will be to point out to you how in the best wisdom, that there may be happy advance, there must first be happy contentment; that, in one sense, we must always be entering its kingdom as a little child, and pleased yet for a time *not* to put away childish things. And while I hitherto have endeavoured only to show how modesty and gentleness of disposition purified Art and Science, by permitting us to recognize the superiority of the work of others to our own—today, on the contrary, I wish to indicate for you the uses of infantile self-satisfaction; and to show you that it is by no error or excess in our nature, by no corruption or distortion of our being, that we are disposed to take delight in the little things that we can do ourselves, more than in the great things done by other people. So only that we recognize the littleness and the greatness, it is as much a part of true Temperance to be pleased with the little that we

know, and the little that we can do, as with the little that we have. On the one side Indolence, on the other Covetousness, are as much to be blamed, with respect to our Arts, as our possessions; and every man is intended to find an exquisite personal happiness in his own small skill, just as he is intended to find happiness in his own small house or garden, while he respects, without coveting, the grandeur of larger domains.—*Lect. V.*

GREATER PLEASURE IN SMALL THINGS.

82. Nay, more than this: by the wisdom of Nature, it has been appointed that more pleasure may be taken in small things than in great, and more in rude Art than in the finest. Were it otherwise, we might be disposed to complain of the narrow limits which have been set to the perfection of human skill.

. . . . . .

I do not doubt that you are greatly startled at my saying that greater pleasure is to be received from inferior Art than from the finest. But what do you suppose makes all men look back to the time of childhood with so much regret, (if their childhood has been, in any moderate degree, healthy or peaceful)? That rich charm, which the least possession had for us, was in consequence of the poorness of our treasures. That miraculous aspect of the nature around us, was because we had seen little, and knew less. Every increased possession loads us with a new weariness; every piece of new knowledge diminishes the faculty of admiration; and Death is at last appointed to take us from a scene in which, if we were to stay longer, no gift could satisfy us, and no miracle surprise.—*Lect. V.*

SPIRITUAL SIGHT.

99. A great physiologist said to me the other day—it was in the rashness of controversy, and ought not to be remembered as a deliberate assertion, therefore I do not give his name—still he did say —that sight was "altogether mechanical." The words simply meant, if they meant anything, that all his physiology had never taught him the difference between eyes and telescopes. Sight is an absolutely spiritual phenomenon; accurately, and only, to be so defined: and the "Let there be light," is as much, when you understand it, the ordering of intelligence, as the ordering of vision. It is the appointment of change of what had been else only a mechanical effluence from things unseen to things unseeing,—from stars that did not shine to earth that could not perceive;—the change, I say, of that blind vibration into the glory of the sun and moon for human eyes; so rendering possible also the communication out of the unfathomable truth, of that portion of truth which is good for us, and animating to us, and is set to rule over the day and night of our joy and sorrow.—*Lect. VI.* . . .

121. How much need, therefore, that we should learn first of all what eyes are; and what vision they ought to possess—science of sight granted only to clearness of soul; but granted in its fulness even to mortal eyes: for though, after the skin, worms may destroy their body, happy the pure in heart, for they, yet in their flesh, shall see the Light of Heaven, and know the will of God.—*Lect. VI.*

PRAYING FOR LIGHT.

115. On any morning of the year, how many pious supplications, do you suppose, are uttered throughout educated Europe for "light?" How many lips at least pronounce the word, and, perhaps, in the plurality of instances, with some distinct idea attached to it? It is true the speakers employ it only as a metaphor. But why is their language thus metaphorical? If they mean merely to ask for spiritual knowledge or guidance, why not say so plainly instead of using this jaded figure of speech? No boy goes to his father when he wants to be taught, or helped, and asks his father to give him "light."

He asks what he wants, advice or protection. Why are not we also content to ask our Father for what we want, in plain English?

The metaphor, you will answer, is put into our mouths, and felt to be a beautiful and necessary one.

I admit it. In your educational series, first of all examples of modern art, is the best engraving I could find of the picture which, founded on that idea of Christ's being the Giver of Light, contains, I believe, the most true and useful piece of religious vision which realistic art has yet embodied. But why is the metaphor so necessary, or, rather, how far is it a metaphor at all? Do you think the words "Light of the World" mean only "Teacher or Guide of the World?" When the Sun of Justice is said to rise with health in its wings, do you suppose the image only means the correction of error? Or does it even mean so much? The Light of Heaven is needed to do that perfectly. But what we are to pray for is the Light of the *World;* nay, the Light "that lighteth *every man that cometh into the world.*"

116. You will find that it is no metaphor—nor has it ever been so.

To the Persian, the Greek, and the Christian, the sense of the power of the God of Light, has been one and the same. That power is not merely in teaching or protecting, but in the enforcement of purity of body, and of equity or justice in the heart; and this, observe, not heavenly purity, nor final justice; but, now, and here, actual purity in the midst of the world's foulness,—practical justice in the midst of the world's iniquity. And the physical strength of the organ of sight,—the physical purity of the flesh, the actual love of sweet light and stainless colour,—are the necessary signs, real,

inevitable, and visible, of the prevailing presence, with any nation, or in any house, of the "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—*Lect. VI.*

THE GUARDIANSHIP OF LOVE.

169. All of you who have ever read your Gospels carefully must have wondered, sometimes, what could be the meaning of those words,—"If any speak against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven; but if against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the next."

The passage may have many meanings which I do not know; but one meaning I know positively, and I tell you so just as frankly as I would that I knew the meaning of a verse in Homer.

Those of you who still go to chapel say every day your creed; and, I suppose, too often, less and less every day believing it. Now, you may cease to believe two articles of it, and,—admitting Christianity to be true,—still be forgiven. But I can tell you—you must *not* cease to believe the third!

You begin by saying that you believe in an Almighty Father. Well, you may entirely lose the sense of that Fatherhood, and yet be forgiven.

You go on to say that you believe in a Saviour Son. You may entirely lose the sense of that Sonship, and yet be forgiven.

But the third article—disbelieve if you dare!

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, *The Lord and Giver of Life.*"

Disbelieve that! and your own being is degraded into the state of dust driven by the wind; and the elements of dissolution have entered your very heart and soul.

All Nature, with one voice—with one glory, is set to teach you reverence for the life communicated to you from the Father of Spirits. The song of birds, and their plumage; the scent of flowers, their colour, their very existence, are in direct connection with the mystery of that communicated life: and all the strength, and all the arts of men, are measured by, and founded upon, their reverence for the passion, and their guardianship of the purity, of Love.—*Lect. VIII.*

LIVING IN HONOR—THE SECRET OF POWER.

171. My friends, let me very strongly recommend you to give up that hope of finding the principle of life in dead bodies; but to take all pains to keep the life pure and holy in the living bodies you have got; and, farther, not to seek your national amusement in the destruction of animals, nor your national safety in the destruction of men; but to look for all your joy to kindness, and for all your strength to domestic faith, and law of ancestral honour. Perhaps you will not now any more think it strange that in beginning your natural history studies in this place, I mean to teach you heraldry,

but not anatomy. For, as you learn to read the shields, and remember the stories, of the great houses of England, and find how all the arts that glorified them were founded on the passions that inspired, you will learn assuredly, that the utmost secret of national power is in living with honour, and the utmost secrets of human art are in gentleness and truth.—*Lect. VIII.*

DARWINISM.

185. Respecting the origin of these variously awkward, imperfectly, or grotesquely developed phases of form and power, you need not at present inquire: in all probability the race of man is appointed to live in wonder, and in acknowledgment of ignorance; but if ever he is to know any of the secrets of his own or of brutal existence, it will surely be through discipline of virtue, not through inquisitiveness of science. I have just used the expression, "had Darwinism been true," implying its fallacy more positively than is justifiable in the present state of our knowledge; but very positively I can say to you that I have never heard yet one logical argument in its favour, and I have heard, and read, many that were beneath contempt. For instance, by the time you have copied one or two of your exercises on the feather of the halcyon, you will be more interested in the construction and disposition of plume-filaments than heretofore; and you may perhaps, refer, in hope of help, to Mr. Darwin's account of the peacock's feather. I went to it myself, hoping to learn some of the existing laws of life which regulate the local disposition of the colour. But none of these appear to be known; and I am informed only that peacocks have grown to be peacocks out of brown pheasants, because the young feminine brown pheasants like fine feathers. Whereupon I say to myself, "Then either there was a distinct species of brown pheasants originally born with a taste for fine feathers; and therefore with remarkable eyes in their heads,—which would be a much more wonderful distinction of species than being born with remarkable eyes in their tails,—or else all pheasants would have been peacocks by this time!" And I trouble myself no more about the Darwinian theory.—*Lect. IX.*

BLESSED ARE PEACEMAKERS.

204. Have you ever thought seriously of the meaning of that blessing given to the peacemakers? People are always expecting to get peace in heaven; but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready-made. Whatever making of peace *they* can be blest for, must be on the earth here: not the taking of arms against, but the building of nests amidst, its "sea of troubles." Difficult enough, you think? Perhaps so, but I do not see that any of us try. We complain of the want of many things—we want votes, we want liberty, we want amusement, we want money. Which of us feels, or knows, that he wants peace?

205. There are two ways of getting it, if you do want it. The first is wholly in your own power; to make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. Those are nests on the sea indeed, but safe beyond all others; only they need much art in the building. None of us yet know, for none of us have yet been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.—*Lect. IX.*

DUTY OF SCIENCE AND ART.

206. Science does its duty, not in telling us the causes of spots in the sun; but in explaining to us the laws of our own life, and the consequences of their violation. Art does its duty, not in filling monster galleries with frivolous, or dreadful, or indecent pictures; but in completing the comforts and refining the pleasures of daily occurrence, and familiar service: and literature does its duty, not in wasting our hours in political discussion, or in idle fiction; but in raising our fancy to the height of what may be noble, honest, and felicitous in actual life:—in giving us, though we may ourselves be poor and unknown, the companionship of the wisest fellow-spirits of every age and country,—and in aiding the communication of clear thoughts and faithful purposes, among distant nations, which will at last breathe calm upon the sea of lawless passion, and change into such halcyon days the winter of the world, that the birds of the air may have their nests in peace, and the Son of Man, where to lay his head.—*Lect. IX.*

COMPETE FOR THE FUTURE.

212. I want you to compete, not for the praise of what you know, but for the praise of what you become; and to compete only in that great school, where death is the examiner, and God the judge. For you will find, if you look into your own hearts, that the two great delights, in loving and praising, and the two great thirsts, to be loved and praised, are the roots of all that is strong in the deeds of men, and happy in their repose.—*Lect. X.*

LIFE—ITS ORIGIN NOT IN THE DUST.

240. I warned you in my former lecture against the base curiosity of seeking for the origin of life in the dust; in earth instead of heaven: how much more must I warn you against forgetting the true origin of the life that is in your own souls, of that good which you have heard with your ears, and your fathers have told you. You buy the picture of the Virgin as furniture for your rooms; but you despise the religion, and you reject the memory, of those who

have taught you to love the aspect of whatsoever things and creatures are good and pure: and too many of you, entering into life, are ready to think, to feel, to act, as the men bid you who are incapable of worship, as they are of creation;—whose power is only in destruction; whose gladness only in disdain; whose glorying is in their shame. You know well, I should think, by this time, that I am not one to seek to conceal from you any truth of nature, or superstitiously decorate for you any form of faith; but I trust deeply—(and I will strive, for my poor part, wholly, so to help you in steadfastness of heart)—that you, the children of the Christian chivalry . . . . may not stoop to become as these, whose thoughts are but to invent new foulness with which to blaspheme the story of Christ, and to destroy the noble works and laws that have been founded in His name.

Will you not rather go around about this England, and tell the towers thereof, and mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces, that you may tell it to the generation following? Will you not rather honour with all your strength, with all your obedience, with all your holy love and never-ending worship, the princely sires, and pure maids, and nursing mothers, who have bequeathed and blest your life?—that so, for you also, and for your children, the days of strength, and the light of memory, may be long in this lovely land which the Lord your God has given you.—*Lect. X.*

XIII

ARIADNE FLORENTINA.

Six Lectures on Wood and Metal Engraving.

(1872.)

These lectures which, with an appendix, form a volume of 160 pages, were delivered at the University of Oxford. They are technical in their treatment and do not offer much to our method of selection. Yet, even here, devoted as these lectures are to the technique of the Art of Engraving, Ruskin finds his highest ideals in religious truth. They treat of the following subjects, and are illustrated with many specimens of the art:—

1. Definition of the Art of Engraving.
2. The relation of Engraving to other arts.
3. The technics of Wood Engraving.
4. The technics of Metal Engraving.
5. German Schools of Engraving.
6. Florentine Schools of Engraving.

The lectures are fine examples of Ruskin's rare powers as a close observer and a critic of all that constitute artistic worth. All the treasures of art are unfolded to his mind, as the flowers of Italy at the feet of the goddess Flora.

The Art of Engraving, which to the uninitiated appears as a product of deftness and skill of the hand, becomes a world of beauty and truth. History and Poetry, and above all the Scriptures, furnish abundant illustration of his themes, or are themselves expounded, as he tells the story of the schools of the Engravers' craft.

XIV

THE LAWS OF FESOLE.

TEN CHAPTERS. (1877-8.)

In his preface to this volume the Author says:—"This book is called 'The Laws of Fésole' because the entire system of possible Christian Art is founded on the principles established by Giotto in Florence, he receiving them from the Attic Greeks through Cimbue, the last of their disciples, and grafting them on the existing art of the Etruscans, the race from which both his master and he were descended. . . . And the purpose of this book is to teach . . . the elements of these Christian laws, as distinguished from the infidel laws of the spuriously classic school."

The book with its twelve plates, illustrating right lines, curves, shields, plumage, groups of circles, landscape outline, lights and shade, etc., ought to be published separately for use of schools and classes. Every young student of elementary art should be encouraged, if not required, to study it.

Directed, as it is, exclusively to these studies, it does not offer much room for treatment of moral principles, nevertheless it is true to them, as we may see in the following:

BIRDS' NESTS BETTER THAN PICTURES OF BIRDS' NESTS.

6. Fix this in your mind as the guiding principle of all right practical labor, and source of all healthful life energy,—that your art is to be the praise of something you love. It may be only the praise of a shell or a stone; it may be the praise of a hero; it may be the praise of God: your rank as a living creature is determined by the height and breadth of your love, but, be you small or great, what healthy art is possible to you must be the expression of your true delight in a real thing, better than the art. You may think, perhaps, that a bird's nest by William Hunt is better than a real bird's nest. We indeed pay a large sum for the one, and scarcely look for, or save, the other. But it would be better for us that all pictures in the world perished, than that the birds should cease to build nests.—*Ch. 1.*

APHORISMS.

1. The greatest art represents every thing with absolute sincerity, as far as it is able. But it chooses the best things to represent, and it places them in the best order in which they can be seen. You can only judge of what is *best,* in process of time, by the bettering of your own character. What is *true,* you can learn now, if you will.

If the picture is beautiful, copy it as it is; if ugly, let it alone. Only Heaven, and Death, know what it *was.*—*Ch. 2.*

BEAUTY IN NATURAL THINGS.

16. The final definition of Beauty is, the power in any thing of delighting an intelligent soul by its appearance—power given to it by the Maker of Souls. The perfect beauty of Man is summed up in the Arabian exclamation, "Praise be to Him who created thee!" and the perfect beauty of all natural things summed in the Angel's promise, "Good will towards men."—*Ch. 7.*

ELEMENTS OF HUMAN ART.

40. Counting less than most men, what future days may bring or deny me, I am thankful to be permitted, . . . with all the force of which my mind is capable, the lesson I have endeavored to teach through my past life, that this fair tree Igdrasil of Human Art can only flourish when its dew is affection, its air devotion, the rock of its roots, Patience, and its sunshine, God.—*Closing words of Ch. 10.*

XV

ARROWS OF THE CHACE.

Two Vols. Vol. I. (1880.)

These two volumes, Ruskin tells us, consists of a "series of letters ranging broadly over forty years of my life." In the year 1889 they were edited by an Oxford friend and a list of the letters will be found in any good edition of Ruskin's Works, with the date and occasion of their first publication. They embrace a very wide range of subjects which are arranged under two general heads, Volume I, being "Letters on Art and Science;" Volume 2, "Letters on Politics, Economy and Miscellaneous Matters."

"Since the letters cost me much trouble, since they interrupted me in pleasant work which was usually liable to take harm by interruption, and since they were likely almost, in the degree of their force, to be refused by the editors of adverse journals, I never was tempted into writing a word for the public press, unless concerning matters which I had much at heart. And the issue is, therefore, that the two following volumes contain very nearly the indices of everything I have deeply cared for during the last forty years. . . . Whether I am spared to put into act anything here designed for my country's help, or am shielded by death from the sight of her remediless sorrow, I have already done for her as much service as she has will to receive, by laying before her facts vital to her existence, and unalterable by her power, in words of which not one has been warped by interest nor weakened by fear; and which are as pure from selfish passion as if they were spoken already from another world."

These words from the "Author's Preface," written when he was past sixty, are characteristic of Ruskin. They reveal the intense realty of all his battles for righteousness, and they also show that what he has said in these letters are the expression of profound conviction and long experience.

In the very nature of them there is not much that can be selected for the purpose of this volume. The reader will notice that the set

of subjects contained in the first volume belong to this group, while the second volume will be referred to in Book V.

Only one selection is given here and this requires the explanation that it is a description of Holman Hunt's famous picture "The Light of the World."

The Author of this volume remembers well the profound impression made upon his mind on viewing Hunt's great work but it is a question whether Ruskin's interpretation of it is not greater even than the picture.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

The legend beneath it is the beautiful verse, "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—*Rev. iii: 20.* On the left-hand side of the pictures is seen this door of the human soul. It is fast barred; its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn—the wild grass "whereof the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth the sheaves his bosom." Christ approaches it in the night-time—Christ, in his everlasting offices of prophet, priest, and king. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon him; the jewelled robe and breast-plate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold, interwoven with the crown of thorns; not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations.

Now, when Christ enters any human heart, he bears with him a two-fold light: first, the light of conscience, which displays past sin, and afterwards the light of peace, the hope of salvation. The lantern, carried in Christ's left hand, is this light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary guilt.

The light is suspended by a chain, wrapt about the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ.

The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, on the contrary, is that of the hope of salvation, it springs from the crown of thorns, and, though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends.

I believe there are few persons on whom the picture thus justly understood, will not produce a deep impression. For my own part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age.—*Letter, May 5, 1854.*

XVI

THE ART OF ENGLAND.

Six Lectures at Oxford. (1883.)

These lectures were delivered before the University of Oxford when Ruskin was sixty-four years of age. The subject treated, and the manner of treatment suggest that it is practically a continuation of "Modern Painters." The work abounds in terse and critical sentences and although it is all contained in about 130 pages, including an appendix and index, it is one of the most instructive and comprehensive studies of all his works. Taken as a whole it is a strong defence of Morals and Religion against the tendency of the errors of scientific men of that time. In it the Scriptures are copiously quoted. Theological, as well as Art Students should make a study of this work.

THE MYSTERY OF SACRIFICE.

The great mystery of the idea of Sacrifice itself, which has been manifested as one united and solemn instinct by all thoughtful and affectionate races, since the wide world became peopled, is founded on the secret truth of benevolent energy which all men who have tried to gain it have learned—that you cannot save men from death but by facing it for them nor from sin but by resisting it for them. It is, on the contrary, the favourite, and the worst falsehood of modern infidel morality, that you serve your fellow-creatures best by getting a percentage out of their pockets, and will best provide for starving multitudes by regaling yourselves. Some day or other —probably now very soon—too probably by heavy afflictions of the State, we shall be taught that it is not so; and that all the true good and glory even of this world—not to speak of any that is to come, must be bought still, as it always has been, with our toil, and with our tears. That is the final doctrine, the inevitable one, not of Christianity only, but of all Heroic Faith and Heroic Being; and the first trial questions of a true soul to itself must always be,— Have I a religion, have I a country, have I a love, that I am ready to die for?

That is the Doctrine of Sacrifice; the faith in which Isaac was bound, in which Iphigenia died, in which the great army of martyrs have suffered, and by which all victories in the cause of justice

and happiness have been gained by the men who became more than conquerors, through Him that loved them.

And yet there is a deeper and stranger sacrifice in the system of this creation than theirs. To resolute self-denial, and to adopted and accepted suffering, the reward is in the conscience sure, and in the gradual advance and predominance of good, practically and to all men visible. But what shall we say of involuntary suffering,—the misery of the poor and the simple, the agony of the helpless and the innocent, and the perishing, as it seems, in vain, and the mother weeping for the children of whom she knows only that they are not?—*Lect. I.*

PAIN AS A SOURCE OF PLEASURE.

I saw it lately given as one of the incontrovertible discoveries of modern science, that all our present enjoyments were only the outcome of an infinite series of pain. I do not know how far the statement fairly represented—but it announced as incapable of contradiction—this melancholy theory. If such a doctrine is indeed abroad among you, let me comfort some, at least, with its absolute denial. That in past æons, the pain suffered throughout the living universe passes calculation, is true; that it is infinite, is untrue; and that all our enjoyments are based on it, contemptibly untrue. For, on the other hand, the pleasure felt through the living universe during past ages in incalculable also, and in higher magnitudes. Our own talents, enjoyments, and prosperities, are the outcome of that happiness with its energies, not of the death that ended them. So manifestly is this so, that all men of hitherto widest reach in natural science and logical thought have been led to fix their minds only on the innumerable paths of pleasure, and ideals of beauty, which are traced on the scroll of creation, and are no more tempted to arraign as unjust, or even lament as unfortunate the essential equivalent of sorrow, than in the seven-fold glories of sunrise to deprecate the mingling of shadow with its light.

This, however, though it has always been the sentiment of the healthiest natural philosophy, has never, as you well know, been the doctrine of Christianity. That religion, as it comes to us with the promise of a kingdom in which there shall be no more Death, neither sorrow nor crying, so it has always brought with it the confession of calamity to be at present in patience of mystery endured; and not by us only, but apparently for our sakes, by the lower creatures, for whom it is inconceivable that any good should be the final goal of ill. Toward these, the one lesson we have to learn is that of pity. For all human loss and pain, there is no comfort, no interpretation worth a thought, except only in the doctrine of the Resurrection;—of which doctrine, remember, it is an immutable historical fact that all the beautiful work, and all the happy existence of mankind, hitherto, has depended on, or consisted in, the hope of it.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE IN ROMANCE.

And here I must at once pray you, as I have prayed you to remove all associations of falsehood from the word romance, so also to clear them out of your faith, when you begin the study of mythology. Never confuse a Myth with a Lie,—nay, you must even be cautious how far you even permit it to be called a fable. Take the frequentest and simplest of myths for instance—that of Fortune and her wheel. Enid does not herself conceive, or in the least intend the hearers of her song to conceive, that there stands anywhere in the universe a real woman, turning an adamantine wheel whose revolutions have power over human destiny. She means only to assert, under that image, more clearly the law of Heaven's continual dealing with man,—"He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble and meek."—*Lect. II.*

WOMANHOOD, CHILDHOOD AND CHRISTIANITY.

But from the moment when the spirit of Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the Western races, the sanctity of womanhood worshipped in the Madonna, and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ, became the light of every honest hearth, and the joy of every pure and chastened soul. Yet the traditions of art subject, and the vices of luxury which developed themselves in the following (fourteenth) century, prevented the manifestation of this new force in domestic life for two centuries more; and then at last in the child angels of Luca, Mino of Fesole, Luini, Angelico, Perugino, and the first days of Raphael, it expressed itself as the one pure and sacred passion which protected Christendom from the ruin of the Renaissance.

Nor has it since failed; and whatever disgrace or blame obscured the conception of the later Flemish and incipient English schools, the children, whether in the pictures of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, or Sir Joshua, were always beautiful. An extremely dark period indeed follows, leading to and persisting in the French Revolution, and issuing in the merciless manufacturing fury, which today grinds children to dust between millstones, and tears them to pieces on engine-wheels,—against which rises round us, Heaven be thanked, again the protest and the power of Christianity, restoring the fields of the quiet earth to the steps of her infancy.—*Lect. IV.*

DESIGN IN CREATION.

To my own mind, there is no more beautiful proof of benevolent design in the creation of the earth, than the exact adaptation of its materials to the art-power of man. The plasticity and constancy under fire of clay; the ductility and fusibility of gold and iron; the consistent softness of marble; and the fibrous toughness of wood, are in each material carried to the exact degree which renders them

provocative of skill by their resistance, and full of reward for it by their compliance: so that the delight with which, after sufficiently intimate study of the methods of manual work, the student ought to regard the excellence of a masterpiece, is never merely the admiration of difficulties overcome, but the sympathy, in a certain sense, both with the enjoyment of the workman in managing a substance so pliable to his will, and with the worthiness, fitness, and obedience of the material itself, which at once invites his authority, and rewards his concessions.—*Lect. V.*

THE LAW OF WISDOM.

There never has been, there never can be, any other law respecting the wisdom that is from above, than this one precept,—"Buy the Truth, and sell it not." It is to be costly to you—of labour and patience; and you are never to sell it, but to guard, and to give.—*Lect. VI.*

LESSONS OF THE CLOUDS.

On the *repose* of mind, I say; and there is a singular physical truth illustrative of that spiritual life and peace which I must yet detain you by indicating in the subject of our study to-day. You see how this foulness of false imagination represents, in every line, the clouds not only as monstrous,—but *tumultuous*. Now all lovely clouds, remember, are *quiet* clouds,—not merely quiet in appearance, because of their greater height and distance, but quiet actually, fixed for hours, it may be, in the same form and place. I have seen a fair-weather cloud high over Coniston Old Man,—not *on* the hill, observe, but a vertical mile above it,—stand motionless,—changeless,—for twelve hours together. From four o'clock in the afternoon of one day I watched it through the night by the north twilight, till the dawn struck it with full crimson, at four of the following July morning. What is glorious and good in the heavenly cloud, you can, if you will, bring also into your lives,—which are indeed like it, in their vanishing, but how much more in their *not* vanishing, till the morning take them to itself. As this ghastly phantasy of death is to the mighty clouds of which it is written, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels," are the fates to which your passion may condemn you,—or your resolution raise. You may drift with the phrenzy of the whirlwind,—or be fastened for your part in the pacified effulgence of the sky. Will you not let your lives be lifted up, in fruitful rain for the earth, in scatheless snow to the sunshine,—so blessing the years to come when the surest knowledge of England shall be of the will of her heavenly Father, and the purest art of England be the inheritance of her simplest children?—*Lect. VI.*

XVII

OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US.

The Bible of Amiens.

4 Chapters and 3 Appendices. (1880-5.)

This little work of 140 pages is valuable as a sketch of the early history of Christendom. Mr. Ruskin says it was written "at the request of a young English governess that I would write some pieces of history which her pupils could gather some good out of."

No explanation is given of the double title, but it may be presumed that "The Bible of Amiens" was designed as one section of a more extended work under the general title. There are, indeed, two Supplements bearing the titles of "The Shrine of the Slaves" and "The Place of the Dragons" which fill nearly sixty pages.

The work, as a whole, is decidedly religious in tone and indicates a more settled conviction, and less of doubt in Ruskin's mind, on questions—not of theological opinion—but of settled faith in the fundamental truths of Christianity.

On this matter it is worth while to quote Collingwood, who says: "He (Ruskin) had come out of the phase of doubt, into acknowledgment of the real and wholesome influence of serious religion; into an attitude of mind in which, without unsaying anything he had said against narrowness of creed and inconsistency of practice, he regarded the fear of God and the revelation of the Divine Spirit as great facts, as motives not to be neglected in the study of history, and the groundwork of civilisation and the guide of progress."[1]

Although written "for boys and girls" it must be admitted that this book is rather complex reading, mixing much of history, tradition, and learning, with some simple stories of early Christendom. But it is a really valuable work. The centre of it is the French Venice *Amiens* with its historic Cathedral and Statuary,—all the work of artists who made Christianity their theme, and have left their witnesses in marble,—not only representing the faiths and

[1] "Life of John Ruskin," p. 359.

virtues of the Bible, but almost all its greater characters, and most of the books of the Bible.

The work is devoted to three things which Ruskin held sacred. "These three," he says, "Art, History, and Philosophy, are each but one part of the Heavenly Wisdom, which sees not as man seeth, but with Eternal Charity; and because she rejoices not in Iniquity, *therefore* rejoices in the Truth.

For true knowledge is of Virtues only: of poisons and vices, it is Hecate who teaches, not Athena. And of all wisdom, chiefly the Politician's must consist in this divine Prudence; it is not, indeed, always necessary for men to know the virtues of their friends, or their masters; since the friend will still manifest, and the master use. But woe to the Nation which is too cruel to cherish the virtue of its subjects, and too cowardly to recognize that of its enemies!"

JEROME AND THE BIBLE.

36. The candour which lies at the basis of his character has given us one sentence of his own, respecting that change, which is worth some volumes of ordinary confessions. "I left, not only parents and kindred, but *the accustomed luxuries of delicate life.*" The words throw full light on what, to our less courageous temper, seems the exaggerated reading by the early converts of Christ's words to them—"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." *We* are content to leave, for much lower interests, either father or mother, and do not see the necessity of any farther sacrifice: we should know more of ourselves and of Christianity if we oftener sustained what St. Jerome found the most searching trial. I find scattered indications of contempt among his biographers, because he could not resign one indulgence—that of scholarship; and the usual sneers at monkish ignorance and indolence are in his case transferred to the weakness of a pilgrim who carried his library in his wallet. It is a singular question (putting, as it is the modern fashion to do, the idea of Providence wholly aside,) whether, but for the literary enthusiasm, which was partly a weakness, of this old man's character, the Bible would ever have become the library of Europe. For that, observe, is the real meaning, in its first power, of the word *Bible.* Not book, merely; but "Bibliotheca," Treasury of Books.

I could joyfully believe that the words of Christ, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," had haunted the spirit of the recluse, until he resolved that the voices of immortal appeal should be made audible to the Churches of all the earth. But so far as we have evidence, there was no such will or hope to exalt the quiet instincts of

his natural industry; and partly as a scholar's exercise, partly as an old man's recreation, the severity of the Latin language was softened, like Venetian crystal, by the variable fire of Hebrew thought, and the "Book of Books" took the abiding form of which all the future art of the Western nations was to be an hourly expanding interpretation.

VALUE OF SCRIPTURE IN THE COMMON LANGUAGE.

39. And in this matter you have to note that the gist of it lies, not in the translation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures into an easier and a common language, but in their presentation to the Church as of common authority. The earlier Gentile Christians had naturally a tendency to carry out in various oral exaggeration of corruption, the teaching of the Apostle of the Gentiles, until their freedom from the bondage of the Jewish law passed into doubt of its inspiration; and, after the fall of Jerusalem, even into horror-stricken interdiction of its observance. So that, only a few years after the remnant of exiled Jews in Pella had elected the Gentile Marcus for their Bishop, and obtained leave to return to the Ælia Capitolina built by Hadrian on Mount Zion, "it became a matter of doubt and controversy whether a man who sincerely acknowledged Jesus as the Messiah, but who still continued to observe the law of Moses, could possibly hope for salvation!"

WHAT WE NEED TO KNOW OF THE BIBLE.

40. It would be a task of great, and in nowise profitable difficulty to determine in what measure the consent of the general Church, and in what measure the act and authority of Jerome, contributed to fix in their ever since undisturbed harmony and majesty, the canons of Mosaic and Apostolic Scripture. All that the young reader need know is, that when Jerome died at Bethlehem, this great deed was virtually accomplished: and the series of historic and didactic books which form our present Bible, (including the Apocrypha) were established in and above the nascent thought of the noblest races of men living on the terrestrial globe, as a direct message to them from its Maker, containing whatever it was necessary for them to learn of His purposes towards them, and commanding, or advising, with divine authority and infallible wisdom, all that was best for them to do, and happiest to desire.

RESPONSIBILITY AND THE BIBLE.

41. And it is only for those who have obeyed the law sincerely, to say how far the hope held out to them by the lawgiver has been fulfilled. The worst "children of disobedience" are those who accept, of the Word, what they like, and refuse what they hate: nor

is this perversity in them always conscious, for the greater part of the sins of the Church have been brought on it by enthusiasm which, in passionate contemplation and advocacy of parts of the Scripture easily grasped, neglected the study, and at last betrayed the balance, of the rest. What forms and methods of self-will are concerned in the wresting of the Scriptures to a man's destruction, is for the keepers of consciences to examine, not for us. The history we have to learn must be wholly cleared of such debate, and the influence of the Bible watched exclusively on the persons who receive the Word with joy, and obey it in truth.

THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

42. There has, however, been always a farther difficulty in examining the power of the Bible, than that of distinguishing honest from dishonest readers. The hold of Christianity on the souls of men must be examined, when we come to close dealing with it, under these three several heads: there is first, the power of the Cross itself, and of the theory of salvation, upon the heart,—then, the operation of the Jewish and Greek Scriptures on the intellect,—then, the influence on morals of the teaching and example of the living hierarchy. And in the comparison of men as they are and as they might have been, there are these three questions to be separately kept in mind,—first, what would have been the temper of Europe without the charity and labour meant by "bearing the Cross;" then, secondly what would the intellect of Europe have become without Biblical literature; and lastly, what would the social order of Europe have become without its hierarchy.

43. You see I have connected the words "charity" and "labour" under the general term of "bearing the cross." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, (for charity) and take up his cross (of pain) and follow me."

The idea has been *exactly* reversed by modern Protestantism, which sees, in the cross, not a furca to which it is to be nailed; but a raft on which it, and all its valuable properties, are to be floated into Paradise.

44. Only, therefore, in days when the Cross was received with courage, the Scripture searched with honesty, and the Pastor heard in faith, can the pure word of God, and the bright sword of the Spirit, be recognised in the heart and hand of Christianity.

INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE ON MANKIND.

45. Much more, must the scholar, who would comprehend in any degree approaching to completeness, the influence of the Bible on mankind, be able to read the interpretations of it which rose into the great arts of Europe at their culmination. In every province of Christendom, according to the degree of art-power it pos-

sesses, a series of illustrations of the Bible were produced as time went on; beginning with vignetted illustrations of manuscript, advancing into life-size sculpture, and concluding in perfect power of realistic painting. These teachings and preachings of the Church, by means of art, are not only a most important part of the general Apostolic Acts of Christianity; but their study is a necessary part of Biblical scholarship, so that no man can in any large sense understand the Bible itself until he has learned also to read these national commentaries upon it, and been made aware of their collective weight. The Protestant reader, who most imagines himself independent in his thought, and private in his study, of Scripture, is nevertheless usually at the mercy of the nearest preacher who has a pleasant voice and ingenious fancy; receiving from him thankfully, and often reverently, whatever interpretation of texts the agreeable voice or ready wit may recommend: while, in the meantime, he remains entirely ignorant of, and if left to his own will, invariably destroys as injurious, the deeply meditated interpretations of Scripture which, in their matter, have been sanctioned by the consent of all the Christian Church for a thousand years; and in their treatment, have been exalted by the trained skill and inspired imagination of the noblest souls ever enclosed in mortal clay.

ART AS AN AID TO BIBLE INTERPRETATION.

46. There are few of the fathers of the Christian Church whose commentaries on the Bible, or personal theories of its gospel, have not been, to the constant exultation of the enemies of the Church, fretted and disgraced by angers of controversy, or weakened and distracted by irreconcilable heresy. On the contrary, the scriptural teaching, through their art, of such men as Orcagna, Giotto, Angelico, Luca della Robbia, and Luini, is, literally, free from all earthly taint of momentary passion; its patience, meekness, and quietness are incapable of error through either fear or anger; they are able, without offence, to say all that they wish; they are bound by tradition into a brotherhood which represents unperverted doctrines by unchanging scenes; and they are compelled by the nature of their work to a deliberation and order of method which result in the purest state and frankest use of all intellectual power.

INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

48. All our conceptions and reasonings on the subject of inspiration have been disordered by our habit, first of distinguishing falsely—or at least needlessly—between inspiration of words and of acts; and secondly by our attribution of inspired strength or wisdom to some persons or some writers only, instead of to the whole body of believers, in so far as they are partakers of the Grace of Christ, the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost.

In the degree in which every Christian receives, or refuses, the several gifts expressed by that general benediction, he enters or is cast out from the inheritance of the saints,—the exact degree in which he denies the Christ, angers the Father, and grieves the Holy Spirit, he becomes uninspired or unholy,—and in the measure in which he trusts Christ, obeys the Father, and consents with the Spirit, he becomes inspired in feeling, act, word, and reception of word, according to the capacities of his nature. He is not gifted with higher ability, nor called into new offices, but enabled to use his granted natural powers, in their appointed place, to the best purpose. A child is inspired as a child, and a maiden as a maiden; the weak, even in their weakness, and the wise, only in their hour.

That is the simply determinable *theory* of the inspiration of all true members of the Church; its truth can only be known by proving in trial: but I believe there is no record of any man's having tried and declared it vain.

49. Beyond this theory of general inspiration, there is that of especial call and command, with actual dictation of the deeds to be done or words to be said. I will enter at present into no examination of the evidences of such separating influence; it is not claimed by the Fathers of the Church, either for themselves, or even for the entire body of the Sacred writers, but only ascribed to certain passages dictated at certain times for special needs: and there is no possibility of attaching the idea of infallible truth to any form of human language in which even these exceptional passages have been delivered to us. But this is demonstrably true of the entire volume of them, as we have it, and read,—each of us as it may be rendered in his native tongue; that, however mingled with mystery which we are not required to unravel, or difficulties which we should be insolent in desiring to solve, it contains plain teaching for men of every rank of soul and state in life, which so far as they honestly and implicitly obey, they will be happy and innocent to the utmost powers of their nature, and capable of victory over all adversities, whether of temptation or pain.

THE PSALTER AS A BOOK OF WORSHIP.

50. Indeed, the Psalter alone, which practically was the service book of the Church for many ages, contains merely in the first half of it the sum of personal and social wisdom. The 1st, 8th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 19th, 23rd, and 24th psalms, well learned and believed, are enough for all personal guidance; the 48th, 72nd, and 75th, have in them the law and the prophecy of all righteous government; and every real triumph of natural science is anticipated in the 104th.

THE BIBLE AS HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

51. For the contents of the entire volume, consider what other group of historic and didactic literature has a range comparable with it. There are—

I. The stories of the Fall and of the Flood, the grandest human traditions founded on a true horror of sin.

II. The story of the Patriarchs, of which the effective truth is visible to this day in the polity of the Jewish and Arab races.

III. The story of Moses, with the results of that tradition in the moral law of all the civilized world.

IV. The story of the Kings—virtually that of all Kinghood, in David, and of all Philosophy, in Solomon: culminating in the Psalms and Proverbs, with the still more close and practical wisdom of Ecclesiasticus and the Son of Sirach.

V. The story of the Prophets—virtually that of the deepest mystery, tragedy, and permanent fate, of national existence.

VI. The story of Christ.

VII. The moral law of St. John, and his closing Apocalypse of its fulfilment.

Think, if you can match that table of contents in any other—I do not say "book" but "literature." Think, so far as it is possible for any of us—either adversary or defender of the faith—to extricate his intelligence from the habit and the association of moral sentiment based upon the Bible, what literature could have taken its place, or fulfilled its function, though every library in the world had remained unravaged, and every teacher's truest words had been written down?

52. I am no despiser of profane literature. So far from it, that I believe no interpretations of Greek religion have ever been so affectionate, none of Roman religion so reverent, as those which will be found at the base of my art teaching, and current through the entire body of my works. But it was from the Bible that I learned the symbols of Homer, and the faith of Horace: the duty enforced upon me in early youth of reading every word of the gospels and prophecies as if written by the hand of God, gave me the habit of awed attention which afterwards made many passages of the profane writers, frivolous to an irreligious reader, deeply grave to me. How far my mind has been paralysed by the faults and sorrow of life,—how far short its knowledge may be of what I might have known, had I more faithfully walked in the light I had, is beyond my conjecture or confession: but as I never wrote for my own pleasure or self-proclaiming, I have been guarded, as men who so write always will be, from errors dangerous to others; and the fragmentary expressions of feeling or statements of doctrine, which from time to time I have been able to give, will be found now by an attentive reader to bind themselves together into

a general system of interpretation of Sacred literature,—both classic and Christian, which will enable him without injustice to sympathize in the faiths of candid and generous souls, of every age and every clime.

53. That there *is* a Sacred classic literature, running parallel with that of the Hebrews, and coalescing in the symbolic legends of mediæval Christendom, is shown in the most tender and impressive way by the independent, yet similar influence of Virgil upon Dante, and upon Bishop Gawaine Douglas. At earlier dates, the teaching of every master trained in the Eastern schools was necessarily grafted on the wisdom of the Greek mythology; and thus the story of the Nemean Lion, with the aid of Athena in its conquest, is the real root-stock of the legend of St. Jerome's companion, conquered by the healing gentleness of the Spirit of Life.

54. I call it a legend only. Whether Heracles ever slew, or St. Jerome ever cherished, the wild or wounded creature, is of no moment to us in learning what the Greeks meant by their vase-outlines of the great contest, or the Christian painters by their fond insistence on the constancy of the Lion-friend. Former tradition, in the Story of Samson,—of the disobedient prophet,—of David's first inspired victory, and finally of the miracle wrought in the defence of the most favoured and most faithful of the greater Prophets, runs always parallel in symbolism with the Dorian fable: but the legend of St. Jerome takes up the prophecy of the Millennium, and foretells, with the Cumæan Sibyl, and with Isaiah, a day when the Fear of Man shall be laid in benediction, not enmity, on inferior beings,—when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all the holy Mountain, and the Peace of the Earth shall be as far removed from its present sorrow, as the present gloriously animate universe from the nascent desert, whose deeps were the places of dragons, and its mountains, domes of fire.

Of that day knoweth no man; but the Kingdom of God is already come to those who have tamed in their own hearts what was rampant of the lower nature, and have learned to cherish what is lovely and human in the wandering children of the clouds and fields.—*Chapter 3.*

CHRISTIANITY WRITTEN IN DEEDS.

57. With the subsequent quarrels between the two great sects of the corrupted church, about prayers for the Dead, Indulgences to the living, Papal supremacies, or Popular liberties, no man, woman, or child need trouble themselves in studying the history of Christianity; they are nothing but the squabbles of men, and laughter of fiends among its ruins. The Life, and Gospel, and Power of it, are all written in the mighty works of its true believers; in Normandy and Sicily, on river islets of France and in the river glens of England, on the rocks of Orvieto, and by the sands of Arno.

But of all, the simplest, completest, and most authoritative in its lessons to the active mind of North Europe, is this on the foundation stones of Amiens.

58. Believe it or not, reader, as you will: understand only how thoroughly it *was* once believed; and that all beautiful things were made, and all brave deeds done in the strength of it—until what we may call "this present time," in which it is gravely asked whether Religion has any effect on morals, by persons who have essentially no idea whatever of the meaning of either Religion or Morality.—*Ch. 4.*

FAITH THE SUBSTANCE OF TRUE LIFE.

60. But if, loving well the creatures that are like yourself, you feel that you would love still more dearly, creatures better than yourself—were they revealed to you;—if striving with all your might to mend what is evil, near you and around, you would fain look for a day when some Judge of all the Earth shall wholly do right, and the little hills rejoice on every side; if, parting with the companions that have given you all the best joy you had on Earth, you desire ever to meet their eyes again and clasp their hands,—where eyes shall no more be dim, nor hands fail;—if, preparing yourselves to lie down beneath the grass in silence and loneliness, seeing no more beauty, and feeling no more gladness—you would care for the promise to you of a time when you should see God's light again, and know the things you have longed to know, and walk in the peace of everlasting Love—*then,* the Hope of these things to you is religion, the Substance of them in your life is Faith. And in the power of them, it is promised us, that the kingdoms of this world shall yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.—*Ch. 4.*

BOOK THIRD

Religious Light in Architecture and Sculpture

RELIGIOUS LIGHT IN ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURE

I

THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE.

ONE VOL.

Part I. THE COTTAGE—6 Chaps.
Part II. THE VILLA—7 Chaps.

This is one of the earlier works of Ruskin. The volume consists, chiefly of a series of articles, written in 1839, for Loudon's Architectural Magazine, while the author was yet a student at Oxford. They did not bear the name of the author but were published under his *nom de plume* of *Kata Phusin*. Mr. Loudon wrote to young Ruskin's father in the following terms of appreciation:—

"Your son is certainly the greatest natural genius that ever it has been my fortune to become acquainted with, and I cannot but feel proud to think that at some future period, when both you and I are under the turf, it will be stated in the literary history of your son's life that the first article of his was published in Loudon's Magazine of Natural History."

At a later date the articles were reprinted in book form and illustrated. They treat of the Architecture of European Countries in relation to Natural Scenery and National Character and are regarded as a valuable contribution to the subject.

In his introduction to the subject Ruskin says:—

"The science of architecture, followed out to its full extent, is one of the noblest of those which have reference only to the creations of human minds. It is not merely a science of the rule and compass, it does not consist only in the observation of just rule, or of fair proportion: it is, or ought to be, a science of feeling more than of rule, a ministry to the mind, more than to the eye. If we consider

how much less the beauty and majesty of a building depend upon its pleasing certain prejudices of the eye, than upon its rousing certain trains of meditation in the mind, it will show in a moment how many intricate questions of feeling are involved in the raising of an edifice; it will convince us of the truth of a proposition, which might at first have appeared startling, that no man can be an architect, who is not a metaphysician."

In the following selections we see that from the commencement of his work as a writer and a critic, (he was now in his twentieth year) Ruskin was imbued with a deeply religious spirit, from which he never departed.

THE RELIGIOUS VALUE OF HILLY COUNTRY.

"It should be remembered, by every proprietor of land in hill country, that his possessions are the means of a peculiar education, otherwise unattainable, to the artists, and, in some degree, to the literary men, of his country; that, even in this limited point of view, they are a national possession, but much more so when it is remembered how many thousands are perpetually receiving from them, not merely a transitory pleasure, but such thrilling perpetuity of pure emotion, such lofty subject for scientific speculation, and such deep lessons of natural religion, as only the work of a Deity can impress, and only the spirit of an immortal can feel: they should remember that the slightest deformity, the most contemptible excrescence, can injure the effect of the noblest natural scenery, as a note of discord can annihilate the expression of the purest harmony; that thus it is in the power of worms to conceal, to destroy, or to violate, what angels could not restore, create, or consecrate; and that the right, which every man unquestionably possesses, to be an ass, is extended only, in public, to those who are innocent in idiotism, not to the more malicious clowns who thrust their degraded motley conspicuously forth amidst the fair colours of earth, and mix their incoherent cries with the melodies of eternity, break with their inane laugh upon the silence which Creation keeps where Omnipotence passes most visibly, and scrabble over with the characters of idiocy the pages that have been written by the finger of God."—*The English Villa.*

NATURE'S BEST ROOMS TO THINK IN.

"Nature has set aside her sublime bits for us to feel and think in; she has pointed out her productive bits for us to sleep and eat in; and, if we sleep and eat amongst the sublimity, we are brutal; if we poetise amongst the cultivation, we are absurd. There are the time and place for each state of existence, and we should not jumble that which nature has separated. She has addressed herself, in one part, wholly to the mind, there is nothing for us to eat

but bilberries, nothing to rest upon but rock, and we have no business to concoct pic-nics, and bring cheese, and ale, and sandwiches, in baskets, to gratify our beastly natures, where nature never intended us to eat (if she had, we needn't have brought the baskets). In the other part, she has provided for our necessities; and we are very absurd, if we make ourselves fantastic, instead of comfortable. Therefore, all that we ought to do in the hill villa is, to adapt it for the habitation of a man of the highest faculties of perception and feeling; but only for the habitation of his hours of common sense, not of enthusiasm; it must be his dwelling as a man, not as a spirit; as a thing liable to decay, not as an eternal energy; as a perishable, not as an immortal."—*The Hill Villa.*

II

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

ONE VOL. SEVEN CHAPS. (1849.)

Chap. 1. The Lamp of Sacrifice.
Chap. 2. The Lamp of Truth.
Chap. 3. The Lamp of Power.
Chap. 4. The Lamp of Beauty.
Chap. 5. The Lamp of Life.
Chap. 6. The Lamp of Memory.
Chap. 7. The Lamp of Obedience.

Ruskin was only thirty years old when he gave to the world this marvelous book. Mr. Harrison has well said of this book that it "did for the art of building what Modern Painters had done for the art of painting, it shook conventional ideas to the root, and flung forth a body of new and pregnant ideas."[1] But the book did much more than this: not only did it give new ideas, but it applied the higher laws of moral truth to facts which had been regarded as purely mechanical or intellectual. As in all his works, Ruskin carried his thought upward. If he builded on the rock he saw no beauty, or even utility, in the structure, except as it pointed harmoniously towards the heavens. The seven lamps are indeed great lights:—they are search-lights,—throwing out their radiant rays into the darkness and revealing things that were hid. They are constellations,—"seven bright stars" as Charlotte Bronte called them.

On the appearance of this book the *New York Tribune,* dated July 13, 1849, devoted a leading article to it, in which the following tribute is paid to Ruskin:—"He is so clearly master of his subject, which seems indeed to form a portion of his life and being, he writes so sincerely from the inspiration of a large interior experience, that we cannot but think it wiser, as well as more modest, to place ourselves to him in the relation of learners, rather than critics."[2]

[1] John Ruskin, p. 57.

[2] By the courtesy of the present Editor of the Tribune this paragraph was copied from their file and sent to us.

There is, perhaps, more of studied eloquence in this, than in any other of Ruskin's works; yet the language is never that of display but is a fitting poetic expression of his lofty grandeur of thought.

One does not wonder that this comparatively small work of 200 pages should furnish subject for one of the "Great Books as Life Teachers"[1] and that this should be chosen as an "interpretation of the seven laws of life." For, in truth, this volume is, of all modern books, the most striking and original as an expression of the essentials of character building. These seven lamps of which the author says: "It required all the ingenuity I was master of to prevent them becoming eight, or even nine,"[2] are called the "Lamps of Architecture" and *this they are,*—and their light is not given only to the architecture of stone and wood, but also to that higher structural power of man, which makes for noble soul and enternal life.

In his introductory preface Mr. Ruskin says: "There is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God. Hence George Herbert—

> 'A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine.'

Therefore, in the pressing or recommending of any act or manner of acting, we have choice of two separate lines of argument: one based on representation of the expediency or inherent value of the work, which is often small, and always disputable; the other based on proofs of its relations to the higher orders of human virtue, and of its acceptableness, so far as it goes, to Him who is the origin of virtue."

Mr. Harrison says: "It was the studies and meditations which are embodied in the Seven Lamps that first turned John Ruskin from drawings to man, from wall pictures to history and to social institutions—which converted him at last from an esthetic connoisseur into a moralist who went forth into a scornful world to teach a new Gospel of work and a regeneration of the social organism."[3]

[1] Newell Dwight Hillis.
[2] Life of Ruskin, p. 62.
[3] Fors Clavigera, Vol. I.

In quoting from this work we perceive that the author's own divisions into chapters will throw light upon the selection and we have therefore arranged them accordingly.

CHAPTER I. THE LAMP OF SACRIFICE.

DEFINITION OF SACRIFICE.

I may, perhaps, ask the reader's patience while I set down those simple reasons which cause me to believe it a good and just feeling, and as well-pleasing to God and honorable in men, as it is beyond all dispute necessary to the production of any great work in the kind with which we are at present concerned.

III. Now, first, to define this Lamp, or Spirit of Sacrifice, clearly I have said that it prompts us to the offering of precious things merely because they are precious, not because they are useful or necessary. It is a spirit, for instance, which of two marbles, equally beautiful, applicable and durable, would choose the more costly because it was so, and of two kinds of decoration, equally effective, would choose the more elaborate because it was so, in order that it might in the same compass present more cost and more thought. It is therefore most unreasoning and enthusiastic, and perhaps best negatively defined, as the opposite of the prevalent feeling of modern times, which desires to produce the largest results at the least cost.

GOD'S INTEREST IN MAN'S WORK.

Can the Deity be indeed honored by the presentation to Him of any material objects of value, or by any direction of zeal or wisdom which is not immediately beneficial to men?

For, observe, it is not now the question whether the fairness and majesty of a building may or may not answer any moral purpose; it is not the *result* of labor in any sort of which we are speaking, but the bare and mere costliness—the substance and labor and time themselves: are these, we ask, independently of their result, acceptable offerings to God, and considered by Him as doing Him honor? So long as we refer this question to the decision of feeling, or of conscience, or of reason merely, it will be contradictorily or imperfectly answered; it admits of entire answer only when we have met another and a far different question, whether the Bible be indeed one book or two, and whether the character of God revealed in the Old Testament be other than His character revealed in the New.

GOD ALWAYS THE SAME.

IV. Now, it is a most secure truth, that, although the particular ordinances divinely appointed for special purposes at any given

period of man's history, may be by the same divine authority abrogated at another, it is impossible that any character of God, appealed to or described in any ordinance past or present, can ever be changed, or understood as changed, by the abrogation of that ordinance. God is one and the same, and is pleased or displeased by the same things for ever, although one part of His pleasure may be expressed at one time rather than another, and although the mode in which His pleasure is to be consulted may be by Him graciously modified to the circumstances of men. Thus, for instance, it was necessary that, in order to the understanding by man of the scheme of Redemption, that scheme should be foreshown from the beginning by the type of bloody sacrifice. But God had no more pleasure in such sacrifice in the time of Moses than He has now; He never accepted as a propitiation for sin any sacrifice but the single one in prospective; and that we may not entertain any shadow of doubt on this subject, the worthlessness of all other sacrifice than this is proclaimed at the very time when typical sacrifice was most imperatively demanded. God was a spirit, and could be worshipped only in spirit and in truth, as singly and exclusively when every day brought its claim of typical and material service or offering, as now when He asks for none but that of the heart.

SACRIFICIAL TYPES MUST COST SOMETHING.

V. Was it necessary to the completeness, as a type, of the Levitical sacrifice, or to its utility as an explanation of divine purposes, that it should cost anything to the person in whose behalf it was offered? On the contrary, the sacrifice which it foreshadowed was to be God's free gift; and the cost of, or difficulty of obtaining, the sacrificial type, could only render that type in a measure obscure, and less expressive of the offering which God would in the end provide for all men. Yet this costliness was *generally* a condition of the acceptableness of the sacrifice. "Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."[1] That costliness, therefore, must be an acceptable condition in all human offerings at all times; for if it was pleasing to God once, it must please Him always, unless directly forbidden by Him afterwards, which it has never been.

Again, was it necessary to the typical perfection of the Levitical offering, that it should be the best of the flock? Doubtless the spotlessness of the sacrifice renders it more expressive to the Christian mind; but was it because so expressive that it was actually, and in so many words, demanded by God? Not at all. It was demanded by Him expressly on the same grounds on which an earthly governor would demand it, as a testimony of respect. "Offer it now

[1] 2 Sam. xxiv. 24. Deut. xvi. 16, 17.

unto thy governor."[1] And the less valuable offering was rejected, not because it did not image Christ, nor fulfill the purposes of sacrifice, but because it indicated a feeling that would grudge the best of its possessions to Him who gave them; and because it was a bold dishonoring of God in the sight of man. Whence it may be infallibly concluded, that in whatever offerings we may now see reason to present unto God a condition of their acceptableness will be now, as it was then, that they should be the best of their kind.

IS SPLENDOR IN TEMPLE SERVICES NECESSARY?

VI. But farther, was it necessary to the carrying out of the Mosaical system, that there should be either art or splendor in the form or services of the tabernacle or temple? Was it necessary to the perfection of any one of their typical offices, that there should be that hanging of blue, and purple, and scarlet? those taches of brass and sockets of silver? that working in cedar and overlaying with gold? One thing at least is evident: there was a deep and awful danger in it; a danger that the God whom they so worshipped, might be associated in the minds of the serfs of Egypt with the gods to whom they had seen similar gifts offered and similar honors paid. . . . . This danger was the one against which God made provision, not only by commandments, by threatenings, by promises, the most urgent, repeated, and impressive; but by temporary ordinances of a severity so terrible as almost to dim for a time, in the eyes of His people, His attribute of mercy. The principal object of every instituted law of that Theocracy, of every judgment sent forth in its vindication, was to mark to the people His hatred of idolatry; a hatred written under their advancing steps, in the blood of the Canaanite, and more sternly still in the darkness of their own desolation, when the children and the sucklings swooned in the streets of Jerusalem, and the lion tracked his prey in the dust of Samaria. Yet against this mortal danger provision was not made in one way (to man's thoughts the simplest, the most natural, the most effective), by withdrawing from the worship of the Divine Being whatever could delight the sense, or shape the imagination, or limit the idea of Deity to place. This one way God refused, demanding for Himself such honors, and accepting for Himself such local dwelling, as had been paid and dedicated to idol gods by heathen worshippers; and for what reason? Was the glory of the tabernacle necessary to set forth or image His divine glory to the minds of His people? What! purple or scarlet necessary to the people who had seen the great river of Egypt run scarlet to the sea, under His condemnation? What! golden lamp and cherub necessary for those who had seen the fires of heaven falling

[1] Mal. i. 8.

like a mantle on Mount Sinai, and its golden courts opened to receive their mortal lawgiver? What! silver clasp and fillet necessary when they had seen the silver waves of the Red Sea clasp in their arched hollows the corpses of the horse and his rider? Nay—not so. There was but one reason, and that an eternal one; that as the covenant that He made with men was accompanied with some external sign of its continuance, and of His remembrance of it, so the acceptance of that covenant might be marked and signified by use, in some external sign of their love and obedience, and surrender of themselves and theirs to His will; and that their gratitude to Him, and continual remembrance of Him, might have at once their expression and their enduring testimony in the presentation to Him, not only of the firstlings of the herd and fold, not only of the fruits of the earth and the tithe of time, but of all treasures of wisdom and beauty; of the thought that invents, and the hand that labors; of wealth of wood, and weight of stone; of the strength of iron. and of the light of gold.

TITHES BELONG TO GOD ALWAYS.

If there be any difference between the Levitical and the Christian offering, it is that the latter may be just so much the wider in its range as it is less typical in its meaning, as it is thankful instead of sacrificial. There can be no excuse accepted because the Deity does not now visibly dwell in His temple; if He is invisible it is only through our failing faith: nor any excuse because other calls are more immediate or more sacred; this ought to be done, and not the other left undone. Yet this objection, as frequent as feeble, must be more specifically answered.

THE BEST GIFTS.—GOD'S HOUSE AND OURS.

VII. A better and more honorable offering is made to our Master in ministry to the poor, in extending the knowledge of His name, in the practice of the virtues by which that name is hallowed, than in material presents to His temple. Assuredly it is so: woe to all who think that any other kind or manner of offering may in any wise take the place of these! Do the people need place to pray, and calls to hear His word? Then it is no time for smoothing pillars or carving pulpits; let us have enough first of walls and roofs. Do the people need teaching from house to house, and bread from day to day? Then they are deacons and ministers we want, not architects. I insist on this, I plead for this; but let us examine ourselves, and see if this be indeed the reason for our backwardness in the lesser work. The question is not between God's house and His poor: it is not between God's house and His Gospel. It is between God's house and ours. Have we no tesselated colors on

our floors? no frescoed fancies on our roofs? no niched statuary in our corridors? no gilded furniture in our chambers? no costly stones in our cabinets? Has even the tithe of these been offered? They are, or they ought to be, the signs that enough has been devoted to the great purposes of human stewardship, and that there remains to us what we can spend in luxury; but there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one—that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred service, and presenting them for a memorial[1] that our pleasure as well as our toil has been hallowed by the remembrance of Him who gave both the strength and the reward. And until this has been done, I do not see how such possessions can be retained in happiness.

ENRICH THE TEMPLES.

I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. There is seldom even so severe a choice to be made, seldom so much self-denial to be exercised. There are isolated cases, in which men's happiness and mental activity depend upon a certain degree of luxury in their houses; but then this is true luxury, felt and tasted, and profited by. In the plurality of instances nothing of the kind is attempted, nor can be enjoyed; men's average resources cannot reach it; and that which they *can* reach, gives them no pleasure, and might be spared. It will be seen, in the course of the following chapters, that I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty, where they are possible; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities; cornicings of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands such; things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual—things on whose common appliance hang whole trades, to which there never yet belonged the blessing of giving one ray of real pleasure, or becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use—things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness, and facility. I speak from experience: I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety; but I say this, emphatically, that the tenth part of

[1] Num. xxxi. 54. Psa. lxxvi. 11.

the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts, and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.

CHURCHES OF MARBLE.

VIII. I have said for every town: I do not want a marble church for every village; nay, I do not want marble churches at all for their own sake, but for the sake of the spirit that would build them. The church has no need of any visible splendors; her power is independent of them, her purity is in some degree opposed to them. The simplicity of a pastoral sanctuary is lovelier than the majesty of an urban temple; and it may be more than questioned whether, to the people, such majesty has ever been the source of any increase of effective piety; but to the builders it has been, and must ever be. It is not the church we want, but the sacrifice; not the emotion of admiration, but the act of adoration: not the gift, but the giving. And see how much more charity the full understanding of this might admit, among classes of men of naturally opposite feelings; and how much more nobleness in the work.

GOD HONORS THE WORK OF LOVE.

IX. While I would especially deprecate the imputation of any other acceptableness or usefulness to the gift itself than that which it receives from the spirit of its presentation, it may be well to observe, that there is a lower advantage which never fails to accompany a dutiful observance of any right abstract principle. While the first fruits of his possessions were required from the Israelite as a testimony of fidelity, the payment of those first fruits was nevertheless rewarded, and that connectedly and specifically, by the increase of those possessions. Wealth, and length of days, and peace, were the promised and experienced rewards of his offering, though they were not to be the objects of it. The tithe paid into the storehouse was the expressed condition of the blessing which there should not be room enough to receive. And it will be thus always: God never forgets any work or labor of love; and whatever it may be of which the first and best proportions or powers have been presented to Him, he will multiply and increase sevenfold tithes. Therefore, though it may not be necessarily the interest of religion to admit the service of the arts, the arts will never flourish until they have been primarily devoted to that service—devoted, both by architect and employer; by the one in scrupulous, earnest, affectionate design;

by the other in expenditure at least more frank, at least less calculating, than that which he would admit in the indulgence of his own private feelings.

LUXURIANCE OF ORNAMENT.

Ornament cannot be overcharged if it be good, and it is always overcharged when it is bad. . . . . It is not less the boast of some styles that they can bear ornament, than of others that they can do without it; but we do not often enough reflect that those very styles, of so haughty simplicity, owe part of their pleasurableness to contrast, and would be wearisome if universal. They are but the rests and monotones of the art; it is to its far happier, far higher, exaltation that we owe those fair fronts of variegated mosaic, charged with wild fancies and dark hosts of imagery, thicker and quainter than ever filled the depth of midsummer dream; those vaulted gates, trellised with close leaves; those window-labyrinths of twisted tracery and starry light; those misty masses of multitudinous pinnacle and diademed tower; the only witnesses, perhaps that remain to us of the faith and fear of nations. All else for which the builders sacrificed, has passed away—all their living interests, and aims, and achievements. We know not for what they labored, and we see no evidence of their reward. Victory, wealth, authority, happiness—all have departed, though bought by many a bitter sacrifice. But of them, and their life, and their toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in those gray heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honors, and their errors; but they have left us their adoration.

CHAP. II. THE LAMP OF TRUTH.

THE FLATTERING LIE WORSE THAN THE MALICIOUS.

I. There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain. We do not enough consider this; nor enough dread the slight and continual occasions of offence against her. We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the color of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt

only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partizan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces, we thank as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy in that the thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it.

SIN AS SIN.

It would be well if moralists less frequently confused the greatness of a sin with its unpardonableness. The two characters are altogether distinct. The greatness of a fault depends partly on the nature of the person against whom it is committed, partly upon the extent of its consequences. Its pardonableness depends, humanly speaking, on the degree of temptation to it. One class of circumstances determines the weight of the attaching punishment; the other, the claim to remission of punishment: and since it is not easy for men to estimate the relative weight, nor possible for them to know the relative consequences, of crime, it is usually wise in them to quit the care of such nice measurements, and to look to the other and clearer condition of culpability; esteeming those faults worst which are committed under least temptation. I do not mean to diminish the blame of the injurious and malicious sin, of the selfish and deliberate falsity; yet it seems to me, that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set watch more scrupulous against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside: they may be light and accidental; but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without over care as to which is largest or blackest.

DIFFICULTY OF SPEAKING TRUTH.

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble. And seeing that of all sin there is, perhaps, no one more flatly opposite to the Almighty, no one more "wanting the good of virtue

and of being," than this of lying, it is surely a strange insolence to fall into the foulness of it on light or on no temptation, and surely becoming an honorable man to resolve that, whatever semblances or fallacies the necessary course of his life may compel him to bear or to believe, none shall disturb the serenity of his voluntary actions, nor diminish the reality of his chosen delights.

TRUTH AND WORK.

II. If this be just and wise for truth's sake, much more is it necessary for the sake of the delights over which she has influence. For, as I advocated the expression of the Spirit of Sacrifice in the acts and pleasures of men, not as if thereby those acts could further the cause of religion, but because most assuredly they might therein be infinitely ennobled themselves, so I would have the Spirit or Lamp of Truth clear in the hearts of our artists and handicraftsmen, not as if the truthful practice of handicrafts could far advance the cause of truth, but because I would fain see the handicrafts themselves urged by the spurs of chivalry: and it is, indeed, marvellous to see what power and universality there is in this single principle, and how in the consulting or forgetting of it lies half the dignity or decline of every art and act of man.

GOD OBEDIENT TO HIS OWN LAWS.

XIII. Divine Wisdom is, and can be shown to us only in its meeting and contending with the difficulties which are voluntarily, and *for the sake of that contest,* admitted by the Divine Omnipotence; and these difficulties, observe, occur in the form of natural laws or ordinances, which might, at many times and in countless ways, be infringed with apparent advantage, but which are never infringed, whatever costly arrangements or adaptations their observance may necessitate for the accomplishment of given purposes. The example most apposite to our present subject is the structure of the bones of animals. No reason can be given, I believe, why the system of the higher animals should not have been made capable, as that of the *Infusoria* is, of secreting flint, instead of phosphate of lime, or more naturally still, carbon; so framing the bones of adamant at once. The elephant or rhinoceros had the earthy part of their bones been made of diamond, might have been as agile and light as grasshoppers, and other animals might have been framed far more magnificently colossal than any that walk the earth. In other worlds we may, perhaps, see such creations; a creation for every element, and elements infinite. But the architecture of animals *here,* is appointed by God to be a marble architecture, not a flint nor adamant architecture; and all manner of expedients are adopted to attain the utmost degree of strength and size possible under that great limi-

tation. The jaw of the ichthyosaurus is pieced and riveted, the leg of the megatherium is a foot thick, and the head of the myodon has a double skull; we, in our wisdom, should, doubtless, have given the lizard a steel jaw, and the myodon a cast-iron headpiece, and forgotten the great principle to which all creation bears witness, that order and system are nobler things than power. But God shows us in Himself, strange as it may seem, not only authoritative perfection, but even the perfection of Obedience—an obedience to His own laws: and in the cumbrous movement of those unwieldiest of His creatures we are reminded, even in His divine essence, of that attribute of uprightness in the human creature "that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

THE FALL OF MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE.

XXVIII. So fell the great dynasty of medieval architecture. It was because it had lost its own strength, and disobeyed its own laws—because its order, and consistency, and organization, had been broken through—that it could oppose no resistance to the rush of overwhelming innovation. And this, observe, all because it had sacrificed a single truth. From that one surrender of its integrity, from that one endeavor to assume the semblance of what it was not, arose the multitudinous forms of disease and decrepitude, which rotted away the pillars of its supremacy. It was not because its time was come; it was not because it was scorned by the classical Romanist, or dreaded by the faithful Protestant. That scorn and that fear it might have survived, and lived; it would have stood forth in stern comparison with the enervated sensuality of the renaissance; it would have risen in renewed and purified honor, and with a new soul, from the ashes into which it sank, giving up its glory, as it had received it, for the honor of God—but its own truth was gone, and it sank forever. There was no wisdom nor strength left in it, to raise it from the dust; and the error of zeal, and the softness of luxury smote it down and dissolved it away. It is good for us to remember this, as we tread upon the bare ground of its foundations, and stumble over its scattered stones. Those rent skeletons of pierced wall, through which our sea-winds moan and murmur, strewing them joint by joint, and bone by bone, along the bleak promontories on which the Pharos lights came once from houses of prayer—those grey arches and quiet isles under which the sheep of our valleys feed and rest on the turf that has buried their altars—those shapeless heaps, that are not of the Earth, which lift our fields into strange and sudden banks of flowers, and stay our mountain streams with stones that are not their own, have other thoughts to ask from us than those of mourning for the rage that despoiled, or the fear that forsook them. It was not the robber, not the fanatic, not the blasphemer, who sealed the destruction that they

had wrought; the war, the wrath, the terror, might have worked their worst, and the strong walls would have risen, and the slight pillars would have started again, from under the hand of the destroyer. But they could not rise out of the ruins of their own violated truth.

CHAP. III. THE LAMP OF POWER.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

II. Whatever is in architecture fair or beautiful, is imitated from natural forms; and what is not so derived, but depends for its dignity upon arrangement and government received from human mind, becomes the expression of the power of that mind, and receives a sublimity high in proportion to the power expressed. All building, therefore, shows man either as gathering or governing: and the secrets of his success are his knowing what to gather, and how to rule. These are the two great intellectual Lamps of Architecture; the one consisting in a just and humble veneration for the works of God upon the earth, and the other in an understanding of the dominion over those works which has been vested in man.

MAN'S WORK WITH GOD EXALTS HIM.

III. I have never seen any aim at the expression of abstract power; never any appearance of a consciousness that, in this primal art of man, there is room for the marking of his relations with the mightiest, as well as the fairest, works of God; but that those works themselves have been permitted, by their Master and his, to receive an added glory from their association with earnest efforts of human thought. In the edifices of Man there should be found reverent worship, and following, not only of the spirit which rounds the pillars of the forest, and arches the vault of the avenue—which gives veining to the leaf, and polish to the shell, and grace to every pulse that agitates animal organization,—but of that also which reproves the pillars of the earth, and builds up her barren precipices into the coldness of the clouds, and lifts her shadowy cones of mountain purple into the pale arch of the sky.

NATURE THE GREAT SCHOOL OF POWER.

An Architect should live as little in cities as a painter. Send him to our hills, and let him study there what nature understands by a buttress, and what by a dome. There was something in the old power of architecture, which it had from the recluse more than from the citizen. The buildings of which I have spoken with chief praise, rose, indeed, out of the war of the piazza, and above the fury of the populace: and Heaven forbid that for such cause we

should ever have to lay a larger stone, or rivet a firmer bar, in our England! But we have other sources of power, in the imagery of our iron coasts and azure hills; of power more pure, nor less serene, than that of the hermit spirit which once lighted with white lines of cloisters the glades of the Alpine pine, and raised into ordered spires the wild rocks of the Norman sea; which gave to the temple gate the depth and darkness of Elijah's Horeb cave; and lifted, out of the populous city, grey cliffs of lonely stone, into the midst of sailing birds and silent air.

CHAP. IV. THE LAMP OF BEAUTY.

TYPES OF BEAUTY IN NATURE.

II. The Romanesque arch is beautiful as an abstract line. Its type is always before us in that of the apparent vault of heaven, and horizon of the earth. The cylindrical pillar is always beautiful for God has so moulded the stem of every tree that it is pleasant to the eyes. The pointed arch is beautiful; it is the termination of every leaf that shakes in summer wind, and its most fortunate associations are directly borrowed from the trefoiled grass of the field, or from the stars of its flowers. Further than this, man's invention could not reach without frank imitation. His next step was to gather the flowers themselves, and wreathe them in his capitals.

COMMON FORMS THE MOST NATURAL.

III. I think I am justified in considering those forms to be *most* natural which are most frequent; or, rather, that on the shapes which in the every-day world are familiar to the eyes of men, God has stamped those characters of beauty which He has made it man's nature to love; while in certain exceptional forms He has shown that the adoption of the others was not a matter of necessity, but part of the adjusted harmony of creation. I believe that thus we may reason from Frequency to Beauty, and *vice versa;* that knowing a thing to be frequent we may assume it to be beautiful; and assume that which is most frequent to be most beautiful: I mean, of course, *visibly* frequent; for the forms of things which are hidden in caverns of the earth, or in the anatomy of animal frames, are evidently not intended by their Maker to bear the habitual gaze of man. And, again, by frequency I mean that limited and isolated frequency which is characteristic of all perfection; not mere multitude: as a rose is a common flower, but yet there are not so many roses on the trees as there are leaves. In this respect Nature is sparing of her highest, and lavish of her less, beauty; but I call the flower as frequent as the leaf, because, each in its allotted quantity, where the one is, there will ordinarily be the other.

INSCRIPTIONS AND PICTURES IN CHURCHES.

IX. Inscriptions in churches, in rooms, and on pictures, are often desirable, but they are not to be considered as architectural or pictorial ornaments: they are, on the contrary, obstinate offenses to the eye, not to be suffered except when their intellectual office introduces them. Place them, therefore, where they will be read, and there only; and let them be plainly written, and not turned upside down, nor wrong end first. It is an ill sacrifice to beauty to make that illegible whose only merit is in its sense. Write it as you would speak it, simply; and do not draw the eye to it when it would fain rest elsewhere, nor recommend your sentence by anything but a little openness of place and architectural silence about it. Write the Commandments on the Church walls where they may be plainly seen, but do not put a dash and a tail to every letter; and remember that you are an architect, not a writing master.

GIOTTO AS AN INSTANCE OF NATURE'S LESSONS.

XLIII. I said that the Power of human mind had its growth in the Wilderness; much more must the love and the conception of that beauty, whose every line and hue we have seen to be, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work, and an arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in the places which He has gladdened by planting there the fir tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence, but among the far away fields of her lilies, was the child trained who was to raise that headstone of Beauty above the towers of watch and war.[1] Remember all that he became; count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of Italy; ask those who followed him what they learned at his feet; and when you have numbered his labors, and received their testimony, if it seem to you that God had verily poured out upon this His servant no common nor restrained portion of His Spirit, and that he was indeed a king among the children of men, remember also that the legend upon his crown was that of David's:—"I took thee from the sheepcote, and from following the sheep."

CHAP. V. THE LAMP OF LIFE.

MAN'S TWO-FOLD NATURE.

III. When we begin to be concerned with the energies of man, we find ourselves instantly dealing with a double creature. Most part of his being seems to have a fictitious counterpart, which it is at his peril if he do not cast off and deny. Thus he has a true and false (otherwise called a living and dead, or a feigned or unfeigned) faith. He has a true and a false hope, a true and a false charity,

(1).—The reference here is to Giotto.

and, finally, a true and a false life. His true life is like that of lower organic beings, the independent force by which he moulds and governs external things; it is a force of assimilation which converts everything around him into food, or into instruments; and which, however humbly or obediently it may listen to or follow the guidance of superior intelligence, never forfeits its own authority as a judging principle, as a will capable either of obeying or rebelling. His false life is, indeed, but one of the conditions of death or stupor, but it acts, even when it cannot be said to animate, and is not always easily known from the true. It is that life of custom and accident in which many of us pass much of our time in the world; that life in which we do what we have not purposed, and speak what we do not mean, and assent to what we do not understand; that life which is overlaid by the weight of things external to it, and is moulded by them, instead of assimilating them; that, which instead of growing and blossoming under any wholesome dew, is crystallised over with it, as with hoar frost, and becomes to the true life what an arborescence is to a tree, a candied agglomeration of thoughts and habits foreign to it, brittle, obstinate, and icy, which can neither bend nor grow, but must be crushed and broken to bits, if it stand in our way. All men are liable to be in some degree frost-bitten in this sort; all are partly encumbered and crusted over with idle matter; only, if they have real life in them, they are always breaking this bark away in noble rents, until it becomes, like the black strips upon the birch tree, only a witness of their own inward strength. But, with all the efforts that the best men make, much of their being passes in a kind of dream, in which they indeed move, and play their parts sufficiently, to the eyes of their fellow-dreamers, but have no clear consciousness of what is around them, or within them; blind to the one, insensible to the other, *νωθροι.*

WORK WITH YOUR HEART IN IT.

XXIV. We are not sent into this world to do any thing into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily: neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules: and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than

his own hand, would, also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel.

CHAP. VI. THE LAMP OF MEMORY.

MEMORY IN ARCHITECTURE.

II. We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears! how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world: there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality; it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles: and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians.

GOOD MEN AND THEIR HOMES.

III. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins: and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that having spent their lives happily and honorably, they would be grieved at the close of them to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathise in all their honor, their gladness, or their suffering,—that this, with all the record it bare of them, and all of material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away, as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the heart and house to them; that all that they ever treasured was despised, and

the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our fathers' honor, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only.

GOD IN THE HOME.

IV. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonored both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of that Christian worship which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety, of the pagan. Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes. It is not a question of mere ocular delight, it is no question of intellectual pride, or of cultivated and critical fancy, how, and with what aspect of durability and of completeness, the domestic buildings of a nation shall be raised.

BETTER HOUSES FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

It would be better if, in every possible instance, men built their own houses on a scale commensurate rather with their condition at the commencement, than their attainments at the termination, of their worldly career; and built them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they have been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen. And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstance.

DUTY TO COMING GENERATIONS.

IX. The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognised motives of exertion. Yet

these are not the less our duties; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include not only the companions, but the successors, of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath. . . . Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave.

THE GLORY OF A BUILDING.

X. Nor is there, indeed, any present loss, in such respect, for futurity. Every human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art, whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us." For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, or in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations; it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and color, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess of language and of life.

CHAP. VII. THE LAMP OF OBEDIENCE.

WHAT MEN CALL LIBERTY.

I. It has been my endeavor to show how every form of noble architecture is in some sort the embodiment of the Polity, Life, History, and Religious Faith of nations. Once or twice in doing this, I have named a principle to which I would now assign a definite place among those which direct that embodiment; the last place, not only as that to which its own humility would incline, but rather as belonging to it in the aspect of the crowning grace of all the rest; that principle, I mean, to which Polity owes its stability, Life its happiness, Faith its acceptance, Creation its continuance,—Obedience.

Nor is it the least among the sources of more serious satisfaction which I have found in the pursuit of a subject that at first appeared to bear but slightly on the grave interests of mankind, that the conditions of material perfection which it leads me in conclusion to consider, furnish a strange proof how false is the conception, how frantic the pursuit, of that treacherous phantom which men call Liberty; most treacherous, indeed, of all phantoms; for the feeblest ray of reason might surely show us, that not only its attainment, but its being, was impossible. There is no such thing in the universe. There can never be. The stars have it not; the earth has it not; the sea has it not; and we men have the mockery and semblance of it only for our heaviest punishment.

LAW GREATER THAN LIBERTY.

In one of the noblest poems[1] for its imagery and its music belonging to the recent school of our literature, the writer has sought in the aspect of inanimate nature the expression of that Liberty which, having once loved, he had seen among men in its true dyes of darkness. But with what strange fallacy of interpretation! since in one noble line of his invocation he has contradicted the assumptions of the rest, and acknowledged the presence of a subjection, surely not less severe because eternal? How could he otherwise? since if there be any one principle more widely than another confessed by every utterance, or more sternly than another imprinted on every atom, of the visible creation, that principle is not Liberty, but Law.

VALUE OF RESTRAINTS—LIBERTY AND OBEDIENCE.

II. The enthusiast would reply that by Liberty he meant the Law of Liberty. Then why use the single and misunderstood word? If by liberty you mean chastisement of the passions, discipline of the intellect, subjection of the will; if you mean the fear of in-

[1] Coleridge's Ode to France.

flicting, the shame of committing a wrong; if you mean respect for all who are in authority, and consideration for all who are in dependence; veneration for the good, mercy to the evil, sympathy with the weak; if you mean watchfulness over all thoughts, temperance in all pleasures, and perseverance in all toils; if you mean, in a word, that Service which is defined in the liturgy of the English church to be perfect Freedom, why do you name this by the same word by which the luxurious mean license, and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine, and the fool equality, by which the proud mean anarchy, and the malignant mean violence? Call it by any name rather than this, but its best and truest is, Obedience. Obedience is, indeed, founded on a kind of freedom, else it would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that obedience may be more perfect; and thus, while a measure of licence is necessary to exhibit the individual energies of things, the fairness and pleasantness and perfection of them all consist in their Restraint. Compare a river that has burst its banks with one that is bound by them, and the clouds that are scattered over the face of the whole heaven with those that are marshalled into ranks and orders by its winds. So that though restraint, utter and unrelaxing, can never be comely, this is not because it is in itself an evil, but only because, when too great, it overpowers the nature of the thing restrained, and so counteracts the other laws of which that nature is itself composed. And the balance wherein consists the fairness of creation is between the laws of life and being in the things governed and the laws of general sway to which they are subjected; and the suspension or infringement of either kind of law, or, literally, disorder, is equivalent to, and synonymous with, disease; while the increase of both honor and beauty is habitually on the side of restraint (or the action of superior law) rather than of character (or the action of inherent law). The noblest word in the catalogue of social virtue is "Loyalty," and the sweetest which men have learned in the pastures of the wilderness is "Fold."

GREAT BODIES OBEY LAW.

III. Nor is this all; but we may observe, that exactly in proportion to the majesty of things in the scale of being, is the completeness of their obedience to the laws that are set over them. Gravitation is less quietly, less instantly obeyed by a grain of dust than it is by the sun and moon; and the ocean falls and flows under influences which the lake and river do not recognize. So also in estimating the dignity of any action or occupation of men, there is perhaps no better test than the question "are its laws strait?" For their severity will probably be commensurate with the greatness of the numbers whose labor it concentrates or whose interest it concerns.

GOD'S WAYS OF WORKING AND MAN'S NEED OF WORK.

VIII. All the horror, distress, and tumult which oppress the foreign nations, are traceable, among the other secondary causes through which God is working out His will upon them, to the simple one of their not having enough to do. I am not blind to the distress among their operatives; nor do I deny the nearer and visibly active causes of the movement: the recklessness of villainy in the leaders of revolt, the absence of common moral principle in the upper classes, and of common courage and honesty in the heads of governments. But these causes themselves are ultimately traceable to a deeper and simpler one: the recklessness of the demagogue, the immorality of the middle class, and the effeminacy and treachery of the noble, are traceable in all these nations to the commonest and most fruitful cause of calamity in households—idleness. We think too much in our benevolent efforts, more multiplied and more vain day by day, of bettering men by giving them advice and instruction. There are few who will take either: the chief thing they need is occupation. I do not mean work in the sense of bread, —I mean work in the sense of mental interest; for those who either are placed above the necessity of labor for their bread, or who will not work although they should. . . . There are multitudes of idle semi-gentlemen who ought to be shoemakers and carpenters; but since they will not be these so long as they can help it, the business of the philanthropist is to find them some other employment than disturbing governments. It is of no use to tell them they are fools, and that they will only make themselves miserable in the end as well as others: if they have nothing else to do, they will do mischief; and the man who will not work, and who has no means of intellectual pleasure, is as sure to become an instrument of evil as if he had sold himself bodily to Satan.

III

THE STONES OF VENICE.

THREE VOLS. (1851-1853.)

Vol. I. THE FOUNDATIONS.
Vol. II. THE SEA STORIES.
Vol. III. THE FALL.

"The Stones of Venice," consisting of three large volumes of nearly four hundred pages each, is a veritable mine of wealth on the subject of Architecture. From the time when, at sixteen, Ruskin first visited Venice, that ancient city furnished him with suggestion and illustration of his favorite theme. So that here we have one work, at least, of our Author which bears a fitting and easily explained title. The whole work abounds in felicitous passages of moral and religious value. In making the following selections, we are inviting the lover of the beautiful and true, to possess themselves of the whole work, and this invitation should find especial interest to the student of architecture, for here, as the author says, are "taught the laws of constructive art and the dependence of all human work or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman."[1]

THE STONES OF VENICE. VOL. I.

WHY NATIONS FALL!

VII. Throughout her career, the victories of Venice, and, at many periods of it, her safety, were purchased by individual heroism; and the man who exalted or saved her was sometimes (oftenest) her king, sometimes a noble, sometimes a citizen. To him no matter, nor to her: the real question is, not so much what names they bore, or with what powers they were entrusted, as how they were trained; how they were made masters of themselves, servants of their country, patient of distress, impatient of dishonor; and what was the true reason of the change from the time when she

[1] Fors Clavigera, Letter 78.

could find saviours among those whom she had cast into prison, to that when the voices of her own children commanded her to sign covenant with Death.—*Ch. I.*

VIII. The evidence which I shall be able to deduce from the arts of Venice will be both frequent and irrefragable, that the decline of her political prosperity was exactly coincident with that of domestic and individual religion.—*Ch. I.*

CORRUPTION AS SEEN IN ART.

XXXVI. Against the corrupted papacy arose two great divisions of adversaries, Protestants in Germany and England, Rationalists in France and Italy; the one requiring the purification of religion, the other its destruction. The Protestant kept the religion, but cast aside the heresies of Rome, and with them her arts, by which last rejection he injured his own character, cramped his intellect in refusing to it one of its noblest exercises, and materially diminished his influence. It may be a serious question how far the Pausing of the Reformation has been a consequence of this error.

The Rationalist kept the arts and cast aside the religion. This rationalistic art is the art commonly called Renaissance, marked by a return to pagan systems, not to adopt them and hallow them for Christianity, but to rank itself under them as an imitator and pupil.—*Ch. I.*

XXXVII. Instant degradation followed in every direction,—a flood of folly and hypocrisy. Mythologies ill understood at first, then perverted into feeble sensualities, take the place of the representations of Christian subjects, which had become blasphemous under the treatment of men like the Caracci. Gods without power, satyrs without rusticity, nymphs without innocence, men without humanity, gather into idiot groups upon the polluted canvas, and scenic affectations encumber the streets with preposterous marble. Lower and lower declines the level of abused intellect; the base school of landscape gradually usurps the place of the historical painting, which had sunk into purient pedantry,—the Alsatian sublimities of Salvator, the confectionery idealities of Claude, the dull manufacture of Gaspar and Canaletto, south of the Alps, and on the north the patient devotion of besotted lives to delineation of bricks and fogs, fat cattle and ditch-water. And thus Christianity and morality, courage, and intellect, and art all crumbling together into one wreck, we are hurried on to the fall of Italy, the revolution in France, and the condition of art in England.—*Ch. I.*

MORAL VIRTUES OF BUILDING.

I. In the main, we require from buildings, as from men, two kinds of goodness: first, the doing their practical duty well: then

that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it; which last is itself another form of duty.

Then the practical duty divides itself into two branches,—acting and talking:—acting, as to defend us from weather or violence; talking, as the duty of monuments or tombs, to record facts and express feelings; or of churches, temples, public edifices, treated as books of history, to tell such history clearly and forcibly.

We have thus, altogether, three great branches of architectural virtue, and we require of any building,—

1. That it act well, and do the things it was intended to do in the best way.

2. That it speak well, and say the things it was intended to say in the best words.

3. That it look well, and please us by its presence, whatever it has to do or say.—*Ch. II.*

DIVINE AND HUMAN ARCHITECTURE.

IV. We have a worthier way of looking at human than at divine architecture: much of the value both of construction and decoration, in the edifices of men, depends upon our being led by the thing produced or adorned, to some contemplation of the powers of mind concerned in its creation or adornment. We are not so led by divine work, but are content to rest in the contemplation of the thing created. We take pleasure, or *should* take pleasure, in architectural construction altogether as the manifestation of an admirable human intelligence; it is not the strength, not the size, not the finish of the work which we are to venerate: rocks are always stronger, mountains always larger, all natural objects more finished; but it is the intelligence and resolution of man in overcoming physical difficulty which are to be the source of our pleasure and subject of our praise. And again, in decoration or beauty, it is less the actual loveliness of the thing produced, than the choice and invention concerned in the production, which are to delight us; the love and the thoughts of the workman more than his work; his work must always be imperfect, but his thoughts and affections may be true and deep.—*Ch. II.*

SPIRITUAL ENNOBLEMENT.

X. All the divisions of humanity are noble or brutal, immortal or mortal, according to the degree of their sanctification: and there is no part of the man which is not immortal and divine when it is once given to God, and no part of him which is not mortal by the second death, and brutal before the first, when it is withdrawn from God. For to what shall we trust for our distinction from the beasts that perish? To our higher intellect?—yet are we not bidden to be wise as the serpent, and to consider the ways of the ant?—or to our

affections? nay; these are more shared by the lower animals than our intelligence. Hamlet leaps into the grave of his beloved, and leaves it,—a dog had stayed. Humanity and immortality consist neither in reason, nor in love; not in the body, nor in the animation of the heart of it, nor in the thoughts and stirrings of the brain of it,—but in the dedication of them all to Him who will raise them up at the last day.—*Ch. II.*

THE JOY OF GIVING MONEY.

XVI. Half the evil in this world comes from people not knowing what they do like, not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance: they don't know *that,*—they rather think they like keeping it; and they *do* keep it under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Every body likes to do good; but not one in a hundred finds *this* out. Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE.

XVII. Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? Nay, not so. Look at the clouds, and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away; they were shaped for their place, high above your head; approach them, and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapor. Look at the crest of the Alp, from the far-away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communion with it by their myriads. The child looks up to it in the dawn, and the husbandman in the burden and heat of the day, and the old man in the going down of the sun, and it is to them all as the celestial city on the world's horizon; dyed with the depth of heaven, and clothed with the calm of eternity. There was it set, for holy dominion, by Him who marked for the sun his journey, and bade the moon know her going down. It was built for its place in the far-off sky; approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundations, and the tide of human life shallowed upon the vast aerial, is at last met by the Eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness; its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks, its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow, the storm-brands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment. . . . For every distance from the eye there is a peculiar kind of beauty, or a different system of lines of form; the sight of that beauty is reserved for that distance, and for that alone. If you approach nearer, that kind of beauty is lost, and

another succeeds, to be disorganised and reduced to strange and incomprehensible means and appliances in its turn. If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of the form of a rocky mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All is there disorder and accident, or seems so; sudden starts of its shattered beds hither and thither; ugly struggles of unexpected strength from under the ground; fallen fragments, toppling one over another into more helpless fall. Retire from it, and, as your eye commands it more and more, as you see the ruined mountain world with a wider glance, behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass; line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line; group by group, the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies; new captains of hosts and masses of battalions become visible, one by one, and far away answers of foot to foot, and of bone to bone, until the powerless chaos is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap could now be spared from the mystic whole.—*Ch. XXI.*

THE UNFATHOMABLE UNIVERSE.

V. Is there, then, nothing to be done by man's art? Have we only to copy, and again copy, for ever, the imagery of the universe? Not so. We have work to do upon it; there is not any one of us so simple, nor so feeble, but he has work to do upon it. But the work is not to improve, but to explain. This infinite universe is unfathomable, inconceivable, in its whole; every human creature must slowly spell out, and long contemplate, such part of it as may be possible for him to reach; then set forth what he has learned of it for those beneath him; extricating it from infinity, as one gathers a violet out of grass; one does not improve either violet or grass in gathering it, but one makes the flower visible; and then the human being has to make its power upon his own heart visible also, and to give it the honor of the good thoughts it has raised up in him, and to write upon it the history of his own soul. And sometimes he may be able to do more than this, and to set it in strange lights, and display it in a thousand ways before unknown: ways specially directed to necessary and noble purposes, for which he had to choose instruments out of the wide armory of God.—*Ch. XXX.*

IMPROVING THE WORD OF GOD.

V. All this he may do: and in this he is only doing what every Christian has to do with the written, as well as the created word, "rightly *dividing* the word of truth." Out of the infinity of the written word, he has also to gather and set forth things new and old, to choose them for the season and the work that are before him, to explain and manifest them to others, with such il-

lustration and enforcement as may be in his power, and to crown them with the history of what, by them, God has done for his soul. And, in doing this, is he improving the Word of God? Just such difference as there is between the sense in which a minister may be said to improve a text, to the people's comfort, and the sense in which an atheist might declare that he could improve the Book, which, if any man shall add unto, there shall be added unto him the plagues that are written therein; just such difference is there between that which, with respect to Nature, man is, in his humbleness, called upon to do, and that which, in his insolence, he imagines himself capable of doing.—*Ch. XXX.*

THE STONES OF VENICE, VOL. II.

THE INSCRUTABLE WISDOM OF GOD.

VII. If, two thousand years ago, we had been permitted to watch the slow settling of the slime of those turbid rivers into the polluted sea, and the gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of the lifeless, impassable, unvoyageable plain, how little could we have understood the purpose with which those islands were shaped out of the void, and the torpid waters enclosed with their desolate walls of sand! How little could we have known, any more than of what now seems to us most distressful, dark, and objectless, the glorious aim which was then in the mind of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth! how little imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks, and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was indeed a preparation, and *the only preparation possible,* for the founding of a city which was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scrolls of the sea-surges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth, in world-wide pulsation, the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendor.—*Ch. I.*

HOW TO HEAR A SERMON.

XIV. There are two ways of regarding a sermon, either as a human composition, or a Divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our clergymen to finish it with their utmost care and learning, for our better delight whether of ear or intellect, we shall necessarily be led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery: but we shall at the same time consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen without restlessness for half an hour or three quarters, but which, when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our

minds in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary. But if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of life or death whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavor to conceive how precious these hours ought to be to him, a small vantage on the side of God after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world's temptation, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and the thistle springing in their hearts, and to see what wheat had been scattered there snatched from the wayside by this wild bird and the other, and at last, when breathless and weary with the week's labor they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men, to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hands and no man regarded,—thirty minutes to raise the dead in,—let us but once understand and feel this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that frippery of gay furniture about the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the dry bones that they may live, or, if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them. We shall not so easily bear with the silk and gold upon the seat of judgment, nor with ornament of oratory in the mouth of the messenger: we shall wish that his words may be simple, even when they are sweetest, and the place from which he speaks like a marble rock in the desert, about which the people have gathered in their thirst.—*Ch. II.*

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

XVI. In the minds of all early Christians the Church itself was most frequently symbolized under the image of a ship, of which the bishop was the pilot. Consider the force which this symbol would assume in the imaginations of men to whom the spiritual Church had become an ark of refuge in the midst of a destruction hardly less terrible than that from which the eight souls were saved of old, a destruction in which the wrath of man had become as broad as the earth and as merciless as the sea, and who saw the actual and literal edifice of the Church raised up, itself like an ark in the midst of the waters. No marvel if with the surf of the Adriatic rolling between them and the shores of their birth, from which they

were separated for ever, they should have looked upon each other as the disciples did when the storm came down on the Tiberias Lake, and have yielded ready and loving obedience to those who ruled them in His name, who had there rebuked the winds and commanded stillness to the sea. And if the stranger would yet learn in what spirit it was that the dominion of Venice was begun, and in what strength she went forth conquering and to conquer, let him not seek to estimate the wealth of her arsenals or number of her armies, nor look upon the pageantry of her palaces, nor enter into the secrets of her councils; but let him ascend the highest tier of the stern ledges that sweep round the altar of Torcello, and then, looking as the pilot did of old along the marble ribs of the goodly temple-ship, let him repeople its veined deck with the shadows of its dead mariners, and strive to feel in himself the strength of heart that was kindled within them, when first, after the pillars of it had settled in the sand, and the roof of it had been closed against the angry sky that was still reddened by the fires of their homesteads,—first, within the shelter of its knitted walls, amidst the murmur of the waste of waves and the beating of the wings of the sea-birds round the rock that was strange to them,—rose that ancient hymn, in the power of their gathered voices:

> THE SEA IS HIS, AND HE MADE IT:
> AND HIS HANDS PREPARED THE DRY LAND.
> —*Ch. II.*

HOW MEN WORSHIP.

XL. There is a wider division of men than that into Christian and Pagan: before we ask what a man worships, we have to ask whether he worships at all. Observe Christ's own words on this head: "God is a spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit, *and* in truth." The worshipping in spirit comes first, and it does not necessarily imply the worshipping in truth. Therefore, there is first the broad division of men into Spirit worshippers and Flesh worshippers; and then, of the Spirit worshippers, the farther division into Christian and Pagan,—worshippers in Falsehood or in Truth. I therefore, for the moment, omit all inquiry how far the Mariolatry of the early church did indeed eclipse Christ, or what measure of deeper reverence for the Son of God was still felt through all the grosser forms of Madonna worship. Let that worship be taken at its worst; let the goddess of this dome of Murano be looked upon as just in the same sense an idol as the Athene of the Acropolis, or the Syrian Queen of Heaven; and then, on this darkest assumption, balance well the difference between those who worship and those who worship not;—that difference which there is in the sight of God, in all ages, between the calculating, smiling, self-sustained, self-governed man, and the believing, weeping, wondering, struggling, Heaven-governed man;—between the men

who say in their hearts "there is no God," and those who acknowledge a God at every step, "if haply they might feel after Him and find Him." For that is indeed the difference which we shall find in the end, between the builders of this day and the builders on that sand island long ago. They *did* honor something out of themselves; they did believe in spiritual presence judging, animating, redeeming them; they built to its honor and for its habitation; and were content to pass away in nameless multitudes, so only that the labor of their hands might fix in the sea-wilderness a throne for their guardian angel. In this was their strength, and there was indeed a Spirit walking with them on the waters, though they could not discern the form thereof, though the Master's voice came not to them, "It is I."—*Ch. III.*

DEVELOPMENT OF CHURCHES AND DWELLING HOUSES.

LIII. Wherever Christian church architecture has been good and lovely, it has been merely the perfect development of the common dwelling-house architecture of the period; that when the pointed arch was used in the street, it was used in the church; when the round arch was used in the street, it was used in the church; when the pinnacle was set over the garret window, it was set over the belfry tower; when the flat roof was used for the drawing-room, it was used for the nave. There is no sacredness in round arches, nor in pointed; none in pinnacles, nor in buttresses; none in pillars, nor in traceries. Churches were larger than most other buildings, because they had to hold more people; they were more adorned than most other buildings, because they were safer from violence, and were the fitting subjects of devotional offering: but they were never built in any separate, mystical, and religious style; they were built in the manner that was common and familiar to everybody at the time. The flamboyant traceries that adorn the facade of Rouen Cathedral had once their fellows in every window of every house in the market-place; the sculptures that adorn the porches of St. Mark's had once their match on the walls of every palace on the Grand Canal; and the only difference between the church and the dwelling-house was, that there existed a symbolical meaning in the distribution of the parts of all buildings meant for worship, and that the painting or sculpture was, in the one case, less frequently of profane subject than in the other. A more severe distinction cannot be drawn: for secular history was constantly introduced into church architecture; and sacred history or allusion generally formed at least one half of the ornament of the dwelling-house.—*Ch. IV.*

FITNESS OF SPLENDID CHURCH ORNAMENTS.

LV. So long as our streets are walled with barren brick, and our eyes rest continually, in our daily life, on objects utterly ugly, or

of inconsistent and meaningless design, it may be a doubtful question whether the faculties of eye and mind which are capable of perceiving beauty, having been left without food during the whole of our active life, should be suddenly feasted upon entering a place of worship; and color, and music, and sculpture should delight the senses, and stir the curiosity of men unaccustomed to such appeal, at the moment when they are required to compose themselves for acts of devotion;—this, I say, may be a doubtful question; but it cannot be a question at all, that if once familiarized with beautiful form and color, and accustomed to see in whatever human hands have executed for us, even for the lowest services, evidence of noble thought and admirable skill, we shall desire to see this evidence also in whatever is built or labored for the house of prayer; that the absence of the accustomed loveliness would disturb instead of assisting devotion; and that we should feel it as vain to ask whether, with our own house full of goodly craftsmanship, we should worship God in a house destitute of it, as to ask whether a pilgrim whose day's journey had led him through fair woods and by sweet waters, must at evening turn aside into some barren place to pray.—*Ch. IV.*

LOVE OF ART NOT NECESSARY TO THE SPIRITUAL MINDED.

LVIII. I cannot answer for the experience of others, but I never yet met with a Christian whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, and, so far as human judgment could pronounce, perfect and right before God, who cared about art at all. I have known several very noble Christian men who loved it intensely, but in them there was always traceable some entanglement of the thoughts with the matters of this world, causing them to fall into strange distresses and doubts, and often leading them into what they themselves would confess to be errors in understanding, or even failures in duty. I do not say that these men may not, many of them, be in very deed nobler than those whose conduct is more consistent; they may be more tender in the tone of all their feelings, and farther-sighted in soul, and for that very reason exposed to greater trials and fears, than those whose hardier frame and naturally narrower vision enable them with less effort to give their hands to God and walk with Him. But still, the general fact is indeed so, that I have never known a man who seemed altogether right and calm in faith, who seriously cared about art; and when casually moved by it, it is quite impossible to say beforehand by what class of art this impression will on such men be made.—*Ch. IV.*

CHURCH WALLS AS EDUCATORS.

LXII. I have above spoken of the whole church as a great Book of Common Prayer; the mosaics were its illuminations and the com-

mon people of the time were taught their Scripture history by means of them, more impressively perhaps, though far less fully, than ours are now by Scripture reading. They had no other Bible, and—Protestants do not often enough consider this—*could* have no other. We find it somewhat difficult to furnish our poor with printed Bibles; consider what the difficulty must have been when they could be given only in manuscript. The walls of the church necessarily became the poor man's Bible, and a picture was more easily read upon the walls than a chapter.—*Ch. IV.*

VENICE SINNED AGAINST LIGHT.

LXXI. Shall we not look with changed temper down the long perspective of St. Mark's Place towards the sevenfold gates and glowing domes of its temple, when we know with what solemn purpose the shafts of it were lifted above the pavement of the populous square? Men met there from all countries of the earth, for traffic or for pleasure; but, above the crowd swaying for ever to and fro in the restlessness of avarice or thirst of delight, was seen perpetually the glory of the temple, attesting to them, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear, that there was one treasure which the merchantmen might buy without a price, and one delight better than all others, in the word and the statutes of God. Not in the wantonness of wealth, not in vain ministry to the desire of the eyes or the pride of life, were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colors of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them, that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults, that one day shall fill the vault of heaven,—"He shall return, to do judgment and justice." The strength of Venice was given her, so long as she remembered this: her destruction found her when she had forgotten this; and it found her irrevocably, because she forgot it without excuse. Never had city a more glorious Bible. Among the nations of the North, a rude and shadowy sculpture filled their temples with confused and hardly legible imagery; but, for her, the skill and the treasures of the East had gilded every letter, and illumined every page, till the Book-Temple shone from afar off like the star of the Magi. In other cities, the meetings of the people were often in places withdrawn from religious association, subject to violence and to change; and on the grass of the dangerous rampart, and in the dust of the troubled street, there were deeds done and counsels taken, which, if we cannot justify, we may sometimes forgive. But the sins of Venice, whether in her palace or in her piazza, were done with the Bible at her right hand. The walls on which its testimony was written were separated but by a few inches of marble from those which guarded the secrets of her councils, or confined the victims of her policy. And when in her last hours

she threw off all shame and all restraint, and the great square of the city became filled with the madness of the whole earth, be it remembered how much her sin was greater, because it was done in the face of the House of God, burning with the letters of His Law. Mountebank and masquer laughed their laugh, and went their way; and a silence has followed them, not unforetold; for amidst them all, through century after century of gathering vanity and festering guilt, that white dome of St. Mark's had uttered in the dead ear of Venice, "Know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."—*Ch. IV.*

THE MORAL RELATION OF COLOR.

XXX. The fact is, that, of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay color, and sad color, for color cannot at once be good and gay. All good color is in some degree pensive, the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love color the most.—*Ch. V.*

. . . . . .

XXXII. I know no law more severely without exception than this of the connexion of pure color with profound and noble thought. The late Flemish pictures, shallow in conception and obscene in subject, are always sober in color. But the early religious painting of the Flemings is as brilliant in hue as it is holy in thought. . . . The builders of our great cathedrals veiled their casements and wrapped their pillars with one robe of purple splendor. The builders of the luxurious Renaissance left their palaces filled only with cold white light, and in the paleness of their native stone.—*Ch. V.*

THE DIVINE NATURE TYPIFIED IN COLOR.

XXXIII. Nor does it seem difficult to discern a noble reason for this universal law. In that heavenly circle which binds the statutes of color upon the front of the sky, when it became the sign of the covenant of peace, the pure hues of divided light were sanctified to the human heart for ever; nor this, it would seem, by mere arbitrary appointment, but in consequence of the fore-ordained and marvellous constitution of those hues into a sevenfold, or, more strictly still, a threefold order, typical of the Divine nature itself.—*Ch. V.*

MAN'S INDIFFERENCE TO WASTE AND LOSS.

XXXVI. There is no subject of thought more melancholy, more wonderful, than the way in which God permits so often His best gifts to be trodden under foot of men, His richest treasures to be wasted by the moth, and the mightiest influences of His Spirit,

given but once in the world's history, to be quenched and shortened by miseries of chance and guilt. I do not wonder at what men Suffer, but I wonder often at what they Lose. We may see how good rises out of pain and evil; but the dead, naked, eyeless loss, what good comes of that? The fruit struck to the earth before its ripeness; the glowing life and goodly purpose dissolved away in sudden death; the words, half spoken, choked upon the lips with clay forever; or, stranger than all, the whole majesty of humanity raised to its fulness, and every gift and power necessary for a given purpose, at a given moment, centered in one man, and all this perfected blessing permitted to be refused, perverted, crushed, cast aside by those who need it most,—the city which is Not set on a hill, the candle that giveth light to None that are in the house: these are the heaviest mysteries of this strange world, and, it seems to me, those which mark its curse the most. And it is true that the power with which this Venice had been entrusted, was perverted, when at its highest, in a thousand miserable ways; still, it was possessed by her alone; to her all hearts have turned which could be moved by its manifestation, and none without being made stronger and nobler by what her hand had wrought. That mighty Landscape, of dark mountains that guard the horizon with their purple towers, and solemn forests, that gather their weight of leaves, bronzed with sunshine, not with age, into those gloomy masses fixed in heaven, which storm and frost have power no more to shake, or shed;—that mighty Humanity, so perfect and so proud, that hides no weakness beneath the mantle, and gains no greatness from the diadem; the majesty of thoughtful form, on which the dust of gold and flame of jewels are dashed as the sea-spray upon the rock, and still the great Manhood seems to stand bare against the blue sky;—that mighty Mythology, which fills the daily walks of men with spiritual companionship, and beholds the protecting angels break with their burning presence through the arrow-flights of battle:—measure the compass of that field of creation, weigh the value of the inheritance that Venice thus left to the nations of Europe, and then judge if so vast, so beneficent a power could indeed have been rooted in dissipation or decay. It was when she wore the ephod of the priest, not the motley of the masquer, that the fire fell upon her from heaven; and she saw the first rays of it through the rain of her own tears, when, as the barbaric deluge ebbed from the hills of Italy, the circuit of her palaces, and the orb of her fortunes, rose together, like the Iris, painted upon the Cloud.—*Ch. V.*

CHRISTIANITY APPEALS TO THE INDIVIDUAL SOUL.

IX. The Greek gave to the lower workman no subject which he could not perfectly execute. The Assyrian gave him subjects which he could only execute imperfectly, but fixed a legal standard for his imperfection. The workman was, in both systems, a slave.

X. But in the medieval, or especially Christian, system of ornament, this slavery is done away with altogether; Christianity having recognized, in small things as well as great, the individual value of every soul. But it not only recognizes its value; it confesses its imperfection, in only bestowing dignity upon the acknowledgment of unworthiness. That admission of lost power and fallen nature, which the Greek or Ninevite felt to be intensely painful, and, as far as might be, altogether refused, the Christian makes daily and hourly, contemplating the fact of it without fear, as tending, in the end, to God's greater glory. Therefore, to every spirit which Christianity summons to her service, her exhortation is: Do what you can, and confess frankly what you are unable to do; neither let your effort be shortened for fear of failure, nor your confession silenced for fear of shame.—*Ch. VI.*

MEN NOT PERFECT AS MACHINES ARE PERFECT.

XII. Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cog-wheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must unhumanize them. All the energy of their spirits must be given to make cogs and compasses of themselves. All their attention and strength must go to the accomplishment of the mean act. The eye of the soul must be bent upon the finger-point, and the soul's force must fill all the invisible nerves that guide it, ten hours a day, that it may not err from its steely precision, and so soul and sight be worn away, and the whole human being be lost at last—a heap of sawdust, so far as its intellectual work in this world is concerned; saved only by its Heart, which cannot go into the form of cogs and compasses, but expands, after the ten hours are over, into fireside humanity. On the other hand, if you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do anything worth doing; and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dulness, all his incapability; shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause after pause; but out comes the whole majesty of him also; and we know the height of it only, when we see the clouds settling upon him. And, whether the clouds be bright or dark, there will be transfiguration behind and within them.—*Ch. VI.*

MEN ARE NOT SLAVES IF THEIR SOULS ARE FREE.

XIII. Men may be beaten, chained, tormented, yoked like cattle, slaughtered like summer flies, and yet remain in one sense, and the best sense, free. But to smother their souls within them, to blight and hew into rotting pollards the suckling branches of their human intelligence, to make the flesh and skin which, after the

worm's work on it, is to see God, into leathern thongs to yoke machinery with,—this it is to be slave-masters indeed; and there might be more freedom in England, though her feudal lords' lightest words were worth men's lives, and though the blood of the vexed husbandman dropped in the furrows of her fields, than there is while the animation of her multitudes is sent like fuel to feed the factory smoke, and the strength of them is given daily to be wasted into the fineness of a web, or racked into the exactness of a line.—*Ch. VI.*

SELF-SACRIFICE OF MEN IN EVERY AGE.

XV. In all ages and all countries, reverence has been paid and sacrifice made by men to each other, not only without complaint, but rejoicingly; and famine, and peril, and sword, and all evil, and all shame, have been borne willingly in the causes of masters and kings; for all these gifts of the heart ennobled the men who gave, not less than the men who received them, and nature prompted, and God rewarded the sacrifice. But to feel their souls withering within them, unthanked, to find their whole being sunk into an unrecognized abyss, to be counted off into a heap of mechanism, numbered with its wheels, and weighed with its hammer strokes;—this nature bade not,—this God blesses not,—this humanity for no long time is able to endure.—*Ch. VI.*

DIVISION OF LABOR—SOMETIMES MEANS DIVISION OF MEN.

XVI. We have much studied and much perfected, of late, the great civilized invention of the division of labor; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labor that is divided; but the men:—Divided into mere segments of men—broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin, or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished,—sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is,—we should think there might be some loss in it also.—*Ch. VI.*

IMPERFECTION NECESSARY TO PROGRESS.

XXIII. Accurately speaking, no good work whatever can be perfect and *the demand for perfection is always a sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of art.*

XXV. Imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change. Nothing that lives is, or can be rigidly perfect; part of it is decaying, part nascent. The foxglove

blossom,—a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom,—is a type of the life of this world. And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty. No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry. All admit irregularity as they imply change; and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyse vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy.—*Ch. VI.*

ARCHITECTURE THE MOST HUMAN OF ALL ARTS.

XL. A picture or poem is often little more than a feeble utterance of man's admiration of something out of himself; but architecture approaches more to a creation of his own, born of his necessities, and expressive of his nature. It is also, in some sort, the work of the whole race, while the picture or statue are the work of one only, in most cases more highly gifted than his fellows. And therefore we may expect that the first two elements of good architecture should be expressive of some great truths commonly belonging to the whole race, and necessary to be understood or felt by them in all their work that they do under the sun. And observe what they are: the confession of Imperfection and the confession of Desire of Change. The building of the bird and the bee needs not express anything like this. It is perfect and unchanging. But just because we are something better than birds or bees, our building must confess that we have not reached the perfection we can imagine, and cannot rest in the condition we have attained. If we pretend to have reached either perfection or satisfaction, we have degraded ourselves and our work. God's work only may express that; but ours may never have that sentence written upon it,—"And behold, it was very good."—*Ch. VI.*

GOOD AND EVIL IN ALL THINGS.

LVI. In saying that nearly everything presented to us in nature has mingling in it of good and evil, I do not mean that nature is conceivably improvable, or that anything that God has made could be called evil, if we could see far enough into its uses, but that, with respect to immediate effects or appearances, it may be so, just as the hard rind or bitter kernel of a fruit may be an evil to the eater, though in the one is the protection of the fruit, and in the other its continuance. The Purist, therefore, does not mend nature, but receives from nature and from God that which is good for him; while the Sensualist fills himself "with the husks that the swine did eat."—*Ch. VI.*

LVII. We know more certainly every day that whatever appears to us harmful in the universe has some beneficent or necessary operation; that the storm which destroys a harvest brightens the sunbeams for harvests yet unsown, and that the volcano which buries a city preserves a thousand from destruction. But the evil is not for the time less fearful, because we have learned it to be necessary; and we easily understand the timidity or the tenderness of the spirit which would withdraw itself from the presence of destruction, and create in its imagination a world of which the peace should be unbroken, in which the sky should not darken nor the sea rage, in which the leaf should not change nor the blossom wither. That man is greater, however, who contemplates with an equal mind the alternations of terror and of beauty; who, not rejoicing less beneath the sunny sky, can bear also to watch the bars of twilight narrowing on the horizon; and, not less sensible to the blessing of the peace of nature, can rejoice in the magnificence of the ordinances by which that peace is protected and secured.—*Ch. VI.*

THE MEANING OF HELL-FIRE.

LXVI. In representing the Hades fire, it is not the mere *form* of the flame which needs most to be told, but its unquenchableness, its Divine ordainment and limitation, and its inner fierceness, not physical and material, but in being the expression of the wrath of God. And these things are not to be told by imitating the fire that flashes out of a bundle of sticks. If we think over his symbol a little, we shall perhaps find that the Romanesque builder told more truth in that likeness of a blood-red stream, flowing between definite shores and out of God's throne, and expanding, as if fed by a perpetual current, into the lake wherein the wicked are cast, than the Gothic builder in those torch-flickerings about his niches.—*Ch. VI.*

GOD'S PROVISIONS IN NATURE ADAPTED TO ALL.

LXXI. That sentence of Genesis, "I have given thee every green herb for meat," like all the rest of the book, has a profound symbolical as well as a literal meaning. It is not merely the nourishment of the body, but the food of the soul, that is intended. The green herb is, of all nature, that which is most essential to the healthy spiritual life of man. Most of us do not need fine scenery; the precipice and the mountain peak are not intended to be seen by all men,—perhaps their power is greatest over those who are unaccustomed to them. But trees, and fields, and flowers were made for all, and are necessary for all. God has connected the labor which is essential to the bodily sustenance, with the pleasures which are healthiest for the heart; and while He made the ground stubborn, He made its herbage fragrant, and its blossoms fair. The proudest architecture that man can build has no higher honor than

to bear the image and recall the memory of that grass of the field which is, at once, the type and the support of his existence; the goodly building is then most glorious when it is sculptured into the likeness of the leaves of Paradise; and the great Gothic spirit, as we showed it to be noble in its disquietude, is also noble in its hold of nature; it is, indeed, like the dove of Noah, in that she found no rest upon the face of the waters,—but like her in this also, "Lo, IN HER MOUTH WAS AN OLIVE BRANCH, PLUCKED OFF."—*Ch. VI.*

SIN CONSISTS IN CHOICE OF EVIL.

LXXXIII. And here, in passing, let us notice a principle as true in architecture as in morals. It is not the *compelled,* but the *wilful,* transgression of law which corrupts the character. Sin is not in the act, but in the choice. It is a law for Gothic architecture, that it shall use the pointed arch for its roof proper; but because, in many cases of domestic building, this becomes impossible for want of room (the whole height of the apartment being required everywhere), or in various other ways inconvenient, flat ceilings may be used, and yet the Gothic shall not lose its purity. But in the roof-mask, there can be no necessity nor reason for a change of form: the gable is the best; and if any other—dome, or bulging crown, or whatsoever else—be employed at all, it must be in pure caprice, and wilful transgression of law. And wherever, therefore, this is done, the Gothic has lost its character; it is pure Gothic no more.—*Ch. VI.*

CHRIST WAS ALL IN ALL TO THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

XLV. In the early ages of Christianity, there was little care taken to analyze character. One momentous question was heard over the whole world,—Dost thou believe in the Lord with all thine heart? There was but one division among men,—the great unatoneable division between the disciple and adversary. The love of Christ was all, and in all; and in proportion to the nearness of their memory of His person and teaching, men understood the infinity of the requirements of the moral law, and the manner in which it alone could be fulfilled. The early Christians felt that virtue, like sin, was a subtle universal thing, entering into every act and thought, appearing outwardly in ten thousand diverse ways, diverse according to the separate framework of every heart in which it dwelt; but one and the same always in its proceeding from the love of God, as sin is one and the same in proceeding from hatred of God. And in their pure, early, and practical piety, they saw there was no need for codes of morality, or systems of metaphysics. Their virtue comprehended everything, entered into everything; it was too vast and too spiritual to be defined; but there was no need of its definition. For through faith,

working by love, they knew that all human excellence would be developed in due order; but that, without faith, neither reason could define, nor effort reach, the lowest phase of Christian virtue.

THE APOSTLES ON VIRTUE AND SIN.

Therefore, when any of the Apostles have occasion to describe or enumerate any forms of vice or virtue by name, there is no attempt at system in their words. They use them hurriedly and energetically, heaping the thoughts one upon another in order as far as possible to fill the reader's mind with a sense of the infinity both of crime and of righteousness. Hear St. Paul describe sin: "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." There is evidently here an intense feeling of the universality of sin; and in order to express it, the Apostle hurries his words confusedly together, little caring about their order, as knowing all the vices to be indissolubly connected one with another. It would be utterly vain to endeavor to arrange his expressions as if they had been intended for the ground of any system, or to give any philosophical definition of the vices. So also hear him speaking of virtue: "Rejoice in the Lord. Let your moderation be known unto all men. Be careful for nothing, but in everything let your requests be made known unto God; and whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Observe, he gives up all attempt at definition; he leaves the definition to every man's heart, though he writes so as to mark the overflowing fulness of his own vision of virtue. And so it is in all writings of the Apostles; their manner of exhortation, and the kind of conduct they press, vary according to the persons they address, and the feeling of the moment at which they write, and never show any attempt at logical precision. And, although the words of their Master are not thus irregularly uttered, but are weighed like fine gold, yet, even in His teaching, there is no detailed or organized system of morality; but the command only of that faith and love which were to embrace the whole being of man: "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Here and there an incidental warning against this or that more dangerous form of vice or error, "Take heed and beware of covetousness," "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees;" here and there a plain example of the meaning of Christian love, as in the parables of the Samaritan and the Prodigal, and His own perpetual example: these were the elements of Christ's constant teaching; for the Beatitudes,

which are the only approximation to anything like a systematic statement, belong to different conditions and characters of individual men, not to abstract virtues. And all early Christians taught in the same manner. They never cared to expound the nature of this or that virtue; for they knew that the believer who had Christ, had all. Did he need fortitude? Christ was his rock: Equity? Christ was his righteousness: Holiness? Christ was his sanctification: Liberty? Christ was his redemption: Temperance? Christ was his ruler: Wisdom? Christ was his light: Truthfulness? Christ was the truth: Charity: Christ was love.—*Ch. VIII.*

HOW CHRISTIANITY WAS CORRUPTED.

XLVI. Now, exactly in proportion as the Christian religion became less vital, and as the various corruptions which time and Satan brought into it were able to manifest themselves, the person and offices of Christ were less dwelt upon, and the virtues of Christians more. The Life of the Believer became in some degree separated from the Life of Christ; and his virtue, instead of being a stream flowing forth from the throne of God, and descending upon the earth, began to be regarded by him as a pyramid upon earth, which he had to build up, step by step, that from the top of it he might reach the Heavens. It was not possible to measure the waves of the water of life, but it was perfectly possible to measure the bricks of the Tower of Babel; and gradually, as the thoughts of men were withdrawn from their Redeemer, and fixed upon themselves, the virtues began to be squared, and counted, and classified, and put into separate heaps of firsts and seconds; some things being virtuous cardinally, and other things virtuous only north-north-west. It is very curious to put in close juxtaposition the words of the Apostles and of some of the writers of the fifteenth century touching sanctification. For instance, hear first St. Paul to the Thessalonians: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." And then the following part of a prayer which I translate from a MS. of the fifteenth century: "May He (the Holy Spirit) govern the five Senses of my body; may He cause me to embrace the Seven Works of Mercy, and firmly to believe and observe the Twelve Articles of the Faith and the Ten Commandments of the Law, and defend me from the Seven Mortal Sins, even to the end."—*Ch. VIII.*

THE STONES OF VENICE. VOL. III.

GOD REVEALED IN NATURE.

XLVII. As the other visible elements of the universe—its air, its water, and its flame—set forth, in their pure energies, the life-giv-

ing, purifying, and sanctifying influences of the Deity upon His creatures, so the earth, in its purity, sets forth His eternity and His TRUTH. . . .

As we would not wantonly pollute the fresh waters when they issue forth in their clear glory from the rock, nor stay the mountain winds into pestilential stagnancy, nor mock the sunbeams with artificial and ineffective light; so let us not by our own base and barren falsehoods, replace the crystalline strength and burning color of the earth from which we were born, and to which we must return; the earth which, like our own bodies, though dust in its degradation, is full of splendor when God's hand gathers its atoms; and which was for ever sanctified by Him, as the symbol no less of His love than of His truth, when He bade the high priest bear the names of the Children of Israel on the clear stones of the Breastplate of Judgment.—*Ch. I.*

FIRST PLACE TO RELIGION.

CI. Religion is, of all subjects, that which will least endure a second place in the heart or thoughts, and a languid and occasional study of it was sure to lead to error or infidelity. On the other hand, what was heartily admired and unceasingly contemplated was soon brought nigh to being believed; and the systems of Pagan mythology began gradually to assume the places in the human mind from which the unwatched Christianity was wasting. Men did not indeed openly sacrifice to Jupiter, or build silver shrines for Diana, but the ideas of Paganism nevertheless became thoroughly vital and present with them at all times; and it did not matter in the least, as far as respected the power of true religion, whether the Pagan image was believed in or not, so long as it entirely occupied the thoughts. The scholar of the sixteenth century, if he saw the lightning shining from the east unto the west, thought forthwith of Jupiter, not of the coming of the Son of Man; if he saw the moon walking in brightness, he thought of Diana, not of the throne which was to be established for ever as a faithful witness in heaven; and though his heart was but secretly enticed, yet thus he denied the God that is above.

And, indeed, this double creed, of Christianity confessed and Paganism beloved, was worse than Paganism itself, inasmuch as it refused effective and practical belief altogether. It would have been better to have worshipped Diana and Jupiter at once, than to have gone on through the whole of life naming one God, imagining another, and dreading none. Better, a thousandfold, to have been "a Pagan suckled in some creed outworn," than to have stood by the great sea of Eternity and seen no God walking on its waves, no heavenly world on its horizon.—*Ch. II.*

ART GREATER THAN SCIENCE.

VIII. Science deals exclusively with things as they are in themselves; and art exclusively with things as they affect the human senses and human soul. Her work is to portray the appearance of things, and to deepen the natural impressions which they produce upon living creatures. The work of science is to substitute facts for appearances, and demonstrations for impressions. Both, observe, are equally concerned with truth; the one with truth of aspect, the other with truth of essence. Art does not represent things falsely but truly as they appear to mankind. Science studies the relations of things to each other: but art studies only their relations to man; and it requires of everything which is submitted to it imperatively this, and only this,—what that thing is to the human eyes and human heart, what it has to say to men, and what it can become to them: a field of question just as much vaster than that of science, as the soul is larger than the material creation.—*Ch. II.*

THE SUN'S GREATNESS AND DISTANCE.

IX. Take a single instance. Science informs us that the sun is ninety-five millions of miles distant from, and 111 times broader than, the earth; that we and all the planets revolve round it; and that it revolves on its own axis in 25 days, 14 hours and 4 minutes. With all this, art has nothing whatsoever to do. It has no care to know anything of this kind. But the things which it does care to know, are these: that in the heavens God hath set a tabernacle for the sun, "which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."—*Ch. II.*

THE SCOPE OF TRUTH IN ART.

X. This, then, being the kind of truth with which art is exclusively concerned, how is such truth as this to be ascertained and accumulated? Evidently, and only, by perception and feeling. Never either by reasoning, or report. Nothing must come between Nature and the artist's sight; nothing between God and the artist's soul. Neither calculation nor hearsay,—be it the most subtle of calculations, or the wisest of sayings,—may be allowed to come between the universe, and the witness which art bears to its visible nature. The whole value of that witness depends on its being *eye*-witness; the whole genuineness, acceptableness, and dominion of it depend on the personal assurance of the man who utters it. All its victory depends on the veracity of the one preceding word, "Vidi."

THE FUNCTION OF THE ARTIST.

The whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing and feeling creature; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness, that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded, or fade from the book of record. It is not his business either to think, to judge, to argue, or to know. His place is neither in the closet, nor on the bench, nor at the bar, nor in the library. They are for other men and other work. He may think, in a by-way; reason, now and then, when he has nothing better to do; know, such fragments of knowledge as he can gather without stooping, or reach without pains; but none of these things are to be his care. The work of his life is to be two-fold only: to see, to feel.—*Ch. II.*

EVERY MAN FOR HIS WORK.

XI. God has made every man fit for his work; He has given to the man whom he means for a student, the reflective, logical, sequential faculties; and to the man whom He means for an artist, the perceptive, sensitive, retentive faculties. And neither of these men, so far from being able to do the other's work, can even comprehend the way in which it is done. The student has no understanding of the vision, nor the painter of the process; but chiefly the student has no idea of the colossal grasp of the true painter's vision and sensibility.—*Ch. II.*

WHAT GOD GIVES.

XII. The thoughtful man is gone far away to seek; but the perceiving man must sit still, and open his heart to receive. The thoughtful man is knitting and sharpening himself into a two-edged sword, wherewith to pierce. The perceiving man is stretching himself into a four-cornered sheet wherewith to catch. And all the breadth to which he can expand himself, and all the white emptiness into which he can blanch himself, will not be enough to receive what God has to give him.—*Ch. II.*

KNOWLEDGE AND CONTENTMENT.

XXIV. We talk of learned and ignorant men, as if there were a certain quantity of knowledge, which to possess was to be learned, and which not to possess was to be ignorant; instead of considering that knowledge is infinite, and that the man most learned in human estimation is just as far from knowing anything as he ought to know it, as the unlettered peasant. Men are merely on a lower or higher stage of an eminence, whose summit is God's throne, infinitely above all;

and there is just as much reason for the wisest as for the simplest man being discontented with his position, as respects the real quantity of knowledge he possesses. And, for both of them, the only true reasons for contentment with the sum of knowledge they possess are these: that it is the kind of knowledge they need for their duty and happiness in life; that all they have is tested and certain, so far as it is in their power; that all they have is well in order, and within reach when they need it; that it has not cost too much time in the getting; that none of it, once got, has been lost; and that there is not too much to be easily taken care of.—*Ch. II.*

ASSIMILATING KNOWLEDGE.

XXVI. With respect to knowledge, we are to reason and act exactly as with respect to food. We no more live to know, than we live to eat. We live to contemplate, enjoy, act, adore; and we may know all that is to be known in this world, and what Satan knows in the other, without being able to do any of these. We are to ask, therefore, first, is the knowledge we would have fit food for us, good and simple, not artificial and decorated? and secondly, how much of it will enable us best for our work; and will leave our hearts light, and our eyes clear? For no more than that is to be eaten without the old Eve-sin.—*Ch. II.*

LESSON FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

XXXI. The true and great sciences, more especially natural history, make men gentle and modest in proportion to the largeness of their apprehension, and just perception of the infiniteness of the things they can never know. And this, it seems to me, is the principal lesson we are intended to be taught by the book of Job; for there God has thrown open to us the heart of a man most just and holy, and apparently perfect in all things possible to human nature except humility. For this he is tried: and we are shown that no suffering, no self-examination, however honest, however stern, no searching out of the heart by its own bitterness, is enough to convince man of his nothingness before God: but that the sight of God's creation will do it. For, when the Deity himself has willed to end the temptation, and to accomplish in Job that for which it was sent, He does not vouchsafe to reason with him, still less does He overwhelm him with terror, or confound him by laying open before his eyes the book of his iniquities. He opens before him only the arch of the dayspring, and the fountains of the deep; and amidst the covert of the reeds, and on the heaving waves, He bids him watch the kings of the children of pride,—"Behold now Behemoth, which I made with thee:" And the work is done.—*Ch. II.*

PRIDE OF LIFE AND FEAR OF DEATH.

XLVI. Exactly in proportion as the pride of life became more insolent, the fear of death became more servile; and the difference in the manner in which the men of early and later days adorned the sepulchre, confesses a still greater difference in their manner of regarding death. To those he came as the comforter and the friend, rest in his right hand, hope in his left; to these as the humiliator, the spoiler, and the avenger. And, therefore, we find the early tombs at once simple and lovely in adornment, severe and solemn in their expression; confessing the power, and accepting the peace, of death, openly and joyfully; and in all their symbols marking that the hope of resurrection lay only in Christ's righteousness; signed always with this simple utterance of the dead, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety."—*Ch. II.*

THE NECESSITY AND FUNCTION OF LAW.

LXXXVII. Law, so far as it can be reduced to form and system, and is not written upon the heart,—as it is, in a Divine loyalty, upon the hearts of the great hierarchies who serve and wait about the throne of the Eternal Lawgiver,—this lower and formally expressible law has, I say, two objects. It is either for the definition and restraint of sin, or the guidance of simplicity; it either explains, forbids, and punishes wickedness, or it guides the movements and actions both of lifeless things and of the more simple and untaught among responsible agents. And so long, therefore, as sin and foolishness are in the world, so long it will be necessary for men to submit themselves painfully to this lower law, in proportion to their need of being corrected, and to the degree of childishness or simplicity by which they approach more nearly to the condition of the unthinking and inanimate things which are governed by law altogether; yet yielding, in the manner of their submission to it, a singular lesson to the pride of man,—being obedient more perfectly in proportion to their greatness. But, so far as men become good and wise, and rise above the state of children, so far they become emancipated from this written law, and invested with the perfect freedom which consists in the fulness and joyfulness of compliance with a higher and unwritten law; a law so universal, so subtle, so glorious, that nothing but the heart can keep it.—*Ch. II.*

PRIDE AND PHARISEEISM.

LXXXVIII. Now pride opposes itself to the observance of this Divine law in two opposite ways: either by brute resistance, which is the way of the rabble and its leaders, denying or defying law altogether; or by formal compliance, which is the way of the Pharisee, exalting himself while he pretends to obedience, and making void

the infinite and spiritual commandment by the finite and lettered commandment. And it is easy to know which law we are obeying: for any law which we magnify and keep through pride, is always the law of the letter; but that which we love and keep through humility, is the law of the Spirit: and the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.—*Ch. II.*

HOW CHRIST'S TEACHING WAS PERVERTED,—INFIDELITY.

XCIII. Year after year, as the history of the life of Christ sank back into the depths of time, and became obscured by the misty atmosphere of the history of the world,—as intermediate actions and incidents multiplied in number, and countless changes in men's modes of life, and tones of thought, rendered it more difficult for them to imagine the facts of distant time,—it became daily, almost hourly, a greater effort for the faithful heart to apprehend the entire veracity and vitality of the story of its Redeemer; and more easy for the thoughtless and remiss to deceive themselves as to the true character of the belief they had been taught to profess. And this must have been the case, had the pastors of the Church never failed in their watchfulness, and the Church itself never erred in its practice or doctrine. But when every year that removed the truths of the Gospel into deeper distance, added to them also some false or foolish tradition; when wilful distortion was added to natural obscurity, and the dimness of memory was disguised by the fruitfulness of fiction; when, moreover, the enormous temporal power granted to the clergy attracted into their ranks multitudes of men who, but for such temptation, would not have pretended to the Christian name, so that grievous wolves entered in among them, not sparing the flock; and when, by the machinations of such men, and the remissness of others, the form and administration of church doctrine and discipline had become little more than a means of aggrandizing the power of the priesthood, it was impossible any longer for men of thoughtfulness and piety to remain in an unquestioned serenity of faith.—*Ch. II.*

THE REFORMATION.—PROTESTANT AND ROMANIST ERRORS.

XCIV. The Protestant movement was, in reality, not re*formation* but re*animation*. It poured new life into the Church, but it did not form or define her anew. In some sort it rather broke down her hedges, so that all they who passed by might pluck off her grapes. The reformers speedily found that the enemy was never far behind the sower of good seed; that an evil spirit might enter the ranks of reformation as well as those of resistance; and that though the deadly blight might be checked amidst the wheat, there was no hope of ever ridding the wheat itself from the tares. New temptations were invented by Satan wherewith to oppose the revived strength of

Christianity: as the Romanist, confiding in his human teachers, had ceased to try whether they were teachers sent from God, so the Protestant, confiding in the teaching of the Spirit, believed every spirit, and did not try the spirits whether they were of God. And a thousand enthusiasms and heresies speedily obscured the faith and divided the forces of the Reformation.—*Ch. II.*

FORGETTING GOD AND PUNISHMENT.

XVIII. Throughout the whole of Scripture history, nothing is more remarkable than the close connection of punishment with the sin of vain-glory. Every other sin is occasionally permitted to remain, for lengthened periods, without definite chastisement; but the forgetfulness of God, and the claim of honor by man, as belonging to himself, are visited at once, whether in Hezekiah, Nebuchadnezzar, or Herod, with the most tremendous punishment.—*Ch. III.*

THE PROPER FUNCTION OF PLAY.

XXIV. It is a much more serious question than may be at first supposed; for a healthy manner of play is necessary in order to a healthy manner of work: and because the choice of our recreation is, in most cases, left to ourselves, while the nature of our work is generally fixed by necessity or authority, it may be well doubted whether more distressful consequences may not have resulted from mistaken choice in play than from mistaken direction in labor.—*Ch. III.*

EXERCISE IN PLAY.

XXV. We are only concerned, here, with that kind of play which causes laughter or implies recreation, not with that which consists in the excitement of the energies whether of body or mind. Muscular exertion is, indeed, in youth, one of the conditions of recreation; "but neither the violent bodily labor which children of all ages agree to call play," nor the grave excitement of the mental faculties in games of skill or chance, are in anywise connected with the state of feeling we have here to investigate, namely, that sportiveness which man possesses in common with many inferior creatures, but to which his higher faculties give nobler expression in the various manifestations of wit, humor, and fancy.

With respect to the manner in which this instinct of playfulness is indulged or repressed, mankind are broadly distinguishable into four classes: the men who play wisely; who play necessarily; who play inordinately; and who play not at all.—*Ch. III.*

WISDOM IN PLAY

XXVI. First: Those who play wisely. It is evident that the idea of any kind of play can only be associated with the idea of an

imperfect, childish, and fatigable nature. As far as men can raise that nature, so that it shall no longer be interested by trifles or exhausted by toils, they raise it above play; he whose heart is at once fixed upon heaven, and open to the earth, so as to apprehend the importance of heavenly doctrines, and the compass of human sorrow, will have little disposition for jest; and exactly in proportion to the breadth and depth of his character and intellect, will be, in general, the incapability of surprise, or exhuberant and sudden emotion, which must render play impossible. It is, however, evidently not intended that many men should even reach, far less pass their lives in, that solemn state of thoughtfulness, which brings them into the nearest brotherhood with their Divine Master; and the highest and healthiest state which is competent to ordinary humanity appears to be that which, accepting the necessity of recreation, and yielding to the impulses of natural delight springing out of health and innocence, does, indeed, condescend often to playfulness, but never without such deep love of God, of truth, and of humanity, as shall make even its slightest words reverent, its idlest fancies profitable, and its keenest satire indulgent. Wordsworth and Plato furnish us with, perhaps, the finest and highest examples of this playfulness: in the one case, unmixed with satire, the perfectly simple effusion of that spirit

> "Which gives to all the self-same bent,
> Whose life is wise, and innocent."
>
> —*Ch. III.*

NECESSARY PLAY.

XXVII. Secondly: The men who play necessarily. That highest species of playfulness, which we have just been considering, is evidently the condition of a mind, not only highly cultivated, but so habitually trained to intellectual labor that it can bring a considerable force of accurate thought into its moments even of recreation. This is not possible, unless so much repose of mind and heart are enjoyed, even at the periods of greatest exertion, that the rest required by the system is diffused over the whole life. To the majority of mankind, such a state is evidently unattainable. . . . .

This stretching of the mental limbs as their fetters fall away,—this leaping and dancing of the heart and intellect, when they are restored to the fresh air of heaven, yet half paralyzed by their captivity, and unable to turn themselves to any earnest purpose,—I call necessary play. It is impossible to exaggerate its importance, whether in polity, or in art.—*Ch. III.*

INORDINATE PLAY.

XXVIII. Thirdly: The men who play inordinately. The most perfect state of society which, consistently with due understanding of man's nature, it may be permitted us to conceive, would be

one in which the whole human race were divided, more or less distinctly, into workers and thinkers; that is to say, into the two classes, who only play wisely, or play necessarily. But the number and the toil of the working class are enormously increased, probably more than doubled, by the vices of the men who neither play wisely nor necessarily, but are enabled by circumstances, and permitted by their want of principle, to make amusement the object of their existence. There is not any moment of the lives of such men which is not injurious to others; both because they leave the work undone which was appointed for them, and because they necessarily think wrongly, whenever it becomes compulsory upon them to think at all. The greater portion of the misery of this world arises from the false opinions of men whose idleness has physically incapacitated them from forming true ones. Every duty which we omit obscures some truth which we should have known; and the guilt of a life spent in the pursuit of pleasure is twofold, partly consisting in the perversion of action, and partly in the dissemination of falsehood.—*Ch. III.*

THE SATIRICAL AND LACK OF REVERENCE.

XXIX. There is, however, a less criminal, though hardly less dangerous condition of mind; which, though not failing in its more urgent duties, fails in the finer conscientiousness which regulates the degree, and directs the choice, of amusement, at those times when amusement is allowable. The most frequent error in this respect is the want of reverence in approaching subjects of importance or sacredness, and of caution in the expression of thoughts which may encourage like irreverence in others: and these faults are apt to gain upon the mind until it becomes habitually more sensible to what is ludicrous and accidental, than to what is grave and essential, in any subject that is brought before it; or even, at last, desires to perceive or to know nothing but what may end in jest.—*Ch. III.*

THE TERROR OF A STORM.

XLI. Two great and principal passions are evidently appointed by the Deity to rule the life of man; namely, the love of God, and the fear of sin, and of its companion—Death. How many motives we have for Love, how much there is in the universe to kindle our admiration and to claim our gratitude, there are, happily, multitudes among us who both feel and teach. But it has not, I think, been sufficiently considered how evident, throughout the system of creation, is the purpose of God that we should often be affected by Fear; not the sudden, selfish, and contemptible fear of immediate danger, but the fear which arises out of the contemplation of great powers in destructive operation, and generally from the perception of the presence of death. . . . Consider, for instance, the moral

effect of a single thunderstorm. Perhaps two or three persons may be struck dead within the space of a hundred square miles; and their deaths, unaccompanied by the scenery of the storm, would produce little more than a momentary sadness in the busy hearts of living men. But the preparation for the Judgment by all that mighty gathering of clouds; by the questioning of the forest leaves, in their terrified stillness, which way the winds shall go forth; by the murmuring to each other, deep in the distance, of the destroying angels before they draw forth their swords of fire; by the march of the funeral darkness in the midst of the noon-day, and the rattling of the dome of heaven beneath the chariot-wheels of death; —on how many minds do not these produce an impression almost as great as the actual witnessing of the fatal issue! and how strangely are the expressions of the threatening elements fitted to the apprehension of the human soul!—*Ch. III.*

GOOD AND EVIL—HEAVEN AND HELL.

XLII. I understand not the most dangerous, because most attractive form of modern infidelity, which, pretending to exalt the beneficence of the Deity, degrades it into a reckless infinitude of mercy, and blind obliteration of the work of sin; and which does this chiefly by dwelling on the manifold appearances of God's kindness on the face of creation. Such kindness is indeed everywhere and always visible; but not alone. Wrath and threatening are invariably mingled with the love; and in the utmost solitudes of nature, the existence of Hell seems to me as legibly declared by a thousand spiritual utterances, as that of Heaven. It is well for us to dwell with thankfulness on the unfolding of the flower, and the falling of the dew, and the sleep of the green fields in the sunshine; but the blasted trunk, the barren rock, the moaning of the bleak winds, the roar of the black, perilous, merciless whirlpools of the mountain streams, the solemn solitudes of moors and seas, the continual fading of all beauty into darkness, and of all strength into dust, have these no language for us? . . .

The good succeeds to the evil as day succeeds the night, but so also the evil to the good. Gerizim and Ebal, birth and death, light and darkness, heaven and hell, divide the existence of man and his futurity.[1]—*Ch. III.*

EVIL CAN ONLY PRODUCE EVIL.

LV. The base workman cannot conceive anything but what is base; and there will be no loveliness in any part of his work, or, at the best, a loveliness measured by line and rule, and dependent on legal

[1] The Love of God is, however, always shown by the predominance, or greater sum, of good, in the end; but never by the annihilation of evil. The modern doubts of eternal punishment are not so much the consequence of benevolence as of feeble powers of reasoning. Every one admits that God brings finite good out of finite evil. Why not, therefore, infinite good out of infinite evil?

shapes of feature. But, without resorting to this test, and merely by examining the ugly grotesque itself, it will be found that, if it belongs to the base school, there will be, first, no Horror in it; secondly, no Nature in it; and, thirdly, no Mercy in it.

LVI. The base soul has no fear of sin, and no hatred of it: and, however it may strive to make its work terrible, there will be no genuineness in the fear; the utmost it can do will be to make its work disgusting.—*Ch. III.*

COOPERATION WITH THE DIVINE.

II. Not long ago, it was said to me by one of the masters of modern science: "When men invented the locomotive, the child was learning to go; when they invented the telegraph, it was learning to speak." He looked forward to the manhood of mankind, as assuredly the nobler in proportion to the slowness of its development. What might not be expected from the prime and middle strength of the order of existence whose infancy had lasted six thousand years? And, indeed, I think this the truest, as well as the most cheering, view that we can take of the world's history. Little progress has been made as yet. Base war, lying policy, thoughtless cruelty, senseless improvidence,—all things which in nations, are analogous to the petulance, cunning, impatience and carelessness of infancy, have been, up to this hour, as characteristic of mankind as they were in the earliest periods; so that we must either be driven to doubt of human progress at all, or look upon it as in its very earliest stage.—*Ch. IV.*

BODY AND SOUL RISE OR FALL TOGETHER.

VII. I do not mean to speak of the body and soul as separable. The man is made up of both: they are to be raised and glorified together, and all art is an expression of the one, by and through the other. All that I would insist upon is, the necessity of the whole man being in his work; the body *must* be in it. Hands and habits must be in it, whether we will or not; but the nobler part of the man may often not be in it. And that nobler part acts principally in love, reverence, and admiration, together with those conditions of thought which arise out of them. For we usually fall into much error by considering the intellectual powers as having dignity in themselves, and separable from the heart; whereas the truth is, that the intellect becomes noble and ignoble according to the food we give it, and the kind of subjects with which it is conversant. It is not the reasoning power which, of itself, is noble, but the reasoning power occupied with its proper objects. Half of the mistakes of metaphysicians have arisen from their not observing this; namely, that the intellect, going through the same processes, is yet mean or noble according to the matter it deals with, and wastes itself away in mere rotatory motion, if it be set to grind straws and dust.—*Ch. IV.*

IV

LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE AND PAINTING.

ONE VOL. (1854.)

The four lectures which constitute this volume of 126 pages were delivered in Edinburgh in the year 1853 and published in the year following, "as far as possible just as they were delivered." The lectures as a whole, are a splendid example of that rare gift of Ruskin's, which made the driest and most technical of subjects attractive, alike to the scholar and the unlearned. Many beautiful spiritual lessons are taught and Scripture references are frequent.

The third lecture is devoted to a favorite subject of Ruskin's, "Turner and His Works," closing with a very pathetic and eloquent reference to that great artist's death.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY IN THE POINTED ARCH.

8. Not the most beautiful because it is the strongest; but most beautiful, because its form is one of those which, as we know by its frequent occurrence in the work of nature around us, has been appointed by the Deity to be an everlasting source of pleasure to the human mind.

Gather a branch from any of the trees or flowers to which the earth owes its principal beauty. You will find that every one of its leaves is terminated, more or less, in the form of the pointed arch; and to that form owes its grace and character. . . . Nature abhors equality, and similitude, just as much as foolish men love them. You will find that the ends of the shoots of the ash are composed of four green stalks bearing leaves, springing in the form of a cross, if seen from above, and at first you will suppose the four arms of the cross are equal. But look more closely, and you will find that two opposite arms or stalks have only five leaves each, and the other two have seven, or else, two have seven, and the other two nine; but always one pair of stalks has two leaves more than the other pair. Sometimes the tree gets a little puzzled, and forgets which is to be the longest stalk, and begins with a stem for seven leaves where it should have nine, and then recollects itself at the last minute, and puts on another leaf in a great hurry, and so produces a stalk with eight leaves; but all this care it takes merely to keep itself out of equalities; and all its grace and power of pleasing are owing to its doing so.—*Lect. I.*

COLOR AS A SOURCE OF PLEASURE.

10. You find that custom has indeed no real influence upon our feelings of the beautiful, except in dulling and checking them; that is to say, it will and does, as we advance in years, deaden in some degree our enjoyment of all beauty, but it in no wise influences our determination of what is beautiful and what is not. You see the broad blue sky every day over your heads; but you do not for that reason determine blue to be less or more beautiful than you did at first; you are unaccustomed to see stones as blue as the sapphire, but you do not for that reason think the sapphire less beautiful than other stones. The blue colour is everlastingly appointed by the Deity to be a source of delight; and whether seen perpetually over your head, or crystallised once in a thousand years into a single and incomparable stone, your acknowledgment of its beauty is equally natural, simple, and instantaneous.—*Lect. I.*

UGLINESS AND SIN:—TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

11. I may state what I believe to be the truth, that beauty has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the human soul is continually sustained; it is therefore to be found more or less in all natural objects, but in order that we may not satiate ourselves with it, and weary of it, it is rarely granted to us in its utmost degrees. When we see it in those utmost degrees, we are attracted to it strongly, and remember it long, as in the case of singularly beautiful scenery, or a beautiful countenance. On the other hand, absolute ugliness is admitted as rarely as perfect beauty; but degrees of it more or less distinct are associated with whatever has the nature of death and sin, just as beauty is associated with what has the nature of virtue and of life.—*Lect. I.*

THE TOWERS OF THE BIBLE.

19. Look through your Bibles only, and collect the various expressions with reference to tower-building there, and you will have a very complete idea of the spirit in which it is for the most part undertaken. You begin with that of Babel; then you remember Gideon beating down the Tower of Penuel, in order more completely to humble the pride of the men of the city; you remember the defence of the tower of Shechem against Abimelech, and the death of Abimelech by the casting of a stone from it by a woman's hand; you recollect the husbandman building a tower in his vineyard, and the beautiful expressions in Solomon's Song—"The Tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus;" "I am a wall, and my breasts like towers;"—you recollect the Psalmist's expressions of love and delight, "Go ye round about Jerusalem; tell the towers thereof: mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following." You see in all these cases how com-

pletely the tower is a subject of human pride, or delight, or defence, not in anywise associated with religious sentiment; the towers of Jerusalem being named in the same sentence, not with her temple, but with her bulwarks and palaces. And thus, when the tower is in reality connected with a place of worship, it was generally done to add to its magnificence, but not to add to its religious expression. —*Lect. I.*

BUILD FOR YOUR COMFORT AND ALSO FOR THE WAYFARER.

25. The next house you build, insist upon having the pure old Gothic porch, walled in on both sides, with its pointed arch entrance and gable roof above. Under that, you can put down your umbrella at your leisure, and, if you will, stop a moment to talk with your friend as you give him the parting shake of the hand. And if now and then a wayfarer found a moment's rest on a stone seat on each side of it, I believe you would find the insides of your houses not one whit the less comfortable; and, if you answer me, that were such refuges built in the open streets, they would become mere nests of filthy vagrants, I reply that I do not despair of such a change in the administration of the poor laws of this country, as shall no longer leave any of our fellow-creatures in a state in which they would pollute the steps of our houses by resting upon them for a night. But if not, the command to all of us is strict and straight, "When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to *thy house*." Not to the workhouse, observe, but to *thy* house:[1] and I say it would be better a thousandfold, that our doors should be beset by the poor day by day, than that it should be written of any one of us, "They reap every one his corn in the field, and they gather the vintage of the wicked. They cause the naked to lodge without shelter, that they have no covering in the cold. They are wet with the showers of the mountains, and embrace the rock, for want of a shelter."[2]—*Lect. I.*

EVERYTHING IN THE BIBLE.—IRON ARCHITECTURE.

28. I am speaking to a company of philosophers, but not philosophers of the kind who suppose that the Bible is a superannuated book; neither are you of those who think the Bible is dishonoured by being referred to for judgment in small matters. The very divinity of the Book seems to me, on the contrary, to justify us in referring *every* thing to it, with respect to which any conclusion can be gathered from its pages. Assuming then that the Bible is neither superannuated now, nor ever likely to be so, it will follow that the illustrations which the Bible employs are likely to be *clear and intelligible illustrations* to the end of time. I do not mean that every

[1] Isai. lviii. 7.
[2] Job xxiv. 6-8.

thing spoken of in the Bible histories must continue to endure for all time, but that the things which the Bible uses for illustration of eternal truths are likely to remain eternally intelligible illustrations. Now I find that iron architecture is indeed spoken of in the Bible. You know how it is said to Jeremiah, "Behold, I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls, against the whole land."—*Lect. I.*

ROMANCE.

32. This feeling which you are accustomed to despise—this secret and poetical enthusiasm in all your hearts, which, as practical men, you try to restrain—is indeed one of the holiest parts of your being. It is the instinctive delight in, and admiration for, sublimity, beauty, and virtue, unusually manifested. And so far from being a dangerous guide, it is the truest part of your being. It is even truer than your consciences. A man's conscience may be utterly perverted and led astray; but so long as the feelings of romance endure within us, they are unerring—they are as ture to what is right and lovely as the needle to the north; and all that you have to do is to add to the enthusiastic sentiment, the majestic judgment—to mingle prudence and foresight with imagination and admiration, and you have the perfect human soul. But the great evil of these days is that we try to destroy the romantic feeling, instead of bridling and directing it. Mark what Young says of the men of the world:

> "They, who think nought so strong of the romance,
> So rank knight-errant, as a real friend."

And they are right. True friendship is romantic, to the men of the world—true affection is romantic—true religion is romantic; and if you were to ask me who of all powerful and popular writers in the cause of error had wrought most harm to their race, I should hesitate in reply whether to name Voltaire or Byron, or the last most ingenious and most venomous of the degraded philosophers of Germany, or rather Cervantes, for he cast scorn upon the holiest principles of humanity—he, of all men, most helped forward the terrible change in the soldiers of Europe, from the spirit of Bayard to the spirit of Bonaparte, helped to change loyalty into license, protection into plunder, truth into treachery, chivalry into selfishness; and since his time, the purest impulses and the noblest purposes have perhaps been oftener stayed by the devil, under the name of Quixotism, than under any other base name or false allegation. —*Lect. II.*

DOING GOOD AND UTOPIANISM.

33. Quixotism, or Utopianism: that is another of the devil's pet words. I believe the quiet admission which we are all of us so ready to make, that, because things have long been wrong, it is impossible they should ever be right, is one of the most fatal sources of misery

and crime from which this world suffers. Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well, on the ground that perfection is "Utopian," beware of that man. Cast the word out of your dictionary altogether. There is no need for it. Things are either possible or impossible—you can easily determine which, in any given state of human science. If the thing is impossible, you need not trouble yourselves about it; if possible, try for it. It is very Utopian to hope for the entire doing away with drunkenness and misery out of the Canongate; but the Utopianism is not our business—the *work* is. It is Utopian to hope to give every child in this kingdom the knowledge of God from its youth; but the Utopianism is not our business—the *work* is.—*Lect. II.*

THE MORAL PRINCIPLE IN SPENDING MONEY.

45. You know how often it is difficult to be wisely charitable, to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written, not "blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor," but, "blessed is he that *considereth* the poor." And you know that a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

Now this charity of thought is not merely to be exercised towards the poor; it is to be exercised towards all men. . . . It is impossible to spend the smallest sum of money, for any not absolutely necessary purpose, without a grave responsibility attaching to the manner of spending it. The object we ourselves covet may, indeed, be desirable and harmless, so far as we are concerned, but the providing us with it may, perhaps, be a very prejudicial occupation to some one else. And then it becomes instantly a moral question, whether we are to indulge ourselves or not. Whatever we wish to buy, we ought first to consider not only if the thing be fit for us, but if the manufacture of it be a wholesome and happy one; and if, on the whole, the sum we are going to spend will do as much good spent in this way as it would if spent in any other way. It may be said that we have not time to consider all this before we make a purchase. But no time could be spent in a more important duty; and God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it. Let us, however, only acknowledge the principle;—once make up your mind to allow the consideration of the *effect* of your purchases to regulate the *kind* of your purchase, and you will soon easily find grounds enough to decide upon. The plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities. It is written, "If thou sayest, Behold we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it?"—*Lect. II.*

THE INFLUENCE OF BUYING THINGS.

46. Enormous sums are spent annually in what is called patronage of art, but in what is for the most part merely buying what strikes our fancies. True and judicious patronage there is indeed; many a work of art is bought by those who do not care for its possession, to assist the struggling artist, or relieve the unsuccessful one. But for the most part, I fear we are too much in the habit of buying simply what we like best, wholly irrespective of any good to be done, either to the artist or to the schools of the country. By the purchase of every print which hangs on your walls, of every cup out of which you drink, and every table off which you eat your bread, you are educating a mass of men in one way or another. You are either employing them healthily or unwholesomely; you are making them lead happy or unhappy lives; you are leading them to look at nature, and to love her—to think, to feel, to enjoy—or you are blinding them to nature and keeping them bound, like beasts of burden, in mechanical and monotonous employments. We shall all be asked one day, why we did not think more of this.—*Lect. II.*

MUTUAL GOOD IN CARE OF THE STREETS.

49. It is a law of God and of nature, that your pleasures—as your virtues—shall be enhanced by mutual aid. As, by joining hand in hand, you can sustain each other best, so, hand in hand, you can delight each other best. And there is indeed a charm and sacredness in street architecture which must be wanting even to that of the temple: it is a little thing for men to unite in the forms of a religious service, but it is much for them to unite, like true brethren, in the arts and offices of their daily lives.—*Lect. II.*

CHOICE OF A PERMANENT HOME.

50. It is a subject for serious thought, whether it might not be better for many of us, if, on attaining a certain position in life, we determined, with God's permission, to choose a home in which to live and die,—a home not to be increased by adding stone to stone and field to field, but which, being enough for all our wishes at that period, we should resolve to be satisfied with for ever. Consider this; and also, whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honour from our descendants than our ancestors; thinking it better to be nobly remembered than nobly born; and striving so to live, that our sons, and our sons' sons, for ages to come, might still lead their children reverently to the doors out of which we had been carried to the grave, saying, "Look: This was his house: This was his chamber."—*Lect. II.*

THE BIBLE DELIGHTS IN NATURAL IMAGERY.

79. You find, that the language of the Bible is specifically distinguished from all other early literature, by its delight in natural imagery; and that the dealings of God with his people are calculated peculiarly to awaken this sensibility within them. Out of the monotonous valley of Egypt they are instantly taken into the midst of the mightiest mountain scenery in the peninsula of Arabia; and that scenery is associated in their minds with the immediate manifestation and presence of the Divine Power; so that mountains for ever afterwards become invested with a peculiar sacredness in their minds; while their descendants being placed in what was then one of the loveliest districts upon the earth, full of glorious vegetation, bounded on one side by the sea, on the north by "that goodly mountain" Lebanon, on the south and east by deserts, whose barrenness enhanced by their contrast the sense of the perfection of beauty in their own land, they became, by these means, and by the touch of God's own hand upon their hearts, sensible to the appeal of natural scenery in a way in which no other people were at the time; and their literature is full of expressions, not only testifying a vivid sense of the power of nature over man, but showing that *sympathy with natural things themselves,* as if they had human souls, which is the especial characteristic of true love of the works of God. . . . "Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since *thou* art gone down to the grave, no feller is come up against us." See what sympathy there is here, as if with the very hearts of the trees themselves. So also in the words of Christ, in his personification of the lilies: "They toil not, neither do they spin." Consider such expressions as "The sea saw that, and fled, Jordan was driven back. The mountains skipped like rams; and the little hills like lambs." Try to find anything in profane writing like this; and note farther that the whole book of Job appears to have been chiefly written and placed in the inspired volume in order to show the value of natural history, and its power on the human heart. I cannot pass by it without pointing out the evidences of the beauty of the country that Job inhabited.

Observe, first, it was an arable country. "The oxen were ploughing, and the asses feeding beside them." It was a pastoral country: his substance, besides camels and asses, was 7,000 sheep. It was a mountain country, fed by streams descending from the high snows. "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away; which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid: What time they wax warm they vanish: when it is hot they are consumed out of their place." Again: "If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean." Again: "Drought and heat consume the snow waters." It was a rocky country, with forests and verdure rooted in

the rocks. "His branch shooteth forth in his garden; his roots are wrapped about the heap, and seeth the place of stones." Again: "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field." It was a place visited, like the valleys of Switzerland, by convulsions and falls of mountains. "Surely the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place." "The waters wear the stones: thou washest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth." "He removeth the mountains and they know not: he overturneth them in his anger." "He putteth forth his hand upon the rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots: he cutteth out rivers among the rocks." I have not time to go farther into this; but you see Job's country was one like your own, full of pleasant brooks and rivers, rushing among the rocks, and of all other sweet and noble elements of landscape. The magnificent allusions to natural scenery throughout the book are therefore calculated to touch the heart to the end of time.—*Lect. III.*

CHRIST IN NATURAL SCENERY.

80. At the central point of Jewish prosperity, you have the first great naturalist the world ever saw, Solomon. The books of the Old Testament, as distinguished from all other early writings, are thus prepared for an everlasting influence over humanity; and, finally, Christ himself, setting the concluding example to the conduct and thoughts of men, spends nearly his whole life in the fields, the mountains, or the small country villages of Judea; and in the very closing scenes of his life, will not so much as sleep within the walls of Jerusalem, but rests at the little village of Bethphage, walking in the morning, and returning in the evening, through the peaceful avenues of the mount of Olives, to and from his work of teaching in the temple.

81. It would thus naturally follow, from the general tone and teaching of the Scriptures, and from the example of our Lord himself, that wherever Christianity was preached and accepted, there would be an immediate interest awakened in the works of God, as seen in the natural world; and, accordingly, this is the second universal and distinctive character of Christian art, as distinguished from all pagan work, the first being a peculiar spirituality in its conception of the human form, preferring holiness of expression and strength of character, to beauty of features or of body, and the second, as I say, its intense fondness for natural objects—animals, leaves and flowers,—inducing an immediate transformation of the cold and lifeless pagan ornamentation into vivid imagery of nature. Of course this manifestation of feeling was at first checked by the circumstances under which the Christian religion was disseminated. The art of the first three centuries is entirely subordinate,—restrained partly by persecution, partly by a high spirituality, which

cared much more about preaching than painting; and then when, under Constantine, Christianity became the religion of the Roman empire, myriads of persons gave the aid of their wealth and of their art to the new religion, who were Christians in nothing but the name, and who decorated a Christian temple just as they would have decorated a pagan one, merely because the new religion had become Imperial. Then, just as the new art was beginning to assume a distinctive form, down came the northern barbarians upon it; and all their superstitions had to be leavened with it, and all their hard hands and hearts softened by it, before their art could appear in anything like a characteristic form. The warfare in which Europe was perpetually plunged retarded this development for ages; but it steadily and gradually prevailed, working from the eighth to the eleventh century like a seed in the ground, showing little signs of life, but still, if carefully examined, changing essentially every day and every hour: at last, in the twelfth century, the blade appears above the black earth; in the thirteenth, the plant is in full leaf.—*Lect. III.*

WHY CHRISTIAN AND INFIDEL BOTH LOVE NATURE.

93. You will ask me—and you will ask me most reasonably—how this love of nature in modern days can be connected with Christianity, seeing it is as strong in the infidel Shelley as in the sacred Wordsworth. Yes, and it is found in far worse men than Shelley. Shelley was an honest unbeliever, and a man of warm affections; but this new love of nature is found in the most reckless and unprincipled of the French novelists,—in Eugene Sue, in Dumas, in George Sand,—and that intensely. How is this? Simply because the feeling is reactionary; and, in this phase of it, common to the diseased mind as well as to the healthy one. A man dying in the fever of intemperance will cry out for water and that with a bitterer thirst than a man whose healthy frame naturally delights in the mountain spring more than in the wine cup. The water is not dishonoured by the thirst of the diseased, nor is nature dishonoured by the love of the unworthy. That love is, perhaps, the only saving element in their minds; and it still remains an indisputable truth that the love of nature is a characteristic of the Christian heart, just as the hunger for healthy food is characteristic of the healthy frame.—*Lect. III.*

CLOSE OF A GREAT LIFE.—TURNER.

106. I have told you what Turner was. You have often heard what to most people he appeared to be. Imagine what it was for a man to live seventy years in this hard world, with the kindest heart and the noblest intellect of his time, and never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy, until he felt himself sinking into the grave.

From the time he knew his true greatness all the world was turned against him: he held his own; but it could not be without roughness of bearing, and hardening of the temper, if not of the heart. No one understood him, no one trusted him, and every one cried out against him. Imagine, any of you, the effect upon your own minds, if every voice that you heard from the human beings around you were raised, year after year, through all your lives, only in condemnation of your efforts, and denial of your success. This may be borne, and borne easily, by men who have fixed religious principles, or supporting domestic ties. But Turner had no one to teach him in his youth, and no one to love him in his old age. Respect and affection, if they came at all, came unbelieved, or came too late. Naturally irritable, though kind,—naturally suspicious, though generous,—the gold gradually became dim, and the most fine gold changed, or, if not changed, overcast and clouded. The deep heart was still beating, but it was beneath a dark and melancholy mail between whose joints, however, sometimes the slighest arrows found entrance, and power of giving pain. He received no consolation in his last years, nor in his death. Cut off in great part from all society,—first, by labour, and at last by sickness,—hunted to his grave by the malignities of small critics, and the jealousies of hopeless rivalry, he died in the house of a stranger,—one companion of his life, and one only, staying with him to the last. The window of his death-chamber was turned towards the west, and the *sun* shone upon his face in its setting and rested there, as he expired.—*Lect. III.*

ANCIENT ART RELIGIOUS—MODERN ART PROFANE.

120. This is the great and broad fact which distinguishes modern art from old art; that all ancient art was *religious,* and all modern art is *profane.* Once more, your patience for an instant. I say, all ancient art was religious; that is to say, religion was its first object; private luxury or pleasure its second. I say, all modern art is profane; that is, private luxury or pleasure is its first object; religion its second. Now you all know, that anything which makes religion its second object, makes religion *no* object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing he will *not* put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers him no place. And there is another mighty truth which you all know, that he who makes religion his first object, makes it his whole object: he has no other work in the world than God's work. Therefore I do not say that ancient art was *more* religious than modern art. There is no question of degree in this matter. Ancient art was religious art; modern art is profane art; and between the two the distinction is as firm as between light and darkness.—*Lect. IV.*

HOW RAPHAEL MARKED THE DECLINE OF ART.

125. So justly have the Pre-Raphaelites chosen their time and name, that the great change which clouds the career of mediæval art was affected, not only in Raphael's time, but by Raphael's own practice, and by his practice in *the very centre of his available life.*

You remember, doubtless, what high ground we have for placing the beginning of human intellectual strength at about the age of twelve years.[1] Assume, therefore, this period for the beginning of Raphael's strength. He died at thirty-seven. And in his twenty-fifth year, one half-year only passed the precise centre of his available life, he was sent for to Rome, to decorate the Vatican for Pope Julius II., and having until that time worked exclusively in the ancient and stern mediæval manner, he, in the first chamber which he decorated in that palace, wrote upon its wall the *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,* of the Arts of Christianity.

And he wrote it thus: On one wall of that chamber he placed a picture of the World or Kingdom of *Theology,* presided over by *Christ.* And on the side wall of that same chamber he placed the World or Kingdom of *Poetry,* presided over by *Apollo.* And from that spot and from that hour, the intellect and the art of Italy date their degradation.

126. Observe the significance of this fact is not in the mere use of the figure of the heathen god to indicate the domain of poetry. Such a symbolical use had been made of the figures of heathen deities in the best times of Christian art. But it is in the fact, that being called to Rome especially to adorn the palace of the so-called head of the church, and called as the chief representative of the Christian artists of his time, Raphael had neither religion nor originality enough to trace the spirit of poetry and the spirit of philosophy to the inspiration of the true God, as well as that of theology; but that, on the contrary, *he elevated the creations of fancy on the one wall, to the same rank as the object of faith upon the other;* that in deliberate, balanced, opposition to the Rock of the Mount Zion, he reared the rock of Parnassus, and the rock of the Acropolis; that, among the masters of poetry we find him enthroning Petrarch and Pindar, but not Isaiah nor David, and for lords over the domain of philosophy we find the masters of the school of Athens, but neither of those greater masters by the last of whom that school was rebuked,—those who received their wisdom from heaven itself, in the vision of Gibeon,[2] and the lightning of Damascus.

127. The doom of the arts of Europe went from that chamber, and it was brought about in great part by the very excellencies of the man who had thus marked the commencement of decline. The perfection of execution and the beauty of feature which were at-

[1] Luke ii. 42, 49.
[2] 1 Kings, iii. 5.

tained in his works, and in those of his great contemporaries, rendered finish of execution and beauty of form the chief objects of all artists; and thenceforward execution was looked for rather than thought, and beauty rather than veracity.

And as I told you, these are the two secondary causes of the decline of art; the first being the loss of moral purpose. Pray note them clearly. In mediæval art, thought is the first thing, execution the second; in modern art execution is the first thing, and thought the second. And again, in mediæval art, truth is first, beauty second; in modern art beauty is first, truth second. The mediæval principles led *up* to Raphael, and the modern principles lead *down* from him.—*Lect. IV.*

DESPISE NOT OUR YOUTH.

142. It is woeful, when the young usurp the place, or despise the wisdom, of the aged; and among the many dark signs of these times, the disobedience and insolence of youth are among the darkest. But with whom is the fault? Youth never yet lost its modesty where age had not lost its honour; nor did childhood ever refuse its reverence, except where age had forgotten correction. The cry, "Go up thou bald head," will never be heard in the land which remembers the precept, "See that ye despise not one of these little ones;" and although indeed youth *may* become despisable, when its eager hope is changed into presumption, and its progressive power into arrested pride, there is something more despicable still, in the old age which has learned neither judgment nor gentleness, which is weak without charity, and cold without discretion.—*Addenda to Lect. IV.*

V

THE TWO PATHS.

ONE VOL. FIVE LECTURES. (1858-9.)

The subjects of these five lectures are, respectively, as follows:

I. The Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art.
II. The Unity of Art.
III. Modern Manufacture and Design.
IV. The Influence of Imagination in Architecture.
V. The Work of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy.

Mr. Ruskin says that "though spoken at different times" they are "intentionally connected in subject." They possess the advantage, for the average reader, of a popular style and language, and are brimful of instruction and interest to whoever will receive them.

The following selections are by no means all that we are tempted to give, but they must serve our purpose in this volume.

MORAL QUALITIES IN ART.

36. Depend upon it, the first universal characteristic of all great art is Tenderness, as the second is Truth. I find this more and more every day: an infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all the truly great men. It is sure to involve a relative intensity of disdain towards base things, and an appearance of sternness and arrogance in the eyes of all hard, stupid, and vulgar people—quite terrific to such, if they are capable of terror, and hateful to them, if they are capable of nothing higher than hatred. Dante's is the great type of this class of mind. I say the *first* inheritance is Tenderness—the *second* Truth, because the Tenderness is in the make of the creature, the Truth in his acquired habits and knowledge; besides, the love comes first in dignity as well as in time, and that is always pure and complete: the truth, at best, imperfect.—*Lect. I.*

ART IS LIFE.

45. Great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life; for, as the ignoble person, in his dealings with all that occurs in the world about him, first sees nothing clearly,—looks nothing fairly in

the face, and then allows himself to be swept away by the trampling torrent, and unescapable force, of the things that he would not foresee, and could not understand: so the noble person, looking the facts of the world full in the face, and fathoming them with deep faculty, then deals with them in unalarmed intelligence and unhurried strength, and becomes, with his human intellect and will, no unconscious nor insignificant agent, in consummating their good, and restraining their evil.

46. Thus in human life you have the two fields of rightful toil for ever distinguished, yet for ever associated; Truth first—plan or design, founded thereon; so in art, you have the same two fields for ever distinguished, for ever associated; Truth first—plan, or design, founded thereon.—*Lect. I.*

PURPOSE AND MOTIVE DETERMINES OUR VALUE.

49. You have the trial of yourselves in your own power; each may undergo at this instant, before his own judgment seat, the ordeal by fire. Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask you what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support—parents to help—brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and pre-eminent motives, to press the morning's labour and prompt the twilight thought. But when you are fairly *at* the work, what is the motive then which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents —if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that move you, then the Spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fulness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth,—it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune, that you desire;—but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live.

50. Make your choice, boldly and consciously, for one way or other it *must* be made. On the dark and dangerous side are set, the pride which delights in self-contemplation—the indolence which rests in unquestioned forms—the ignorance that despises what is fairest among God's creatures, and the dulness that denies what is marvellous in His working: there is a life of monotony for your own souls, and of misguiding for those of others. And, on the other side, is open to your choice the life of the crowned spirit, moving as a

light in creation—discovering always—illuminating always, gaining every hour in strength, yet bowed down every hour into deeper humility; sure of being right in its aim, sure of being irresistible in its progress; happy in what it has securely done—happier in what, day by day, it may as securely hope; happiest at the close of life, when the right hand begins to forget its cunning, to remember, that there never was a touch of the chisel or the pencil it wielded, but has added to the knowledge and quickened the happiness of mankind.—*Lect. I.*

HOW ARTISTS ARE MADE.

86. I could as soon tell you how to make or manufacture an ear of wheat, as to make a good artist of any kind. I can analyze the wheat very learnedly for you—tell you there is starch in it, and carbon, and silex. I can give you starch, and charcoal, and flint; but you are as far from your ear of wheat as you were before. All that can possibly be done for any one who wants ears of wheat is to show them where to find grains of wheat, and how to sow them, and then, with patience, in Heaven's time, the ears will come—or will perhaps come—ground and weather permitting. So in this matter of making artists—first you must find your artist in the grain; then you must plant him; fence and weed the field about him; and with patience, ground and weather permitting, vou may get an artist out of him—not otherwise.—*Lect. III.*

RIGHT THINGS COME OF RIGHT INFLUENCES.

92. Design is not the offspring of idle fancy: it is the studied result of accumulative observation and delightful habit. Without observation and experience, no design—without peace and pleasurableness in occupation, no design—and all the lecturings, and teachings, and prizes, and principles of art, in the world, are of no use, so long as you don't surround your men with happy influences and beautiful things. It is impossible for them to have right ideas about colour, unless they see the lovely colours of nature unspoiled; impossible for them to supply beautiful incident and action in their ornament, unless they see beautiful incident and action in the world about them. Inform their minds, refine their habits, and you form and refine their designs; but keep them illiterate, uncomfortable, and in the midst of unbeautiful things, and whatever they do will still be spurious, vulgar, and valueless.—*Lect. III.*

LIMBS OF THE MIND.

110. May we not accept this principle—that, as our bodies, to be in health, must be *generally* exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be *generally* cultivated? You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms but was paralytic in his feet; nor one who

could walk well, but had no use of his hands; nor one who could see well, if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now, your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses—limbs of mind as it were, which, if you don't exercise, you cripple. One is curiosity; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing; which if you destroy, you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is sympathy; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which if you destroy, you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit; or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth; which if you destroy, you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that in choosing your way of work it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties, as far as they exist in you; not one merely, nor another, but all of them. And the way to bring them out, is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subjects of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.—*Lect. IV.*

EVERYTHING WAITS FOR THE ARTIST.

131. From visions of angels, to the least important gesture of a child at play, whatever may be conceived of Divine, or beheld of Human, may be dared or adopted by you: throughout the kingdom of animal life, no creature is so vast, or so minute, that you cannot deal with it, or bring it into service; the lion and the crocodile will crouch about your shafts; the moth and the bee will sun themselves upon your flowers; for you, the fawn will leap; for you, the snail be slow; for you, the dove smooth her bosom; and the hawk spread her wings toward the south. All the wide world of vegetation blooms and bends for you; the leaves tremble that you may bid them be still under the marble snow; the thorn and the thistle, which the earth casts forth as evil, are to you the kindliest servants; no dying petal, nor drooping tendril, is so feeble as to have no more help for you; no robed pride of blossom so kingly, but it will lay aside its purple to receive at your hands the pale immortality. Is there anything in common life too mean,—in common things too trivial,—to be ennobled by your touch? As there is nothing in life, so there is nothing in lifelessness which has not its lesson for you, or its gift; and when you are tired of watching the strength of the plume, and the tenderness of the leaf, you may walk down to your rough river shore, or into the thickest markets of your thor-

oughfares, and there is not a piece of torn cable that will not twine into a perfect moulding; there is not a fragment of cast-away matting, or shattered basket-work, that will not work into a chequer or capital. Yes: and if you gather up the very sand, and break the stone on which you tread, among its fragments of all but invisible shells you will find forms that will take their place, and that proudly, among the starred traceries of your vaulting; and you, who can crown the mountain with its fortress, and the city with its towers, are thus able also to give beauty to ashes, and worthiness to dust.—*Lect. IV.*

MORAL UNITY OF SYMPATHY IN ART.

132. Don't fancy that you will lower yourselves by sympathy with lower creatures; you cannot sympathize rightly with the higher, unless you do with those: but you have to sympathize with the higher, too—with queens, and kings, and martyrs, and angels. Yes, and above all, and more than all, with simple humanity in all its needs and ways, for there is not one hurried face that passes you in the street that will not be impressive, if you can only fathom it. All history is open to you, all high thoughts and dreams that the past fortunes of men can suggest, all fairy land is open to you—no vision that ever haunted forest, or gleamed over hill-side, but calls you to understand how it came into men's hearts, and may still touch them; and all Paradise is open to you—yes, and the work of Paradise; for in bringing all this, in perpetual and attractive truth, before the eyes of your fellow-men, you have to join in the employment of the angels, as well as to imagine their companies.—*Lect. IV.*

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

135. Men of strong passions and imaginations must care a great deal for anything they care for at all; but the whole question is one of first or second. Does your art lead you, or your gain lead you? You may like making money exceedingly; but if it come to a fair question, whether you are to make five hundred pounds less by this business, or to spoil your building, and you choose to spoil your building, there's an end of you. So you may be as thirsty for fame as a cricket is for cream; but, if it come to a fair question, whether you are to please the mob, or do the thing as you know it ought to be done; and you can't do both, and choose to please the mob, it's all over with you—there's no hope for you; nothing that you can do will ever be worth a man's glance as he passes by. The test is absolute, inevitable—Is your art first with you? Then you are artists; you may be, after you have made your money, misers and usurers; you may be, after you have got your fame, jealous, and proud, and wretched, and base; but yet, *as long as you won't spoil your*

work, you are artists. On the other hand—Is your money first with you and your fame first with you? Then, you may be very charitable with your money, and very magnificent with your money, and very graceful in the way you wear your reputation, and very courteous to those beneath you, and very acceptable to those above you; but you are *not artists.—Lect. IV.*

NOBLENESS IN THE AGED.

137. But above all, accustom yourselves to look for, and to love, all nobleness of gesture and feature in the human form; and remember that the highest nobleness is usually among the aged, the poor, and the infirm; you will find, in the end, that it is not the strong arm of the soldier, nor the laugh of the young beauty, that are the best studies for you. Look at them, and look at them reverently; but be assured that endurance is nobler than strength, and patience than beauty; and that it is not in the high church pews, where the gay dresses are, but in the church free seats, where the widows' weeds are, that you may see the faces that will fit best between the angels' wings, in the church porch.—*Lect. IV.*

JUSTICE TO SUBORDINATES.

139. I do not say that you are to surrender your pre-eminence in *mere* unselfish generosity. But say that you must surrender your pre-eminence in your love of your building helped by your kindness; and that whomsoever you find better able to do what will adorn it than you,—that person you are to give place to; and to console yourselves for the humiliation, first, by your joy in seeing the edifice grow more beautiful under his chisel, and secondly, by your sense of having done kindly and justly. But if you are morally strong enough to make the kindness and justice the first motive, it will be better;—best of all, if you do not consider it as kindness at all, but bare and stern justice; for, truly, such help as we can give each other in this world is a *debt* to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or a capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses, nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury. But be the motive what you will, only see that you do the thing; and take the joy of the consciousness that, as your art embraces a wider field than all others—and addresses a vaster multitude than all others—and is surer of audience than all others—so it is profounder and holier in Fellowship than all others. The artist, when his pupil is perfect, must see him leave his side that he may declare his distinct, perhaps opponent, skill. Man of science wrestles with man of science for priority of discovery, and pursues in pangs of jealous haste his solitary inquiry. You alone are called by kindness,—by necessity,—by equity, to fraternity of toil; and

thus, in those misty and massive piles which rise above the domestic roofs of our ancient cities, there was—there may be again—a meaning more profound and true than any that fancy so commonly has attached to them. Men say their pinnacles point to heaven. Why, so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises as it sings. Men say their aisles are good for worship. Why, so is every mountain glen, and rough sea-shore. But this they have of distinct and indisputable glory,—that their mighty walls were never raised, and never shall be, but by men who love and aid each other in their weakness;—that all their interlacing strength of vaulted stone has its foundation upon the stronger arches of manly fellowship, and all their changing grace of depressed or lifted pinnacle owes its cadence and completeness to sweeter symmetries of human soul.—*Lect. IV.*

THE MORAL VALUE OF WORK.

174. A happy nation may be defined as one in which the husband's hand is on the plough, and the housewife's on the needle; so in due time reaping its golden harvest, and shining in golden vesture: and an unhappy nation is one which, acknowledging no use of plough nor needle, will assuredly at last find its storehouse empty in the famine, and its breast naked to the cold.

176. The greater part of the suffering and crime which exist at this moment in civilized Europe, arises simply from people not understanding this truism—not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labour; but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life, and to feed where they have not furrowed, and be warm where they have not woven.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it: if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. But men do not acknowledge this law, or strive to evade it, hoping to get their knowledge, and food, and pleasure for nothing; and in this effort they either fail of getting them, and remain ignorant and miserable, or they obtain them by making other men work for their benefit; and then they are tyrants and robbers. Yes, and worse than robbers. I am not one who in the least doubts or disputes the progress of this century in many things useful to mankind; but it seems to me a very dark sign respecting us that we look with so much indifference upon dishonesty and cruelty in the pursuit of wealth. In the dream of Nebuchadnezzar it was only the *feet* that were part of iron and part of clay; but many of us are now getting so cruel in our avarice, that it seems as if, in us, the *heart* were part of iron, and part of clay.—*Lect. V.*

OPPRESSION OF THE POOR.

179. You cannot but have noticed how often in those parts of the Bible which are likely to be opened when people look for guidance,

comfort, or help in the affairs of daily life, namely, the Psalms and Proverbs, mention is made of the guilt attaching to the *Oppression* of the poor. Observe: not the neglect of them, but the *Oppression* of them: the word is as frequent as it is strange. You can hardly open either book, but somewhere in their pages you will find a description of the wicked man's attempts against the poor: such as—"He doth ravish the poor when he getteth him into his net."

"He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; his eyes are privily set against the poor."

"In his pride he doth persecute the poor, and blesseth the covetous, whom God abhorreth."

"His mouth is full of deceit and fraud; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent. Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge, who eat up my people as they eat bread? They have drawn out the sword, and bent the bow, to cast down the poor and needy."

"They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression."

"Pride compasseth them about as a chain, and violence as a garment."

"Their poison is like the poison of a serpent. Ye weigh the violence of your hands in the earth."—*Lect. V.*

WEIGH THE WORDS OF THE BIBLE.

180. "Ye weigh the violence of your hands:"—weigh these words as well. The last things we ever usually think of weighing are Bible words. We like to dream and dispute over them; but to weigh them, and see what their true contents are—anything but that. Yet, weigh these; for I have purposely taken all these verses, perhaps more striking to you read in this connection, than separately in their places, out of the Psalms. Now, do we ever ask ourselves what the real meaning of these passages may be, and who these wicked people are, who are "murdering the innocent?" You know it is rather singular language this!—rather strong language, we might, perhaps, call it—hearing it for the first time. Murder! and murder of innocent people!—nay, even a sort of cannibalism. Eating people,—yes, and God's people, too—eating *My* people as if they were bread! swords drawn, bows bent, poison of serpents mixed! violence of hands weighed, measured, and trafficked with as so much coin! where is all this going on? Do you suppose it was only going on in the time of David, and that nobody but Jews ever murder the poor? If so, it would surely be wiser not to mutter and mumble for our daily lessons what does not concern us; but if there be any chance that it may concern us, and if this description, in the Psalms, of human guilt is at all generally applicable, as the descriptions in the Psalms of human sorrow are, may it not be advisable to know wherein this guilt is being committed round about us, or by ourselves? and when we take the words of the Bible into our mouths in a congregational

way, to be sure whether we mean merely to chant a piece of melodious poetry relating to other people—(we know not exactly to whom)—or to assert our belief in facts bearing somewhat stringently on ourselves and our daily business. And if you make up your minds to do this no longer, and take pains to examine into the matter, you will find that these strange words, occurring as they do, not in a few places only, but almost in every alternate psalm and every alternate chapter of proverb, or prophecy, with tremendous reiteration, were not written for one nation or one time only; but for all nations and languages, for all places and all centuries; and it is as true of the wicked man now as ever it was of Nabal or Dives, that "his eyes are set against the poor."

181. Set *against* the poor, mind you. Not merely set *away* from the poor, so as to neglect or lose sight of them, but set against, so as to afflict and destroy them. This is the main point I want to fix your attention upon. You will often hear sermons about neglect or carelessness of the poor. But neglect and carelessness are not at all the points. The Bible hardly ever talks about neglect of the poor. It always talks of *oppression* of the poor—a very different matter. It does not merely speak of passing by on the other side, and binding up no wounds, but of drawing the sword and ourselves smiting the men down. It does not charge us with being idle in the pest-house, and giving no medicine, but with being busy in the pest-house, and giving much poison.—*Lect. V.*

WHY THE POOR ARE POOR AND HOW THEY ARE OPPRESSED.

185. There will always be in the world some who are not altogether intelligent and exemplary; we shall, I believe, to the end of time find the majority somewhat unintelligent, a little inclined to be idle, and occasionally, on Saturday night, drunk; we must even be prepared to hear of reprobates who like skittles on Sunday morning better than prayers; and of unnatural parents who send their children out to beg instead of to go to school.

186. Now these are the kind of people whom you *can* oppress, and whom you do oppress, and that to purpose,—and with all the more cruelty and the greater sting, because it is just their own fault that puts them into your power. You know the words about wicked people are, "He doth ravish the poor when he getteth him *into his net.*" This getting into the net is constantly the fault or folly of the sufferer—his own heedlessness or his own indolence; but after he is once in the net, the oppression of him, and making the most of his distress, are ours. The nets which we use against the poor are just those worldly embarrassments which either their ignorance or their improvidence are almost certain at some time or other to bring

them into: then, just at the time when we ought to hasten to help them, and disentangle them, and teach them how to manage better in future, we rush forward to *pillage* them, and force all we can out of them in their adversity.—*Lect. V.*

THE MORALS OF SPECULATION.

187. We are considering at present the various modes in which a nation corrupts itself, by not acknowledging the eternal connection between its plough and its pleasure;—by striving to get pleasure, without working for it. Well, I say the first and commonest way of doing so is to try to get the product of other people's work, and enjoy it ourselves, by cheapening their labour in times of distress: then the second way is that grand one of watching the chances of the market;—the way of speculation. Of course there are some speculations that are fair and honest—speculations made with our own money, and which do not involve in their success the loss, by others, of what we gain. But generally modern speculation involves much risk to others, with chance of profit only to ourselves: even in its best conditions it is merely one of the forms of gambling or treasure hunting; it is either leaving the steady plough and the steady pilgrimage of life, to look for silver mines beside the way; or else it is the full stop beside the dice-tables in Vanity Fair—investing all the thoughts and passions of the soul in the fall of the cards, and choosing rather the wild accidents of idle fortune than the calm and accumulative rewards of toil. And this is destructive enough, at least to our peace and virtue. But it is usually destructive of far more than *our* peace, or *our* virtue.—*Lect. V.*

MORAL VALUE OF RESTRAINT.

191. No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be, invented are not so easy as fins. You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honourable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honour the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature, and betters the lower creat-

ure: and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labour of the insect,—from the poisoning of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust,—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The Sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty will come—with its corruption.—*Lect. V.*

WAR,—RIGHT OR WRONG?

195. You may be surprised at my implying that war itself can be right, or necessary, or noble at all. Nor do I speak of all war as necessary, nor of all war as noble. Both peace and war are noble or ignoble according to their kind and occasion. No man has a profounder sense of the horror and guilt of ignoble war than I have: I have personally seen its effects, upon nations, of unmitigated evil, on soul and body, with perhaps as much pity, and as much bitterness of indignation, as any of those whom you will hear continually declaiming in the cause of peace. But peace may be sought in two ways. One way is as Gideon sought it, when he built his altar in Ophrah, naming it, "God send peace," yet sought this peace that he loved, as he was ordered to seek it, and the peace was sent, in God's way:—"the country was in quietness forty years in the days of Gideon." And the other way of seeking peace is as Menahem sought it when he gave the King of Assyria a thousand talents of silver that "his hand might be with him." That is, you may either win your peace, or buy it:—win it, by resistance to evil;—buy it, by compromise with evil. You may buy your peace, with silenced consciences;—you may buy it, with broken vows,—buy it, with lying words,—buy it, with base connivances,—buy it, with the blood of the slain, and the cry of the captive, and the silence of lost souls—over hemispheres of the earth, while you sit smiling at your serene hearths, lisping comfortable prayers evening and morning.

196. No peace was ever won from Fate by subterfuge or agreement; no peace is in store for any of us, but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin;—victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts. For many a year to come, the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or subdue; nor will it be by patience of others' suffering, but by the offering of your own, that you ever will draw nearer to the time when the great change shall pass upon the iron of the earth;—when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; neither shall they learn war any more.—*Lect. V.*

VI

THE STUDY OF ARCHITECTURE.

An Essay. (1865.)

This is a "paper" which was read before the Royal Institution of British Architects, treating of the study of Architecture in schools, and was republished, together with a short paper on "The Opening of the Crystal Palace," in Vol. I of "On the Old Road."

It is quite different in treatment, and yet it strongly confirms the lectures on the same subject, delivered eleven years earlier, especially as to the deterioration of Art when divorced from religion. The two or three selections which follow establish the truth of this statement: —another testimony of the fact that Ruskin never departed from Truth as the basis of Art, and of the recognition of the Divine Being as the source of truth.

SUPERSTITION AND NATURALISM.

I am no Puritan, and have never praised or advocated Puritanical Art. The two pictures which I would last part with out of our National gallery, if there were question of parting with any, would be Titian's Bacchus and Corregio's Venus. But the noble naturalism of these was the fruit of ages of previous courage, continence, and religion—it was the fulness of passion in the life of a Britomart. But the mid age and old age of nations is not like the mid age or old age of noble women. National decrepitude must be criminal. National death can only be by disease, and yet it is almost impossible, out of the history of the art of nations, to elicit the true conditions relating to its decline in any demonstrable manner. The history of Italian art is that of a struggle between superstition and naturalism on one side, between continence and sensuality on another. So far as naturalism prevailed over superstition, there is always progress; so far as sensuality over chastity, death. And the two contests are simultaneous. It is impossible to distinguish one victory from the other. Observe, however, I say victory over superstition, not over religion. Let me carefully define the difference.

SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION.

Superstition, in all times and among all nations, is the fear of a spirit whose passions are those of a man, whose acts are the acts of a man; who is present in some places, not in others; who makes some places holy, and not others; who is kind to one person, unkind to another; who is pleased or angry according to the degree of attention you pay to him, or praise you refuse to him; who is hostile generally to human pleasure, but may be bribed by sacrifice of a part of that pleasure into permitting the rest. This, whatever form of faith it colours, is the essence of superstition. And religion is the belief in a Spirit whose mercies are over all His works—who is kind even to the unthankful and the evil; who is everywhere present, and therefore is in no place to be sought, and in no place to be evaded; to whom all creatures, times, and things are everlastingly holy, and who claims—not tithes of wealth, nor sevenths of days—but all the wealth that we have, and all the days that we live, and all the beings that we are, but who claims that totality because He delights only in the delight of His creatures; and because, therefore, the one duty that they owe to Him, and the only service they can render Him, is to be happy. A Spirit, therefore, whose eternal benevolence cannot be angered, cannot be appeased; whose laws are everlasting and inexorable, so that heaven and earth must indeed pass away if one jot of them failed: laws which attach to every wrong and error a measured, inevitable penalty; to every rightness and prudence, an assured reward; penalty, of which the remittance cannot be purchased; and reward, of which the promise cannot be broken.

. . . . . .

Religion devotes the artist, hand and mind, to the service of the gods; superstition makes him the slave of ecclesiastical pride, or forbids his work altogether, in terror or disdain. Religion perfects the form of the divine statue; superstition distorts it into ghastly grotesque. Religion contemplates the gods as the lords of healing and life, surrounds them with glory of affectionate service, and festivity of pure human beauty. Superstition contemplates its idols as lords of death, appeases them with blood, and vows itself to them in torture and solitude. Religion proselytizes by love, superstition by war; religion teaches by example, superstition by persecution. Religion gave granite shrine to the Egyptian, golden temple to the Jew, sculptured corridor to the Greek, pillared aisle and frescoed wall to the Christian. Superstition made idols of the splendours by which religion had spoken: reverenced pictures and stones, instead of truths; letters and laws instead of acts; and for ever, in various madness of fantastic desolation, kneels in the temple while it crucifies the Christ.

SUPERSTITIOUS WORSHIP BETTER THAN INFIDELITY.

On the other hand, to reason resisting superstition, we owe the entire compass of modern energies and sciences: the healthy laws of life, and the possibilities of future progress. But to infidelity resisting religion (or which is often enough the case, taking the mask of it), we owe sensuality, cruelty and war, insolence and avarice, modern political economy, life by conservation of forces, and salvation by every man's looking after his own interests; and generally, whatsoever of guilt, and folly, and death, there is abroad among us. And of the two, a thousand-fold rather let us retain some colour of superstition, so that we may keep also some strength of religion, than comfort ourselves with colour of reason for the desolation of godlessness. I would say to every youth who entered our schools—be a Mahometan, a Diana-worshipper, a Fire-worshipper, Root-worshipper, if you will; but at least be so much a man as to know what worship means. I had rather, a million-fold rather, see you one of those "quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis numina," than one of those quibus hæc *non* nascuntur in cordibus lumina; and who are, by everlasting orphanage, divided from the Father of Spirits, who is also the Father of lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

TRUE MANLINESS.

"So much of man," I say, feeling profoundly that all right exercise of any human gift, so descended from the Giver of good, depends on the primary formation of the character of true manliness in the youth,—that is to say, of a majestic, grave and deliberate strength. How strange the words sound; how little does it seem possible to conceive of majesty, and gravity, and deliberation in the daily track of modern life. Yet, gentlemen, we need not hope that our work will be majestic if there is no majesty in ourselves. The word "manly" has come to mean practically, among us, a schoolboy's character, not a man's. We are, at our best, thoughtlessly impetuous, fond of adventure and excitement; curious in knowledge for its novelty, not for its system and results; faithful and affectionate to those among whom we are by chance cast, but gently and calmly insolent to strangers; we are stupidly conscientious, and instinctively brave, and always ready to cast away the lives we take no pains to make valuable, in causes of which we have never ascertained the justice. This is our highest type—notable peculiarly among nations for its gentleness, together with its courage; but in lower conditions it is especially liable to degradation by its love of just and of vulgar sensation. It is against this fatal tendency to vile play that we have chiefly to contend.

VII

VAL D' ARNO.

ONE VOL. TEN LECTURES. (1873.)

These ten lectures were part of Ruskin's work as "Slade" Professor of Oxford University. They were directed to the subject of Tuscan Art and incidentally treating of Tuscan History. His characteristic discursive habit is strikingly present in this volume. One of the lectures is on the subject of "Franchise." What this has to do with the general subject it is difficult to see; and yet, when we read it all, there does not appear any lack of fitness. In this particular lecture, (8) he says:—

The Latin for franchise is libertas; the Greek is ελευθερια. In the thoughts of all three nations, the idea is precisely the same, and the word used for the idea by each nation therefore accurately translates the word of the other: ελευθερια—libertas—franchise—reciprocally translate each other. . . . And that common idea, which the words express, as all the careful scholars among you will know, is, with all the three nations, mainly of deliverance from the slavery of passion. To be ελευθερος, liber, or franc, is first to have learned how to rule our own passions; and then, certain that our own conduct is right, to persist in that conduct against all resistance, whether of counter-opinion, counter-pain, or counter-pleasure. To be defiant alike of the mob's thought, of the adversary's threat, and the harlot's temptation,—this is in the meaning of every great nation to be free; and the one condition upon which that freedom can be obtained is pronounced to you in a single verse of the 119th Psalm, "I will walk at liberty, for I seek Thy precepts."

MODESTY AND PIETY.

224. All piety begins in modesty. You must feel that you are a very little creature, and that you had better do as you are bid. You will then begin to think what you are bid to do, and who bids it. And you will find, unless you are very unhappy indeed, that there is

always a quite clear notion of right and wrong in your minds, which you can either obey or disobey, at your pleasure. Obey it simply and resolutely; it will become clearer to you every day: and in obedience to it, you will find a sense of being in harmony with nature, and at peace with God, and all His creatures. You will not understand how the peace comes, nor even in what it consists. It is the peace that passes understanding;—it is just as visionary and imaginative as love is, and just as real, and just as necessary to the life of man. It is the only source of true cheerfulness, and of true common sense; and whether you believe the Bible, or don't,—or, believe the Koran, or don't,—or believe the Vedas, or don't,—it will enable you to believe in God, and please Him, and be such a part of the ευδοκια of the universe as your nature fits you to be, in His sight, faithful in awe to the powers that are above you, and gracious in regard to the creatures that are around.—*Lect. IX.*

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SOUL.

226. But if you will spend a thoughtful hour or two in reading the scripture, which pious Greeks read, not indeed on daintily printed paper, but on daintily painted clay,—if you will examine, that is to say, the scriptures of the Athenian religion, on their Pan-Athenaic vases, in their faithful days, you will find that the gift of the literal χρισμα, or anointing oil, to the victor in the kingly and visible contest of life, is signed always with the image of that spirit or goddess of the air who was the source of their invisible life. And let me, before quitting this part of my subject, give you one piece of what you will find useful counsel. If ever from the right apothecary, or μυροπωλης, you get any of that χρισμα,—don't be careful, when you set it by, of looking for dead dragons or dead dogs in it. But look out for the dead flies.

227. Again; remember, I only quote St. Paul as I quote Xenophon to you; but I expect you to get some good from both. As I want you to think what Xenophon means by "μαντεια," so I want you to consider also what St. Paul means by "προφητεια." He tells you to prove all things,—to hold fast what is good, and not to despise "prophesyings."

228. Now it is quite literally probable, that this world, having now for some five hundred years absolutely refused to do as it is plainly bid by every prophet that ever spoke in any nation, and having reduced itself therefore to Saul's condition, when he was answered neither by Urim nor by prophets, may be now, while you sit there, receiving necromantic answers from the witch of Endor. But with that possibility you have no concern. There is a prophetic power in your own hearts, known to the Greeks, known to the Jews, known to the Apostles, and knowable by you. If it is now silent to you, do not despise it by tranquillity under that privation; if it speaks to you, do not despise it by disobedience.—*Lect. IX.*

PROSELYTISM.

231. The value of religious ceremonial, and the virtue of religious truth, consist in the meek fulfilment of the one as the fond habit of a family; and the meek acceptance of the other, as the narrow knowledge of a child. And both are destroyed at once, and the ceremonial or doctrinal prejudice becomes only an occasion of sin, if they make us either wise in our own conceit, or violent in our methods of proselytism. Of those who will compass sea and land to make one proselyte, it is too generally true that they are themselves the children of hell, and make their proselytes twofold more so.—*Lect. IX.*

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE OF PEACE.

253. In the passage, so often read by us, which announces the advent of Christianity as the dawn of peace on earth, we habitually neglect great part of the promise, owing to the false translation of the second clause of the sentence. I cannot understand how it should be still needful to point out to you here in Oxford that neither the Greek words "*εν ανθρωποις ευδοκια*," nor those of the vulgate, "in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis," in the slightest degree justify our English words, "good will to men."

Of God's goodwill to men, and to all creatures, for ever, there needed no proclamation by angels. But that men should be able to please *Him*,—that their wills should be made holy, and they should not only possess peace in themselves, but be able to give joy to their God, in the sense in which He afterwards is pleased with His own baptized Son;—this was a new thing for Angels to declare, and for shepherds to believe.

254. And the error was made yet more fatal by its repetition in a passage of parallel importance,—the thanksgiving, namely, offered by Christ, that His Father, while He had hidden what it was best to know, not from the wise and prudent, but from some among the wise and prudent, and had revealed it unto babes; not "for so it seemed good," in His sight, but "that there might be well pleasing in His sight,"—namely, that the wise and simple might equally live in the necessary knowledge, and enjoyed presence, of God. And if, having accurately read these vital passages, you then as carefully consider the tenour of the two songs of human joy in the birth of Christ, the Magnificat, and the Nunc dimittis, you will find the theme of both to be, not the newness of blessing, but the equity which disappoints the cruelty and humbles the strength of men; which scatters the proud in the imagination of their hearts; which fills the hungry with good things; and is not only the glory of Israel, but the light of the Gentiles.—*Lect. X.*

DIVERSITIES OF RELIGION OF DIVINE APPOINTMENT.

The will of Heaven, which grants the grace and ordains the diversities of Religion, needs no defence, and sustains no defeat, by the humours of men; and our first business in relation to it is to silence our wishes, and to calm our fears. If, in such modest and disciplined temper, you arrange your increasing knowledge of the history of mankind, you will have no final difficulty in distinguishing the operation of the Master's law from the consequences of the disobedience to it which He permits; nor will you respect the law less, because, accepting only the obedience of love, it neither hastily punishes, nor pompously rewards, with what men think reward or chastisement. Not always under the feet of Korah the earth is rent; not always at the call of Elijah the clouds gather; but the guarding mountains for ever stand round about Jerusalem; and the rain, miraculous evermore, makes green the fields for the evil and the good.

280. And if you will fix your minds only on the conditions of human life which the Giver of it demands, "He hath shown thee, oh man, what is good, and what doth thy Lord require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God," you will find that such obedience is always acknowledged by temporal blessing. If, turning from the manifest miseries of cruel ambition, and manifest wanderings of insolent belief, you summon to your thoughts rather the state of unrecorded multitudes, who laboured in silence, and adored in humility, widely as the snows of Christendom brought memory of the Birth of Christ, or her spring sunshine, of His Resurrection, you may know that the promise of the Bethlehem angels has been literally fulfilled.—*Lect. X.*

VIII

ARATRA PENTELICI.

ONE VOL. SEVEN LECTURES. (1871.)

These seven lectures on the Elements of Sculpture, like those on Art, were a part of Ruskin's work as "Slade" Professor of Oxford University and are, therefore, the product of his best research, erudition and judgment. The subjects treated are, (I) The Division of Arts, (II) Idolatry, (III) Imagination, (IV) Likeness, (V) Structure, (VI) The School of Athens, (VII) Michael Angelo and Tintoret. Drawings, diagrams, coins, figures, and other objects were used for illustration.

This is not one of the more popular books but it is very entertaining as well as profitable reading.

GROWTH OF MANLINESS.

30. The greater part of the technic energy of men, as yet, has indicated a kind of childhood; and that the race becomes, if not more wise, at least more manly, with every gained century. I can fancy that all this sculpturing and painting of ours may be looked back upon, in some distant time, as a kind of doll-making, and that the words of Sir Isaac Newton may be smiled at no more: only it will not be for stars that we desert our stone dolls, but for men. When the day comes, as come it must, in which we no more deface and defile God's image in living clay, I am not sure that we shall any of us care so much for the images made of Him, in burnt clay.—*Lect. I.*

75. Observe, however, childishness does not necessarily imply universal inferiority; there may be a vigorous, acute, pure and solemn childhood, and there may be a weak, foul, and ridiculous condition of advanced life; but the one is still essentially the childish, and the other the adult phase of existence.—*Lect. III.*

IDOLATRY.

46. I need not say that the harm of the idolatry must depend on the certainty of the negative. If there be a real presence in a pillar of cloud, in an unconsuming flame, or in a still small voice, it is no sin to bow down before these.

63. But the elementary causes, both of this frivolity in you, and of worse than frivolity in older persons, are the two forms of deadly Idolatry which are now all but universal in England.

The first of these is the worship of the Eidholon, or Phantasm of Wealth; which is briefly to be defined as the servile apprehension of an active power in Money, and the submission to it as the God of our life.

64. The second elementary cause of the loss of our nobly imaginative faculty, is the worship of the Letter, instead of the Spirit, in what we chiefly accept as the ordinance and teaching of Deity; and the apprehension of a healing sacredness in the act of reading the Book whose primal commands we refuse to obey.

No feather idol of Polynesia was ever a sign of a more shameful idolatry, than the modern notion in the minds of certainly the majority of English religious persons, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were of old, and the earth, standing out of the water and in the water,—the Word of God which came to the prophets, and comes still for ever to all who will hear it, (and to many who will forbear); and which, called Faithful and True, is to lead forth, in the judgment, the armies of heaven,—that this "Word of God" may yet be bound at our pleasure in morocco, and carried about in a young lady's pocket, with tasselled ribands to mark the passages she most approves of.

EVOLUTION—WHAT WE HAVE BEEN—WHAT WE ARE!

103. Whether your Creator shaped you with fingers, or tools, as a sculptor would a lump of clay, or gradually raised you to manhood through a series of inferior forms, is only of moment to you in this respect—that in the one case you cannot expect your children to be nobler creatures than you are yourselves—in the other, every act and thought of your present life may be hastening the advent of a race which will look back to you, their fathers, with incredulous disdain.

104. But that you *are* yourselves capable of that disdain and dismay; that you are ashamed of having been apes, if you ever were so; that you acknowledge instinctively, a relation of better and worse, and a law respecting what is noble and base, which makes it no question to you that the man is worthier than the baboon—*this* is a fact of infinite significance. This law of preference in your hearts is the true essence of your being, and the consciousness of that law is a more positive existence than any dependent on the coherence or forms of matter.—*Lect. III.*

THE WORSHIP OF GRAVEN IMAGES.

108. "Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them." "Assuredly no," we answered once, in our pride; and through porch and aisle, broke down the carved work thereof, with axes and hammers.

Who would have thought the day so near when we should bow down to worship, not the creatures, but their atoms,—not the forces that form, but those that dissolve them? Trust me, gentlemen, the command which is stringent against adoration of brutality, is stringent no less against adoration of chaos, nor is faith in an image fallen from heaven to be reformed by a faith only in the phenomenon of decadence. We have ceased from the making of monsters to be appeased by sacrifice;—it is well,—if indeed we have also ceased from making them in our thoughts. We have learned to distrust the adorning of fair phantasms, to which we once sought for succour;—it is well, if we learn to distrust also the adorning of those to which we seek, for temptation; but the verity of gains like these can only be known by our confession of the divine seal of strength and beauty upon the tempered frame, and honour in the fervent heart, by which, increasing visibly, may yet be manifested to us the holy presence, and the approving love, of the Loving God, who visits the iniquities of the Fathers upon the Children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him, and shows mercy unto thousands in them that love Him, and keep His Commandments.—*Lect. III.*

PROVIDENCE.

149. And here I must ask your attention to the idea, and, more than idea,—the fact, involved in that infinitely misused term, "Providentia," when applied to the Divine Power. In its truest sense and scholarly use, it is a human virtue, Προμηθεια; the personal type of it is in Prometheus, and all the first power of τεχνη, is from him, as compared to the weakness of days when men without foresight "εφυρον εικη παντα." But, so far as we used the word "Providence" as an attribute of the Maker and Giver of all things, it does not mean that in a shipwreck He takes care of the passengers who are to be saved and takes none of those who are to be drowned; but it *does* mean that every race of creatures is born into the world under circumstances of approximate adaptation to its necessities; and, beyond all others, the ingenious and observant race of man is surrounded with elements naturally good for his food, pleasant to his sight, and suitable for the subjects of his ingenuity;—the stone, metal, and clay of the earth he walks upon lending themselves at once to his hand, for all manner of workmanship.—*Lect. V.*

IX

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE.

Six Lectures. (1875-7.)

In 1876 Ruskin visited Florence to study the religious art of that historic city. On his return to his work, as University Professor at Oxford, he gave the result of these studies in six lectures which he issued in separate pamphlets, and they were afterwards published in book form. These lectures are so constructed that they do not lend themselves readily to our method of selection, but they are peculiarly interesting reading, teeming with suggestion and lesson to whosoever will. The selections following are, therefore, an invitation to read the whole volume.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE AND PARENTAL DUTY.

The first duty of a child is to obey its father and mother; as the first duty of a citizen is to obey the laws of his state. . . . On the other hand, the father and mother have also a fixed duty to the child—not to provoke it to wrath. I have never heard this text explained from the pulpit, which is curious. For it appears to me that God will expect the parents to understand their duty to their children, better even than children can be expected to know their duty to their parents. . . . A CHILD'S duty is to obey its parents. It is never said anywhere in the Bible, and never was yet said, in any good or wise book, that a man's or a woman's, is. *When,* precisely, a child becomes a man or a woman, it can no more be said, than when it should first stand on its legs. But a time assuredly comes when it should. In great states, children are always trying to remain children, and the parents wanting to make men and women of them. In vile states, the children are always wanting to be men and women, and the parents to keep them children. It may be—and happy the house in which it is so—that the father's, at least equal intellect, and older experience, may remain to the end of his life a law unto his children, not of force, but of perfect guidance, with perfect love. Rarely it is so; not often possible. It is as natural for the old to be prejudiced as for the young to be presumptuous. . . . If there be any truth in Christianity at all, there will come, for all true disciples, a time when they have to take that

saying to heart, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me."

"Loveth"—observe. There is no talk of disobeying fathers or mothers whom you do *not* love, or of running away from a home where you would rather not stay. But to leave the home which is your peace and to be at enmity with those who are most dear to you—this, if there be any meaning in Christ's words, one day or other will be demanded of his true followers. And there *is* meaning in Christ's words. Whatever misuse may have been made of them,—whatever false prophets have called the young children to them, not to bless, but to curse, the assured fact remains, that if you will obey God, there will come a moment when the voice of man will be raised, with all its holiest natural authority, against you. The friend and the wise adviser—the brother and the sister—the father and the master—the entire feight of the scornful stupidity of the vulgar world—for *once,* they will be against you, all at one. You have to obey God rather than man. The human race, with all its wisdom and love, all its indignation and folly, on the one side,—God alone on the other. You have to choose.—*The Third Morning.*

X

ST. MARK'S REST.

Eleven Chaps. (1879.)

This interesting volume was written, as Ruskin says in his subtitle, as a *"History of Venice—for the help of the few travellers who still care for her monuments."* It is a sort of supplement to the "Stones of Venice."

The book consists of eight chapters, two supplements, and an appendix to the last chapter, to which (appendix) he has given the title of *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.* At the head of this he quotes from "The Stones of Venice" referring to St. Mark's at Venice: "The whole edifice is to be regarded less as a temple wherein to pray than as itself a Book of Common Prayer, a vast illuminated missal, bound with alabaster instead of parchment."

The opening paragraph of his preface gives a key to the volume:—

"Great nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts—the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others; but of the three, the only quite trustworthy one is the last. The acts of a nation may be triumphant by its good fortune; and its words mighty by the genius of a few of its children: but its art, only by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race."

THE OLD KNIGHTHOOD.

For many centuries the Knights of Christendom wore their religion gay as their crest, familiar as their gauntlet, shook it high in the summer air, hurled it fiercely in other people's faces, grasped their spear the firmer for it, sat their horses the prouder; but it never entered into their minds for an instant to ask the meaning of it! "Forgive us our sins:" by all means—yes, and the next garrison that holds out a day longer than is convenient to us, hang them every man to his battlement. "Give us this day our daily bread,"—yes. and our neighbor's also, if we have any luck. "Our Lady and the saints!" Is there any infidel dog that doubts of them?—in God'

name, boot and spur—and let us have the head off him. It went on so, frankly and bravely, to the twelfth century, at the earliest; when men begin to think in a serious manner; more or less of gentle manners and domestic comfort being also then conceivable and attainable. Rosamond is not any more asked to drink out of her father's skull. Rooms begin to be matted and wainscoted; shops to hold store of marvellous foreign wares; knights and ladies learn to spell, and to read, with pleasure; music is everywhere;—Death, also. Much to enjoy—much to learn, and to endure—with Death always at the gates. "If war fail thee in thine own country, get thee with haste into another," says the faithful old French knight to the boy-chevalier, in early fourteenth century days.

GOD KNOWS.

No country stays more than two centuries in this intermediate phase between Faith and Reason. In France it lasted from about 1150 to 1350; in England, 1200 to 1400; in Venice, 1300 to 1500. The course of it is always in the gradual development of Christianity,—till her yoke gets at once too aerial, and too straight, for the mob, who break through it at last as if it were so much gossamer; and at the same fatal time, wealth and luxury, with the vanity of corrupt learning, foul the faith of the upper classes, who now begin to wear their Christianity, not tossed for a crest high over their armor, but stuck as a plaster over their sores, inside of their clothes. Then comes printing, and universal gabble of fools; gunpowder, and the end of all the noble methods of war; trade, and universal swindling; wealth, and universal gambling; idleness, and universal harlotry; and so at last—Modern Science and Political Economy; and the reign of St. Petroleum instead of St. Peter. Out of which God only knows what is to come next; but He *does* know, whatever the Jew swindlers and apothecaries' 'prentices think about it.—*Ch. VI.*

MANY "LIVES OF CHRIST."

42. You have had various "lives of Christ," German and other, lately provided among your other severely historical studies. Some, critical; and some, sentimental. But there is only one light by which you can read the life of Christ,—the light of the life you now lead in the flesh; and that not the natural, but the won life. "Nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—*Ch. VIII.*

"THE CALLING OF MATTHEW."

The Gospel which the publican wrote for us, with its perfect sermon on the Mount, and mostly more harmonious and gentle fulness, in places where St. Luke is formal, St. John mysterious, and St. Mark brief,—this Gospel, according to St. Matthew, I should think,

if we had to choose one out of all the books in the Bible for a prison or desert friend, would be the one we should keep.

And we do not enough think how much that leaving the receipt of custom meant, as a sign of the man's nature, who was to leave us such a notable piece of literature. . . . This call from receipt of custom, he takes for the symbol of the universal call to leave all that we have, and are doing. "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." For the other calls were easily obeyed in comparison of this. To leave one's often empty nets and nightly toil on sea, and become fishers of men, probably you might find pescatori enough on the Riva there, within a hundred paces of you, who would take the chance at once, if any gentle person offered it them. James and Jude—Christ's cousins—no thanks to them for following Him; their own home conceivably no richer than His. Thomas and Philip, I suppose, somewhat thoughtful persons on spiritual matters, questioning of them long since; going out to hear St. John preach, and to see whom he had seen. But *this* man, busy in the place of business—engaged in the interests of foreign governments—suddenly the Messiah, passing by, says "Follow me!" and he rises up, gives Him his hand, "Yea! to the death;" and absconds from his desk in that electric manner on the instant, leaving his cash-box unlocked, and his books for whoso list to balance!—a very remarkable kind of person indeed, it seems to me.

Do not think Christ would have called a bad or corrupt publican —much less that a bad or corrupt publican would have obeyed the call. Your modern English evangelical doctrine that Christ has a special liking for the souls of rascals is the absurdest basilisk of a doctrine that ever pranced on judgment steps. That which is *lost* He comes to save,—yes; but not that which is defiantly going the way He has forbidden. He showed you plainly enough what kind of publican He would call, having chosen two, both of the best; "Behold, Lord, if I have taken anything from any man, I restore it fourfold!"—a beautiful manner of trade.—*The Shrine of the Slaves, Supplement 1.*

BOOK FOURTH

Religious Studies in Nature

RELIGIOUS STUDIES IN NATURE

I

ETHICS OF THE DUST.

TEN LECTURES. (1865.)

The spirit of the philosopher was never more radiant in Ruskin than when talking to children, and especially to girls. In his old age he was "young again" when leading young people in excursions through some of Nature's many great plains and grooves.

The "Ethics of the Dust" is a rare book, not only for the young, but it is advanced reading for many who are no longer young in years. Collingwood tells us that it is practically a report of actual talks with a group of young people whom the Author met in a visit to Winnington in Cheshire. "The method," he says, "is the kindergarten method carried a step, many steps further."

The book is indeed a charming one, written in the form of a Conversation Class where study seems to have blended with play and the inquisitive curiosity of an impromptu class of young ladies, from nine to twenty years of age. This conversational exercise leads to all sorts of questions which result in short talks, or lectures, from the "Old Lecturer" on Crystallography, Theology, Political Economy, and Moral Philosophy.

Carlyle expressed his delight on receipt of an early copy of the book, in a letter in which he says: " 'The Ethics of Dust' which I devoured with pause, and intend to look at again, is a most shining Performance! Not for a long while have I read anything tenth-part so radiant with talent, ingenuity, lambent fire (sheet—and other lightnings) of all commendable kinds! Never was such a lecture on *Crystallography* before, had there been nothing else in it,—and there are all manner of things. In power of expression I pronounce it su-

preme; never did anybody who had such things to explain explain them better."

The few selections here given must not be regarded as a fair sample of the interest which the book awakens. The charming personality of the conversations can only be appreciated by reading them and the book is, fortunately, one of those reprints which can be purchased at any bookstore for a few cents.

DIAMONDS AND GOLD DO NOT MAKE HAPPINESS.

Was any woman, do you suppose, ever the better for possessing diamonds? but how many have been made base, frivolous, and miserable by desiring them? Was ever man the better for having coffers full of gold? but who shall measure the guilt that is incurred to fill them? Look into the history of any civilized nations; analyze, with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives and thoughts of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is at last concentrated into this: pride, and lust, and envy, and anger all give up their strength to avarice. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve their Christ; but they sell Him.—*Lect. I.*

RIGHT AND WRONG.

MAY. Well, but if people do as well as they can see how, surely that is the right for them, isn't it?

L. No, May, not a bit of it; right is right, and wrong is wrong. It is only the fool who does wrong, and says he "did it for the best." And if there's one sort of person in the world that the Bible speaks harder of than another, it is fools. Their particular and chief way of saying "There is no God" is this, of declaring that whatever their "public opinion" may be, is right: and that God's opinion is of no consequence. . . . . .

MARY. And if one is forced to do a wrong thing by some one who has authority over you?

L. My dear, no one can be forced to do a wrong thing, for the guilt is in the will: but you may any day be forced to do a fatal thing, as you might be forced to take poison; the remarkable law of nature in such cases being, that it is always unfortunate *you* who are poisoned, and not the person who gives you the dose. It is a very strange law, but it *is* a law. Nature merely sees to the carrying out of the normal operation of arsenic. She never troubles herself to ask who gave it you. So also you may be starved to death, morally as well as physically, by other people's faults. You are, on the whole, very good children sitting here to-day; do you think that your goodness comes all by your own contriving? or that you are

gentle and kind because your dispositions are naturally more angelic than those of the poor girls who are playing, with wild eyes, on the dust-heaps in the alleys of our great towns; and who will one day fill their prisons,—or, better, their graves? Heaven only knows where they, and we who have cast them there, shall stand at last. But the main judgment question will be, I suppose, for all of us, "Did you keep a good heart through it?" What you were, others may answer for;—what you tried to be, you must answer for yourself. Was the heart pure and true—tell us that?—*Lect. V.*

HEDGEHOG BIBLE READING.

The way in which common people read their Bibles is just like the way that the old monks thought hedgehogs ate grapes. They rolled themselves (it was said), over and over, where the grapes lay on the ground. What fruit stuck to their spines, they carried off, and ate. So your hedgehoggy readers roll themselves over and over their Bibles, and declare that whatever sticks to their own spines is Scripture, and that nothing else is. But you can only get the skins of the texts that way. If you want their juice, you must press them in cluster. Now, the clustered texts about the human heart, insist, as a body, not on any inherent corruption in all hearts, but on the terrific distinction between the bad and the good ones. "A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth that which is evil." "They on the rock are they which, in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it." "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." "The wicked have bent their bow, that they may privily shoot at him that is upright in heart." And so on; they are countless, to the same effect. And, for all of us, the question is not at all to ascertain how much or how little corruption there is in human nature; but to ascertain whether, out of all the mass of that nature, we are of the sheep or the goat breed; whether we are people of upright heart, being shot at, or people of crooked heart, shooting. And, of all the texts bearing on the subject, this, which is a quite simple and practical order, is the one you have chiefly to hold in mind. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."—*Lect. V.*

HOW TO HELP GOD.

There is but one way in which man can ever help God—that is, by letting God help him: and there is no way in which His name is more guiltily taken in vain, than by calling the abandonment of our own work, the performance of His.

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where He wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be de-

lightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him, if we are not happy ourselves. Now, away with you, children; and be as happy as you can. And when you cannot, at least don't plume yourself upon pouting.—*Lect. VI.*

ERROR IN HUMAN CREEDS.

The more readily we admit the possibility of our own cherished convictions being mixed with error, the more vital and helpful whatever is right in them will become: and no error is so conclusively fatal as the idea that God will not allow *us* to err, though He has allowed all other men to do so. There may be doubt of the meaning of other visions, but there is none respecting that of the dream of St. Peter; and you may trust the Rock of the Church's Foundation for true interpreting, where he learned from it that, "in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." See that you understand what that righteousness means; and set hand to it stoutly: you will always measure your neighbors' creed kindly, in proportion to the substantial fruits of your own. Do not think you will ever get harm by striving to enter into the faith of others, and to sympathize, in imagination, with the guiding principles of their lives. So only can you justly love them, or pity them, or praise. By the gracious efforts you will double, treble—nay, indefinitely multiply, at once the pleasure, the reverence, and the intelligence with which you read: and, believe me, it is wiser and holier, by the fire of your own faith, to kindle the ashes of expired religions, than to let your soul shiver and stumble among their graves, through the gathering darkness, and communicable cold.—*Lect. X.*

II

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

THREE LECTURES. (1869.)

These lectures bearing the respective titles of (I) Athena in the Heavens—On the Greek Myths of Storm; (II) Athena in the Earth; (III) Athena in the Heart; are mainly studies of Greek myths, but are characteristic of our Author in that they frequently travel into subjects of practical life, and of moral aspects of such questions as Capital, Labor, Legislation, Liberty, Land, Money, Crime, etc.

Mr. Ruskin, himself, interprets his use of the Greek goddess Athena. He says:—"This great goddess is physically, the queen of the air: having supreme power both over its blessing of calm, and wrath of storm, and spiritually, she is the queen of the breath of man, first of the bodily breathing which is life to his blood, and strength to his arm in battle; and then of the mental breathing, or inspiration, which is his moral health and habitual wisdom; wisdom of conduct and of the heart, as opposed to the wisdom of imagination and the brain; moral, as distinct from intellectual; inspired, as distinct from illuminated.

By a singular, and fortunate, though I believe wholly accidental coincidence, the heart-virtue, of which she is the spirit, was separated by the ancients into four divisions, which have since obtained acceptance from all men as rightly discerned, and have received, as if from the quarters of the four winds of which Athena is the natural queen, the name of 'Cardinal' virtues; namely, Prudence, (the right seeing, and foreseeing, of events through darkness); Justice, (the righteous bestowal of favour and of indignation); Fortitude, (patience under trial by pain); and Temperance, (patience under trial by pleasure)." . . . .

The Greek creed was, of course, different in its character, as our own creed is, according to the class of persons who held it. The common people's was quite literal, simple, and happy; their idea of Athena was as clear as a good Roman Catholic peasant's idea of the Madonna. In Athens itself, the centre of thought and refinement,

Pisistratus obtained the reins of government through the ready belief of the populace that a beautiful woman, armed like Athena, was the goddess herself. Even at the close of the last century some of this simplicity remained among the inhabitants of the Greek islands; and when a pretty English lady first made her way into the grotto of Antiparos, she was surrounded, on her return, by all the women of the neighboring village, believing her to be divine, and praying her to heal them of their sicknesses.

ART-GIFTS AND MORAL CHARACTER.

107. The art-gift itself is only the result of the moral character of generations. A bad woman may have a sweet voice; but that sweetness of voice comes of the past morality of her race. That she can sing with it at all, she owes to the determination of laws of music by the morality of the past. Every act, every impulse, of virtue and vice, affects in any creature, face, voice, nervous power, and vigour and harmony of invention, at once. Perseverance in rightness of human conduct, renders, after a certain number of generations, human art possible; every sin clouds it, be it ever so little a one; and persistent vicious living and following of pleasure render, after a certain number of generations, all art impossible. Men are deceived by the long-suffering of the laws of nature; and mistake, in a nation, the reward of the virtue of its sires for the issue of its own sins. The time of their visitation will come, and that inevitably; for, it is always true, that if the fathers have eaten sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge. And for the individual, as soon as you have learned to read, you may, as I said, know him to the heart's core, through his art. Let his art-gift be never so great, and cultivated to the height by the schools of a great race of men; and it is still but a tapestry thrown over his own being and inner soul; and the bearing of it will show, infallibly, whether it hangs on a man, or on a skeleton. If you are dim-eyed, you may not see the difference in the fall of the folds at first, but learn how to look, and the folds themselves will become transparent, and you shall see through them the death's shape, or the divine one, making the tissue above it as a cloud of light, or as a winding-sheet.—*Lect. III.*

MORAL DEEDS AFFECT OUR POWER FOR GOOD.

111. As I myself look at it, there is no fault nor folly of my life,—and both have been many and great,—that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this art, and its vision. So far as I can rejoice in, or interpret

either, my power is owing to what of right there is in me. I dare to say it, that, because through all my life I have desired good, and not evil; because I have been kind to many; have wished to be kind to all; have wilfully injured none; and because I have loved much, and not selfishly;—therefore, the morning light is yet visible to me on those hills, and you, who read, may trust my thought and word in such work as I have to do for you; and you will be glad afterwards that you have trusted them.—*Lect. III.*

ABSOLUTE FREEDOM ONLY IN DEATH.

Death is the only real freedom possible to us; and that is consummate freedom,—permission for every particle in the rotting body to leave its neighbor particle, and shift for itself. You call it "corruption" in the flesh; but before it comes to that, all liberty is an equal corruption in mind. You ask for freedom of thought; but if you have not sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think, and if you have sufficient grounds, you have no business to think wrong. Only one thought is possible to you, if you are wise—your liberty is geometrically proportionate to your folly.

FREEDOM ONLY WITH RESTRICTIONS.

154. "But all this glory and activity of our age; what are they owing to, but to our freedom of thought?" In a measure they are owing—what good is in them—to the discovery of many lies, and the escape from the power of evil. Not to liberty, but to the deliverance from evil or cruel masters. Brave men have dared to examine lies which had long been taught, not because they were *free*-thinkers but because they were such stern and close thinkers that the lie could no longer escape them. Of course the restriction of thought, or of its expression, by persecution, is merely a form of violence, justifiable or not, as other violence is, according to the character of the persons against whom it is exercised, and the divine and eternal laws which it vindicates or violates. We must not burn a man alive for saying that the Athanasian creed is ungrammatical, nor stop a bishop's salary because we are getting the worst of an argument with him; neither must we let drunken men howl in the public streets at night. The liberty of expression, with a great nation, would become like that in a well-educated company, in which there is indeed freedom of speech, but not of clamour; or like that in an orderly senate, in which men who deserve to be heard, are heard in due time, and under determined restrictions. The degree of liberty you can rightly grant to a number of men is in the inverse ratio of their desire for it; and a general hush, or call to order, would be often very desirable.—*Lect. III.*

III

LOVE'S MEINIE.

Three Lectures on Greek and English Birds. (1873.)

These lectures were a part of a Course designed to be much extended, and to form an important volume of study on the Artist-view of birds. Mr. Ruskin seems to have had a presentiment that he would never be able to complete the task, for in closing his lectures he remarked:—"It has been throughout my trust that if death should write on these, 'What this man began to build, he was not able to finish,' God may also write on them, not in anger, but in aid, 'A stronger than he cometh.' "[1]

He says *"Love's Meinie* (Love's Many or Serving Company) was meant to become a study of British birds, which would have been useful in museums."

The lectures were attended by crowds of people, attracted by the well-known ability of the lecturer to deal thoroughly with such subjects. Every lover of Natural History should read these two lectures, a glimpse of which is given in the following selected paragraphs:

CHRISTIAN POETS AND SONG-BIRDS.

38. And as soon as the Christian poets begin to speak of the singing of the birds, they show themselves in quite a different mood from any that ever occurs to a Greek. Aristophanes, with infinitely more skill, describes, and partly imitates, the singing of the nightingale; but simply as beautiful sound. . . . But this troubadour finds his heart in heaven by the power of the singing only. . . . in English, we could only express the meaning in some such fashion as this:

> They perfected all their service of Love,
> These maiden birds that I tell you of.
> They sang such a song, so finished-fair,
> As if they were angels, born of the air.

KNOW THE THINGS OF NATURE.

79. If you are not inclined to look at the wings of birds, which God has given you to handle and to see, much less are you to con-

[1] Collingwood.

template, or draw imaginations of, the wings of angels, which you can't see. Know your own world first—not denying any other, but being quite sure that the place in which you are now put is the place with which you are now concerned; and that it will be wiser in you to think the gods themselves may appear in the form of a dove or a swallow, than that, by false theft from the form of dove or swallow, you can represent the aspect of gods.

THE SWALLOW.

80. I believe I have been able to put before you some means of guidance to understand the beauty of the bird which lives with you in your own houses, and which purifies for you, from its insect pestilence, the air that you breathe. Thus the sweet domestic thing has done, for men, at least these four thousand years. She has been their companion, not of the home merely, but of the hearth, and the threshold; companion only endeared by departure, and showing better her loving-kindness by her faithful return. Type sometimes of the stranger, she has softened us to hospitality; type always of the suppliant, she has enchanted us to mercy; and in her feeble presence, the cowardice, or the wrath, of sacrilege has changed into the fidelities of sanctuary. Herald of our summer, she glances through our days of gladness; numberer of our years, she would teach us to apply our hearts to wisdom;—and yet, so little have we regarded her, that this very day, scarcely able to gather from all I can find told of her enough to explain so much as the unfolding of her wings, I can tell you nothing of her life—nothing of her journeying: I cannot learn how she builds, nor how she chooses the place of her wandering, nor how she traces the path of her return. Remaining thus blind and careless to the true ministries of the humble creature whom God has really sent to serve us, we in our pride, thinking ourselves surrounded by the pursuivants of the sky, can yet only invest them with majesty by giving them the calm of the bird's motion, and shade of the bird's plume:—and after all, it is well for us, if, when even for God's best mercies, and in His temples marble-built, we think that, "with angels and archangels, and all the company of Heaven, we laud and magnify His glorious name"—well for us, if our attempt be not only an insult, and His ears open rather to the inarticulate and unintended praise, of "the Swallow, twittering from her straw-built shed."

IV

DEUCALION.

COLLECTED STUDIES OF WAVES AND STONES. (2 VOLS. 1875.)

Vol. I. 14 Chaps. Vol. II. 3 Chaps.

Classic Literature records a Greek Legend of "a great flood" in which the whole inhabited world was destroyed, except Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, who saved themselves. After consulting an Oracle they threw behind them stones of the earth; from those thrown by Deucalion sprang men, and from those thrown by Pyrrha came women. These were called the "Stone race."

This legend seems to have suggested to Ruskin the title of this volume which treats of stones and waves. The work involved in the volume was prosecuted at the same time as that of Proserpina and was a parallel study. The two works should go together and one wonders why, in the American editions they are entirely separated.

In his preface to this collection of studies Ruskin says:—

"It chanced, this morning, as I sat down to finish my preface, that I had, for my introductory reading, the fifth chapter of the second book of Esdras; in which, though often read carefully before, I had never enough noticed the curious verse, "Blood shall drop out of wood, and the stone shall give his voice, and the people shall be troubled." Of which verse, so far as I can gather the meaning from the context, and from the rest of the chapter, the intent is, that in the time spoken of by the prophet, which, if not our own, is one exactly corresponding to it, the deadness of men to all noble things shall be so great, that the sap of trees shall be more truly blood, in God's sight, than their hearts' blood; and the silence of men, in praise of all noble things, so great, that the stones shall cry out, in God's hearing, instead of their tongues; and the rattling of the shingle on the beach, and the roar of the rocks driven by the torrent, be truer Te Deum than the thunder of all their choirs. The writings of modern scientific prophets teach us to anticipate a day when even these lower voices shall be also silent; and leaf cease to wave, and stream

to murmur, in the grasp of an eternal cold. But it may be, that rather out of the mouths of babies and sucklings a better peace may be promised to the redeemed Jerusalem; and the strewn branches, and low-laid stones, remain at rest at the gates of the city, built in unity with herself, and saying with her human voice, "My King cometh."—*Introduction.*

THE EARTH'S THREE ERAS.

4. There are, broadly, three great demonstrable periods of the Earth's history. That in which it was crystallized; that in which it was sculptured; and that in which it is now being unsculptured, or deformed. These three periods interlace with each other, and gradate into each other—as the periods of human life do. Something dies in the child on the day that it is born,—something is born in the man on the day that he dies: nevertheless, his life is broadly divided into youth, strength, and decrepitude. In such clear sense, the Earth has its three ages: of their length we know as yet nothing, except that it has been greater than any man had imagined.

7. (THE FIRST PERIOD.)—But there was a period, or a succession of periods, during which the rocks which are now hard were soft; and in which, out of entirely different positions, and under entirely different conditions from any now existing or describable, the masses, of which the mountains you now see are made, were lifted, and hardened, in the positions they now occupy, though in what forms we can now no more guess than we can the original outline of the block from the existing statute.

8. (THE SECOND PERIOD.)—Then, out of those raised masses, more or less in lines compliant with their crystalline structure, the mountains we now see were hewn, or worn, during the second period, by forces for the most part differing both in mode and violence from any now in operation, but the result of which was to bring the surface of the earth into a form approximately that which it has possessed as far as the records of human history extend.—The Ararat of Moses's time, the Olympus and Ida of Homer's, are practically the same mountains now, that they were then.

9. (THE THIRD PERIOD.)—Not, however, without some calculable, though superficial, change, and that change, one of steady degradation. For in the third, or historical period, the valleys excavated in the second period are being filled up, and the mountains, hewn in the second period, worn or ruined down. In the second era the valley of the Rhone was being cut deeper every day; now it is every day being filled up with gravel. In the second era, the scars of Derbyshire and Yorkshire were cut white and steep; now they are being darkened by vegetation, and crumbled by frost. You cannot, I repeat, separate the periods with precision; but, in their characters, they are as distinct as youth from age.—*Ch. II.*

PRECIOUS STONES.

10. Finding in its past history that in its pure and loyal forms, of amethyst, opal, crystal, jasper, and onyx, *it* also has been much beloved of men, shall we not ask farther whether it deserves to be beloved,—whether in wisdom or folly, equity or inequity, we give our affections to glittering shapes of clay, and found our fortunes on fortitudes of stone; and carry down from lip to lip, and teach, the father to the child, as a sacred tradition, that the Power which made us, and preserves, gave also with the leaves of the earth for our food, and the streams of the earth for our thirst, so also the dust of the earth for our delight and possession: bidding the first of the Rivers of Paradise roll stainless waves over radiant sands, and writing, by the word of the Spirit, of the Rocks that it divided, "The gold of that land is good; there also is the crystal, and the onyx stone."

11. Before I go on, I must justify to you the familiar word I have used for the rare one in the text.

If with mere curiosity, or ambitious scholarship, you were to read the commentators on the Pentateuch, you might spend, literally, many years of life, on the discussions as to the kinds of the gems named in it; and be no wiser at the end than you were at the beginning. But if, honestly and earnestly desiring to know the meaning of the book itself, you set yourself to read with such ordinary help as a good concordance and dictionary, and with fair knowledge of the two languages in which the Testaments have been clearly given to us, you may find out all you need know, in an hour.—*Ch. VII.*

THE DEW AND THE HOAR FROST.

12. The word "bdellium" occurs only twice in the Old Testament: here, and in the book of Numbers, where you are told the manna was of the colour or look of bdellium. There, the Septuagint uses for it the word κρυσταλλος, crystal, or more properly anything congealed by cold; and in the other account of the manna, in Exodus, you are told that, after the dew round the camp was gone up, "there lay a small round thing—as small as the *hoar-frost* upon the ground." Until I heard from my friend Mr. Tyrrwhitt of the cold felt at night in camping on Sinai, I could not understand how deep the feeling of the Arab, no less than the Greek, must have been respecting the divine gift of the dew,—nor with what sense of thankfulness for miraculous blessing the question of Job would be uttered, "The hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?" Then compare the first words of the blessing of Isaac: "God give thee of the dew of heaven, and of the fatness of earth;" and, again, the first words of the song of Moses: "Give ear, oh ye heavens,—for my speech shall distil as the dew;" and you will see at once why this heavenly food was made to shine clear in the desert, like an enduring of its

dew;—Divine remaining for continual need. Frozen, as the Alpine snow—pure for ever.—*Ch. VII.*

THE MANNA.

13. Seize firmly that first idea of the manna, as the type of the bread which is the Word of God; and then look on for the English word "crystal" in Job, of Wisdom, "It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious *onyx,* or the sapphire: the *gold and the crystal* shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold;" in Ezekiel, "firmament of the terrible crystal," or in the Apocalypse, "A sea of glass, like unto crystal,—water of life, clear as crystal,"—"light of the city like a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." Your understanding the true meaning of all these passages depends on your distinct conception of the permanent clearness and hardness of the Rock-crystal.—*Ch. VII.*

14. The three substances named here in the first account of Paradise, stand generally as types—the GOLD of all precious metals; the CRYSTAL of all clear precious stones prized for *lustre;* and the ONYX of all opaque precious stones prized for *colour.* And to mark this distinction as a vital one,—in each case when the stones to be set for the tabernacle-service are named, the onyx is named separately. The Jewish rulers brought "onyx stones, and stones to be set for the ephod, and for the breastplate."[1] And the onyx is used thrice, while every other stone is used only once, in the High Priest's robe; two onyxes on the shoulders, bearing the twelve names of the tribes, six on each stone, (Exod. xxviii. 9, 10,) and one in the breastplate, with its separate name of one tribe, (Exod. xxviii. 20.)

15. A. Now note the importance of this grouping. The Gold, or precious metal, is significant of all that the power of the beautiful earth, gold, and of the strong earth, iron, has done for and against man. How much evil I need not say. How much good is a question I will endeavor to show some evidence on forthwith.

B. The Crystal is significant of all the power that jewels, from diamonds down through every Indian gem to the glass beads which we now make for ball-dresses, have had over the imagination and economy of men and women—from the day that Adam drank of the water of the crystal river to this hour. How much evil this is, you partially know; how much good, we have to consider.

C. The Onyx is the type of all stones arranged in bands of different colors; it means primarily, nail-stone—showing a separation like the white half-crescent at the root of the finger-nail; not without some idea of its subjection to the laws of life. Of these stones, part which are flinty, are the material used for cameos and all manner of en-

[1] Exod. xxv. 7, xxxv. 27, comparing Job above quoted, and Ezekiel xxviii, 13.

graved work. . . . This stone, as best representative of all others, is chosen to be the last gift of men to Christ, as gold is their first; incense with both: at His birth, gold and frankincense; at His death, alabaster and spikenard.—*Ch. VII.*

WHY LOVE PRECIOUS STONES?

41. I return to our question at the beginning: Are we right in setting our hearts on these stones,—loving them, holding them precious?

Yes, assuredly; provided it is the stone we love, and the stone we think precious; and not ourselves we love, and ourselves we think precious. To worship a black stone, because it fell from heaven, may not be wholly wise, but it is half-way to being wise; half-way to worship of heaven itself. Or, to worship a white stone because it is dug with difficulty out of the earth, and to put it into a log of wood, and say the wood sees with it, may not be wholly wise; but it is half-way to being wise; half-way to believing that the God who makes earth so bright, may also brighten the eyes of the blind. It is no true folly to think that stones see, but it *is,* to think that eyes do not; it is no true folly to think that stones live, but it *is,* to think that souls die; it is no true folly to believe that, in the day of the making up of jewels, the palace walls shall be compact of life above their corner-stone,—but it *is,* to believe that in the day of dissolution the souls of the globe shall be shattered with its emerald; and no spirit survive, unterrified, above the ruin.

42. Yes, pretty ladies! love the stones, and take care of them; but love your own souls better, and take care of *them,* for the day when the Master shall make up His jewels. See that it be first the precious stones of the breastplate of justice you delight in, and are brave in; not first the stones of your own diamond necklaces you delight in, and are fearful for, lest perchance the lady's maid miss that box at the station. Get your breastplate of truth first, and every earthly stone will shine in it.

Alas! most of you know no more what justice means, than what jewels mean; but here is the pure practice of it to be begun, if you will, to-morrow.

JEWELS.

43. For literal truth of your jewels themselves, absolutely search out and cast away all manner of false, or dyed, or altered stones. And at present, to make quite sure, wear your jewels uncut: they will be twenty times more interesting to you, so. The ruby in the British crown is uncut; and is, as far as my knowledge extends,—I have not had it to look at close,—the loveliest precious stone in the world. And, as a piece of true gentlewoman's and true lady's knowledge, learn to know these stones when you see them, uncut.

So much of mineralogy the abundance of modern science may, I think, spare, as a piece of required education for the upper classes.

JEWELS OF GOD.

45. And lastly, as you are true in the choosing, be just in the sharing, of your jewels. They are but dross and dust after all; and you, my sweet religious friends, who are so anxious to impart to the poor your pearls of great price, may surely also share with them your pearls of little price. Strangely (to my own mind at least), you are not so zealous in distributing your estimable rubies, as you are in communicating your *in*estimable wisdom. Of the grace of God, which you can give away in the quantity you think others are in need of, without losing any yourselves, I observe you to be affectionately lavish; but of the jewels of God, if any suggestions be made by charity touching the distribution of *them,* you are apt, in your wisdom, to make answer like the wise virgins, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you."

THE TABERNACLE OF GOD.

46. The tabernacle of God is now with men;—*in* men, and women, and sucklings also; which temple ye are, ye and your Christian sisters; of whom the poorest, here in London, are a very undecorated shrine indeed. *They* are the Tabernacle, fair friends, which you have got leave, and charge, to adorn. Not, in anywise, those charming churches and altars which you wreathe with garlands for God's sake, and the eloquent clergyman's. You are quite wrong, and barbarous in language, when you call *them* "Churches" at all. They are only Synagogues;—the very same of which Christ spoke, with eternal meaning, as the places that hypocrites would love to be seen in. . . . You are yourselves the Church, dears; and see that you be finally adorned, as women professing godliness, with the precious stones of good works, which may be quite briefly defined, for the present, as decorating the entire Tabernacle; and clothing your poor sisters, with yourselves. Put roses also in *their* hair, put precious stones also on *their* breasts; see that they also are clothed in your purple and scarlet, with other delights; that they also learn to read the gilded heraldry of the sky; and, upon the earth, be taught, not only the labours of it, but the loveliness. For them, also, let the hereditary jewel recall their father's pride, their mother's beauty: so shall your days, and theirs, be long in the sweet and sacred land which the Lord your God has given you: so, truly, shall THE GOLD OF THAT LAND BE GOOD, AND THERE, ALSO, THE CRYSTAL, AND THE ONYX STONE.—*Ch. VII.*

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN ANGELS.

37. Those parents who love their children most tenderly, cannot but sometimes dwell on the old Christian fancy, that they have guardian angels. I call it an old fancy, in deference to your modern enlightenment in religion; but I assure you nevertheless, in spite of all that illumination, there remains yet some dark possibility that the old fancy may be true: and that, although the modern apothecary cannot exhibit to you either an angel, or an imp, in a bottle, the spiritual powers of heaven and hell are no less now, than heretofore, contending for the souls of your children; and contending with *you*—for the privilege of their tutorship.

DEVILS AND ANGELS CONTEND FOR CHILDREN.

38. Forgive me if I use, for the few minutes I have yet to speak to you, the ancient language,—metaphorical, if you will, of Luther and Fenelon, of Dante and Milton, of Goethe and Shakspeare, of St. John and St. Paul, rather than your modern metaphysical or scientific slang: and if I tell you, what in the issue of it you will find is either life-giving, or deadly, fact,—that the fiends and the angels contend with you daily for the spirits of your children: the devil using to you his old, his hitherto immortal, bribes, of lust and pride; and the angels pleading with you, still, that they may be allowed to lead your babes in the divine life of the pure and the lowly. To enrage their lusts, and chiefly the vilest lust of money, the devils would drag them to the classes that teach them how to get on in the world; and for the better pluming of their pride, provoke their zeal in the sciences which will assure them of their being no God in nature but the gas of their own graves.

And of these powers you may discern the one from the other by a vivid, instant, practical test. The devils always will exhibit to you what is loathsome, ugly, and, above all, dead; and the angels, what is pure, beautiful, and, above all, living.—*Ch. XII.*

THE SLOTH.

39. Take an actual, literal instance. Of all known quadrupeds, the unhappiest and vilest, yet alive, is the sloth, having this farther strange devilry in him, that what activity he is capable of, is in storm, and in the night. Well, the devil takes up this creature, and makes a monster of it,—gives it legs as big as hogsheads, claws stretched like the roots of a tree, shoulders like a hump of crag, and a skull as thick as a paving-stone. From this nightmare monster he takes what poor faculty of motion the creature, though wretched, has in its minuter size; and shows you, instead of the clinging climber that scratched and scrambled from branch to branch among the rattling trees as they bowed in storm, only a vast heap of stony

bones and staggering clay, that drags its meat down to its mouth out of the forest ruin. This creature the fiends delight to exhibit to you, but are permitted by the nobler powers only to exhibit to you in its death.—*Ch. XII.*

THE SQUIRREL.

40. On the other hand, as of all quadrupeds there is none so ugly or so miserable as the sloth, so, take him for all in all, there is none so beautiful, so happy, so wonderful as the squirrel. Innocent in all his ways, harmless in his food, playful as a kitten, but without cruelty, and surpassing the fantastic dexterity of the monkey, with the grace and the brightness of a bird, the little dark-eyed miracle of the forest glances from branch to branch more like a sunbeam than a living creature: it leaps, and darts, and twines, where it will;—a chamois is slow to it; and a panther, clumsy: grotesque as a gnome, gentle as a fairy, delicate as the silken plumes of the rush, beautiful and strong like the spiral of a fern,—it haunts you, listens for you, hides from you, looks for you, loves you, as if the angel that walks with your children had made it himself for their heavenly plaything.—*Ch. XII.*

TRUE SCIENCE BEGINS AND ENDS IN LOVE.

And this is what *you* do, to thwart alike your child's angel, and his God,—you take him out of the woods into the town,—you send him from modest labour to competitive schooling,—you force him out of the fresh air into the dusty bonehouse,—you show him the skeleton of the dead monster, and make him pore over its rotten cells and wire-stitched joints, and vile extinct capacities of destruction,—and when he is choked and sickened with useless horror and putrid air, you let him—regretting the waste of time—go out for once to play again by the woodside;—and the first squirrel he sees, he throws a stone at!

Carry, then, I beseech you, this assured truth away with you to-night. All true science begins in the love, not the dissection, of your fellow-creatures; and it ends in the love, not the analysis, of God. Your alphabet of science is in the nearest knowledge, as your alphabet of science is in the nearest duty. "Behold, it is nigh thee, even at the doors." The Spirit of God is around you in the air that you breathe,—His glory in the light that you see; and in the fruitfulness of the earth, and the joy of its creatures, He has written for you, day by day, His revelation, as He has granted you, day by day, your daily bread.—*Ch. XII.*

LOOK FOR LITERAL MEANING OF THE BIBLE.

48. In any good book, but especially in the Bible, you must always look for the literal meaning of everything first,—and act out

that, then the spiritual meaning easily and securely follows. Now in the great Song of Moses, in which he foretells, before his death, the corruption of Israel, he says of the wicked race into which the Holy People are to change, "Their wine is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps." Their wine,—that is to say, of course, not the wine they drink, but the wine they give to drink. So that, as our best duty to our neighbor is figured by the Samaritan who heals wounds by pouring in oil and wine, our worst sin against our neighbour is in envenoming his wounds by pouring in gall and poison. The cruel venom of *Asps*—of that brown gentleman you see there!

SALOON AS PROP OF COLLEGE.

53. I know a village, some few miles from Oxford, numbering of inhabitants some four hundred louts, in which my own College of the Body of Christ keeps the public-house, and therein sells—by its deputy—such poisoned beer that the Rector's wife told me, only the day before yesterday, that she sent for some to take out a stain in a dress with, and couldn't touch the dress with it, it was so filthy with salt and acid, to provoke thirst; and that while the public-house was there she had no hope of doing any good to the men, who always prepared for Sunday by a fight on Saturday night. And that my own very good friend the Bursar, and we the Fellows, of Corpus, being appealed to again and again to shut up that tavern, the answer is always, "The College can't afford it: we can't give up that fifty pounds a year out of those peasant sots' pockets, and yet 'as a College' live."

Drive that nail home with your hammers, for I've no more time; and consider the significance of the fact, that the gentlemen of England can't afford to keep up a college for their own sons but by selling death of body and soul to their own peasantry.

WISDOM OF SERPENT.

55. What the best wisdom of the Serpent may be, I assume that you all possess;—and my caution is to be addressed to you in that brightly serpentine perfection. In all other respects as wise, in one respect let me beg you to be wiser than the Serpent, and not to eat your meat without tasting it,—meat of any sort, but above all the serpent-recommended meat of knowledge. Think what a delicate and delightful meat that used to be in old days, when it was not quite so common as it is now, and when young people—the best sort of them—really hungered and thirsted for it. *Then* a youth went up to Cambridge, or Padua, or Bonn, as to a feast of fat things, of wines on the lees, well-refined. But now, he goes only to swallow, —and, more's the pity, not even to swallow as a glutton does, with enjoyment; not even—forgive me the old Aristotelian Greek,

ηδομενος τη αφη—pleased with the going down, but in the saddest and exactest way, as a constrictor does, tasting nothing all the time. You remember what Professor Huxley told you—most interesting it was, and new to me—of the way the great boa does not in any true sense swallow, but only hitches himself on to his meat like a coalsack;—well, that's the exact way you expect your poor modern student to hitch himself on to *his* meat, catching and notching his teeth into it, and dragging the skin of him tight over it,—till at last—you know I told you a little while ago our artists didn't know a snake from a sausage,—but, Heaven help us, your University doctors are going on at such a rate that it will be all we can do, soon, to know a *man* from a sausage.—*Vol. II, Ch. 1.*

RECTITUDE AND HONOR.

56. How often do I receive letters from young men of sense and genius, lamenting the loss of their strength, and waste of their time, but ending always with the same saying, "I *must* take as high a class as I can, in order to please my father." And the fathers love the lads all the time, but yet, in every word they speak to them, prick the poison of the asp into their young blood, and sicken their eyes with blindness to all the true joys, the true aims, and the true praises of science and literature; neither do they themselves any more conceive that the only path of honour is that of rectitude, and the only place of honour, the one that you are fit for. Make your children happy in their youth; let distinction come to them, if it will, after well-spent and well-remembered years; but let them now break and eat the bread of Heaven with gladness and singleness of heart, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared;—and so Heaven send you its grace—before meat, and after it.—*Vol. II, Ch. 1.*

V

PROSERPINA.

STUDIES OF WAYSIDE FLOWERS, ETC. (2 VOLS. 1876.)

Vol. I. 14 Chaps. Vol. II. 9 Chaps.

From Greek mythology we learn of a goddess Proserpina, who is said to have presided over the blade of corn when it sprouted forth from the earth, and without whom, when, one year, she was taken away, not a blade of corn grew on the earth.

From this myth Ruskin has taken the name for a volume devoted, not strictly to Botany, but to a beautiful and poetic presentation of the mystery of growth in plants. The work is finely illustrated with engravings by the Author's friends, Burgess and Allen.

Let the reader take notice of the mere titles of the chapters and he will see with what thoroughness and breadth of view the subject is treated. Here are the titles of the chapters of Vol. I. The Root, The Leaf, The Flower, The Stem—Outside and In, The Bark, Genealogy, The Seed and the Husk, The Fruit Gift.

This work was the product of years of study; at least, of so much of those years, as Ruskin could give to it, in the midst of his many other active labors. Like all the rest, too, it was profoundly true to morals and religion. The work appeals strongly to lovers of plant and tree life, while it furnishes many an illustration of the lofty thought and spiritual mind of the writer.

ROOTS.

THEIR ESSENTIAL FUNCTIONS.

3. The Root has three great functions:
1st. To hold the plant in its place.
2nd. To nourish it with earth.
3rd. To receive vital power for it from the earth.

With this last office is, in some degree,—and especially in certain plants,—connected, that of reproduction.

But in all plants the root has these three essential functions.

10. But the root has, it seems to me, one more function, the most important of all.

There are some plants which appear to derive all their food from the air—which need nothing but a slight grasp of the ground to fix them in their place. Yet if we were to tie them into that place, in a framework, and cut them from their roots, they would die. Not only in these, but in all other plants, the vital power by which they shape and feed themselves, whatever that power may be, depends, I think, on that slight touch of the earth, and strange inheritance of its power. It is as essential to the plant's life as the connection of the head of an animal with its body by the spine is to the animal. Divide the feeble nervous thread, and all life ceases. Nay, in the tree the root is even of greater importance. You will not kill the tree, as you would an animal, by dividing its body or trunk. The part not severed from the root will shoot again. But in the root, and its touch of the ground, is the life of it.—*Vol. I, Ch. 2.*

LIFE A DELIGHT—DEATH, DREADFUL.

11. What vital power is, men of science are not a step nearer knowing than they were four thousand years ago. They are, if anything, farther from knowing now than then, in that they imagine themselves nearer. But they know more about its limitations and manifestations than they did. They have even arrived at something like a proof that there is a fixed quantity of it flowing out of things and into them. But, for the present, rest content with the general and sure knowledge that, fixed or flowing, measurable or immeasurable—one with electricity or heat or light, or quite distinct from any of them—life is a delightful, and its negative, death, a dreadful thing, to human creatures; and that you can give or gather a certain quantity of life into plants, animals, and yourself by wisdom and courage, and by their reverses can bring upon them any quantity of death you please, which is a much more serious point for you to consider than what life and death are.—*Vol. I, Ch. 2.*

A LESSON FROM ROOTS.

13. There is a pretty example of patience for us in this; and it would be well for young people generally to set themselves to grow in a carrotty or turnippy manner, and lay up secret store, not caring to exhibit it until the time comes for fruitful display. But they must not, in after-life, imitate the spendthrift vegetable, and blossom only in the strength of what they learned long ago; else they soon come to contemptible end. Wise people live like laurels and cedars, and go on mining in the earth, while they adorn and embalm the air.—*Vol. I, Ch. 2.*

THE LEAF.

ITS MINISTRY.

1. "He shall be like a tree planted by the river side, that bears its fruit in its season. His leaf also shall not wither; and you will see that whatever he does will prosper."

. . . . . .

It will be easy for you to recollect the two eastern figures under which the happiness of the man is represented,—that he is like a tree bearing fruit "in its season;" (not so hastily as that the frost pinch it, nor so late that no sun ripens it;) and that "his leaf shall not fade." I should like you to recollect this phrase in the Vulgate—"folium ejus non defluet"—shall not fall *away*,—that is to say, shall not fall so as to leave any visible bareness in winter time, but only that others may come up in its place, and the tree be always green. —*Vol. I, Ch. 3.*

LEAVES AND FRUIT.

2. Now, you know, the fruit of the tree is either for the continuance of its race, or for the good, or harm, of other creatures. In no case is it a good to the tree itself. It is not indeed, properly, a part of the tree at all, any more than the egg is part of the bird, or the young of any creature part of the creature itself. But in the leaf is the strength of the tree itself. Nay, rightly speaking, the leaves *are* the tree itself. Its trunk sustains; its fruit burdens and exhausts; but in the leaf it breathes and lives. And thus also, in the eastern symbolism, the fruit is the labor of men for others; but the leaf is their own life. "He shall bring forth fruit, in his time; and his own joy and strength shall be continual."—*Vol. I, Ch. 3.*

LESSONS OF THE BRANCH.

6. Now gather a branch of laurel, and look at it carefully. You may read the history of the being of half the earth in one of those green oval leaves—the things that the sun and the rivers have made out of dry ground. Daphne—daughter of Enipeus, and beloved by the Sun,—that fable gives you at once the two great facts about vegetation. Where warmth is and moisture—there also, the leaf. Where no warmth—there is no leaf; where there is no dew—no leaf.

7. Look, then, to the branch you hold in your hand. That you *can* so hold it, or make a crown of it, if you choose, is the first thing I want you to note of it;—the proportion of size, namely, between the leaf and *you*. Great part of your life and character, as a human creature, has depended on that. Suppose all leaves had been spacious, like some palm leaves; solid, like cactus stem; or that trees had grown, as they might of course just as easily have grown, like mush-

rooms, all one great cluster of leaf round one stalk. I do not say that they are divided into small leaves only for your delight, or your service, as if you were the monarch of everything—even in this atom of a globe. You are made of your proper size; and the leaves of theirs: for reasons, and by laws, of which neither the leaves nor you know anything. Only note the harmony between both, and the joy we may have in this division and mystery of the frivolous and tremulous petals, which break the light and the breeze,—compared to what, with the frivolous and the tremulous mind which is in us, we could have had out of domes, or penthouses, or walls of leaf.—*Vol. I, Ch. 3.*

GARDEN OF EDEN.

29. When we speak carelessly of the traditions respecting the Garden of Eden, (or in Hebrew, remember, Garden of Delight,) we are apt to confuse Milton's descriptions with those in the book of Genesis. Milton fills his Paradise with flowers; but no flowers are spoken of in Genesis. We may indeed conclude that in speaking of every herb of the field, flowers are included. But they are not named. The things that are *named* in the Garden of Delight are trees only.

The words are, "every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food;" and as if to mark the idea more strongly for us in the Septuagint, even the ordinary Greek word for tree is not used, but the word ξυλον,—literally, every "wood," every piece of *timber* that was pleasant or good. They are indeed the "vivi travi,"—living rafters of Dante's Apennine.

Do you remember how those trees were said to be watered? Not by the four rivers only. The rivers could not supply the place of rain. No rivers do; for in truth they are the refuse of rain. No storm-clouds were there, nor hidings of the blue by darkening veil; but there went up a *mist* from the earth, and watered the face of the ground,—or, as in Septuagint and Vulgate, "There went forth a fountain from the earth, and gave the earth to drink."—*Vol. I, Ch. 3.*

30. When Ezekiel is describing to Pharaoh the greatness of the Assyrians, do you remember what image he gives of them? "Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches; and his top was among the thick boughs; the waters nourished him, and the deep brought him up, with her rivers running round about his plants. Under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young; and under his shadow dwelt all great nations."—*Vol. I, Ch. 3.*

THE GARDEN OF GOD IN THE NATION.

31. Now hear what follows. "The cedars *in the Garden of God* could not hide *him*. The fir trees were not like his boughs, and

the chestnut trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the Garden of God was like unto him in beauty."

So that you see, whenever a nation rises into consistent, vital, and, through many generations, enduring power, *there* is still the Garden of God; still it is the water of life which feeds the roots of it; and still the succession of its people is imaged by the perennial leafage of trees of Paradise. Other symbols have been given often to show the evanescence and slightness of our lives—the foam upon the water, the grass on the housetop, the vapour that vanishes away; yet none of these are images of true human life. That life, when it is real, is *not* evanescent; is *not* slight; does *not* vanish away. Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven for ever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained; more stubborn in the root, higher towards heaven in the branch; and, "as a teil tree, and as an oak,—whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves,—so the holy seed is in the midst thereof."

32. Only remember on what conditions. In the great Psalm of life, we are told that everything that a man doeth shall prosper, so only that he delight in the law of his God, that he hath not walked in the counsel of the wicked, nor sat in the seat of the scornful. Is it among these leaves of the perpetual Spring,—helpful leaves for the healing of the nations,—that we mean to have our part and place, or rather among the "brown skeletons of leaves that lag, the forest brook along"? For other leaves there are, and other streams that water them,—not water of life, but water of Acheron. Autumnal leaves there are that strew the brooks, in Vallombrosa. Remember you how the name of the place was changed: "Once called 'Sweet water' (Aqua bella), now, the Shadowy Vale." Portion in one or other name we must choose, all of us, with the living olive, by the living fountains of waters, or with the wild fig trees, whose leafage of human soul is strewed along the brooks of death, in the eternal Vallombrosa.—*Vol. I, Ch. 3.*

THE FLOWER.

THE MISSION OF THE FLOWER.

2. The flower exists for its own sake,—not for the fruit's sake. The production of the fruit is an added honour to it—is a granted consolation to us for its death. But the flower is the end of the seed, not the seed of the flower. You are fond of cherries, perhaps; and think that the use of cherry blossom is to produce cherries. Not at all. The use of cherries is to produce cherry blossoms; just as the use of bulbs is to produce hyacinths,—not of hyacinths to produce bulbs. Nay, that the flower can multiply by bulb, or root, or slip, as well as by seed, may show you at once how immaterial the seed-forming

function is to the flower's existence. A flower is to the vegetable substance what a crystal is to the mineral.

3. It is because of its beauty that its continuance is worth Heaven's while. The glory of it is in being,—not in begetting; and in the spirit and substance,—not the change. For the earth also has its flesh and spirit. Every day of spring is the earth's Whit Sunday—Fire Sunday. The falling fire of the rainbow, with the order of its zones, and the gladness of its covenant,—you may eat of it, like Esdras; but you feed upon it only that you may see it. Do you think that flowers were born to nourish the blind?

Fasten well in your mind, then, the conception of order, and purity, as the essence of the flower's being, no less than of the crystal's. A ruby is not made bright to scatter round it child-rubies; nor a flower, but in collateral and added honour, to give birth to other flowers.

Two main facts, then, you have to study in every flower: the symmetry or order of it, and the perfection of its substance; first, the manner in which the leaves are placed for beauty of form; then the spinning and weaving and blanching of their tissue, for the reception of purest colour, or refining to richest surface.—*Vol. I, Ch. 4.*

PAPAVER RHOEAS.

SCARLET GLORY.

2. In our English prayer-book translation, the first verse of the ninety-third Psalm runs thus: "The Lord is King; and hath put on glorious apparel." And although, in the future republican world, there are to be no lords, no kings, and no glorious apparel, it will be found convenient, for botanical purposes, to remember what such things once were; for when I said of the poppy, that it was "robed in the purple of the Cæsars," the words gave, to any one who had a clear idea of a Cæsar, and of his dress, a better, and even *stricter,* account of the flower than if I had only said, with Mr. Sowerby, "petals bright scarlet;" which might just as well have been said of a pimpernel, or scarlet geranium;—but of neither of these latter should I have said "robed in purple of Cæsars." What I meant was, first, that the poppy leaf looks dyed through and through, like glass, or Tyrian tissue; and not merely painted: secondly, that the splendour of it is proud,—almost insolently so. Augustus, in his glory, might have been clothed like one of these; and Saul; but not David nor Solomon; still less the teacher of Solomon, when He puts on "glorious apparel."—*Vol. I, Ch. 5.*

DEGREES OF PERFECTION AND DIVINE ORDER.

4. The perception of beauty, and the power of defining physical character, are based on moral instinct, and on the power of defining

animal or human character. Nor is it possible to say that one flower is more highly developed, or one animal of a higher order, than another, without the assumption of a divine law of perfection to which the one more conforms than the other.—*Vol. I, Ch. 5.*

GENEALOGY.

FLOWER, TREE AND GRACE.

18. It is an historical fact that for many centuries the English nation believed that the Founder of its religion, spiritually, by the mouth of the King who spake of all herbs, had likened himself to two flowers,—the Rose of Sharon, and Lily of the Valley.

. . . . . .

It is also historical that the personal appearing of this Master of our religion was spoken of by our chief religious teacher in these terms: "The Grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men." And it is a constant fact that this "grace" or "favor" of God is spoken of as "giving us to eat of the Tree of Life."

THE ROSE—THE TYPE OF WOMANHOOD.

19. Now, comparing the botanical facts I have to express, with these historical ones, I find that the rose tribe has been formed among flowers, not in distant and monstrous geologic eras, but in the human epoch;—that its "grace" or favor has been in all countries so felt as to cause its acceptance everywhere for the most perfect physical type of womanhood;—and that the characteristic fruit of the tribe is so sweet, that it has become symbolic at once of the subtlest temptation, and the kindest ministry to the earthly passion of the human race. "Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." —*Vol. I, Ch. 11.*

MORAL INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

37. But through all the defeats by which insolent endeavors to sum the orders of Creation must be reproved, and in the midst of the successes by which patient insight will be surprised, the fact of the *confirmation* of species in plants and animals must remain always a miraculous one. What outstretched sign of constant Omnipotence can be more awful, than that the susceptibility to external influences, with the reciprocal power of transformation, in the organs of the plant; and the infinite powers of moral training and mental conception over the nativity of animals, should be so restrained within impassable limits, and by inconceivable laws, that from generation to generation, under all the clouds and revolutions of heaven with its stars, and among all the calamities and convulsions of the Earth with her passions, the numbers and the names

of her Kindred may still be counted for her in unfailing truth;—still the fifth sweet leaf unfold for the Rose, and the sixth spring for the Lily; and yet the wolf rave tameless round the folds of the pastoral mountains, and yet the tiger flame through the forests of the night.—*Vol. I, Ch. 11.*

NUMBER OF DAYS.

9. We describe a plant as small or great; and think we have given account enough of its nature and being. But the chief question for the plant, as for the human creature, is the Number of its days; for to the tree, as to its master, the words are forever true—"As thy Day is, so shall thy Strength be."—*Vol. I, Ch. 12.*

FLOWERS AND BIRDS AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

43. What the colours of flowers, or of birds, or of precious stones, or of the sea and air, and the blue mountains, and the evening and the morning, and the clouds of Heaven, were given for—they only know who can see them and can feel, and who pray that the sight and the love of them may be prolonged, where cheeks will not fade, nor sunsets die.—*Vol. II, Ch. 1.*

THE BEAUTY OF RELIGION IN WOMEN.

48. It will not be found, on reference to my other books, that they encourage young ladies to go into convents; or undervalue the dignity of wives and mothers. But, as surely as the sun *does* sever day from night, it will be found always that the noblest and loveliest women are dutiful and religious by continual nature; and their passions are trained to obey them; like their dogs. Homer, indeed, loves Helen with all his heart, and restores her, after all her naughtiness, to the queenship of her household; but he never thinks of her as Penelope's equal, or Iphigenia's. Practically, in daily life, one often sees married women as good as saints; but rarely, I think, unless they have a good deal to bear from their husbands. Sometimes also, no doubt, the husbands have some trouble in managing St. Cecilia or St. Elizabeth.—*Vol. II, Ch. 1.*

VI

THE STORM CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Two Lectures. (1884.)

These two lectures, delivered before such critical people as were accustomed to assemble at The London Institution, when viewed in connection with all the other themes of Ruskin's studies, illustrate the comprehensiveness of his mind. We cannot do better here than quote Collingwood, who says:—

"His (Ruskin's) journals for fifty years past had kept careful account of the weather, and effects of cloud. . . . The 'plague wind,' so he called it—tremulous, intermittent, blighting grass and trees—blew from no fixed point of the compass, but always brought the same dirty sky in place of the healthy rain-cloud of normal summers; and the very thunderstorms seemed to be altered by its influence into foul and powerless abortions of tempest. . . . Nature and Art seemed to be suffering together—the times were out of joint; and these were but signs and warnings of a more serious gloom. For, feeling as he did the weight of human wrong against which it was his mission to prophesy, believing in a Divine government of the world in all its literalness, he had the courage to appear before a London audience, like any seer of old, and to tell them that this eclipse of heaven was—if not a judgment—at all events a symbol of the moral darkness of a nation that had 'blasphemed the name of God deliberately and openly; and had done iniquity by proclamation, every man doing as much injustice to his brother man as it was in his power to do.' It sounded like a voice crying in the wilderness; to those that sat at east, a jest; to many who, without his religious feeling and without his ardent temperament, were yet working for the same ends of justice to the oppressed, it seemed like fanaticism. But to him, growing old, and wearying for the Kingdom of Heaven which he despaired at last of seeing, there was but one reality—the great fact, as he knew it, of God above, and man either obeying or withstanding Him."

With his characteristic, critical, mind Ruskin sharply deals with some of the statements of Scientists in these lectures, as for example the following:

"Thus, when Professor Tyndall, endeavoring to write poetically of the sun, tells you that 'The Lilies of the field are his workmanship,' you may observe, first, that since the sun is not a man, nothing that he does is workmanship; while even the figurative statement that he rejoices *as* a strong man to run his course, is one which Professor Tyndall has no intention whatever of admitting. And you may then observe, in the second place, that, if even in that figurative sense, the lilies of the field are the sun's workmanship, in the same sense the lilies of the hothouse are the stove's workmanship,—and in perfectly logical parallel, you, who are alive here to listen to me, because you have been warned and fed through the winter, are the workmanship of your own coal-scuttles."

To be rightly appreciated this work should be read as a whole; indeed that is true of all the works of Ruskin in a very eminent degree. But it will serve the purpose of this volume to quote the following closing sentences:—

"What consolation, or what courage, through plague, danger or darkness, you can find in the conviction that you are nothing more than brute beasts driven by brute forces, your other tutors can tell you—not I: but *this* I can tell you—and with the authority of all the masters of thought since time was time,—that, while by no manner of vivisection you can learn what a *Beast* is, by only looking into your own hearts you may know what a *Man* is,—and know that his only true happiness is to live in Hope of something to be won by him, in Reverence of something to be worshipped by him, and in Love of something to be cherished by him, and cherished—for ever.

Having these instincts, his only rational conclusion is that the objects which can fulfil them may be by his effort gained, and by his faith discerned; and his only earthly wisdom is to accept the united testimony of the men who have sought these things in the way they were commanded. Of whom no single one has ever said that his obedience or his faith had been vain, or found himself cast out from the choir of the living souls, whether here, or departed, for whom the song was written:"—

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us;
That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.
Oh let the nations rejoice and sing for joy, for Thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the nations upon earth.
Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.
God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

VII

IN MONTIBUS SANCTIS.

Studies of Mountain Form. Three Chaps. (1884.)

Mr. Ruskin found frequent calls for repeating his lectures and for re-setting certain portions of his larger works so as to emphasize subjects which were of wider interest. This is a work of that character. In the preface the author says:—"I receive at present, with increasing frequency, requests or counsels from people whose wishes and advice I respect, for the reprinting of Modern Painters. . . . The following paper, prepared to be read before the Mineralogical Society . . . and proposing, in brief abstract, the questions which are at the root of rock-science, may not unfitly introduce the chapters of geological inquiry, begun at the foot of the Matterhorn thirty years ago."

The paper, thus referred to, constitutes the first of the three chapters, the second and third being reprints from Modern Painters, viz.: "The Dry Land" and "Materials of Mountains." Selections from these will be found in their order.—*See Book ii, M. P. 4 and 5.*

VIII

COELI ENRARRANT.

Studies of Cloud Form. Two Chaps. (1884.)

This is a continuance of *In Montibus Sanctis.* The two chapters: "The Firmament" and "Cloud Balancing" being reprints, with some slight changes, from Modern Painters. They are certainly of great interest from our present view-point and selections will be found in their order.—*See Book ii, M. P. 4 and 5.*

In the preface to this reprint, written twenty-eight years after the issue of the original work, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"I find nothing to alter, and little to explain, in the following portions of my former work. . . . But it may be necessary to advise the student of these chapters not to interpret any of their expressions of awe or wonder as meaning to attribute any supernatural, or in any special sense miraculous, character to the phenomena described, other than that of their adaptation to human feeling or need. I did not in the least mean to insinuate, . . . that because the forms of a thunder cloud were terrific, that they were less natural than those of a diamond; but in all the forms and actions of nonsentient things, I recognized constant miracle, and according to the need and deserving of man, more or less constantly manifest Deity."

IX

HORTUS INCLUSUS.

Letters to Two Ladies. (1887.)

If any lady is seeking a string of pearls, set in gold, let her read these letters. They were written by Ruskin to two ladies, (sisters) Mary and Susanna Beever, in 1874-5, and were edited for publication by Albert Fleming who, at the request of Ruskin, added some of the correspondence from "Susie."

In his preface Ruskin says:—"The ladies to whom these letters were written have been, throughout their brightly tranquil lives, at once sources and loadstones of all good to the village in which they had their homes. Sources they have been of good, like one of the mountain springs, ever to be found in need. . . . The poor and the sick could find them always; or rather, they watched for and prevented all poverty and pain that care and tenderness could relieve or heal. Loadstones they were, as steadily bringing the light of gentle and wise souls about them as the crest of their guardian mountain gives pause to the morning clouds; in themselves they were types of perfect womanhood in its constant happiness, queens alike of their own hearts and of a Paradise in which they knew the names and sympathised with the spirits of every living creature that God had made to play therein, or to blossom in its sunshine or shade."

Mr. Fleming adds:—"The letters are the fruit of the most beautiful friendship I have been permitted to witness. . . . Mr. Ruskin has desired me to add a few words, giving my own description of Susie, and speaking of my relation to them both. To him I owe the guidance of my life—all its best impulses, all its worthiest efforts; to her some of its happiest hours, and the blessings alike of incentive and reproof."

"Susie's" letters are charmingly full of birds and she seems to sing with them.

X

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

A Fairy Story. (1851.)

The Publishers of this story state in their advertisement that it was written "at the request of a very young lady, and solely for her amusement, without any idea of publication. It has since remained in the possession of a friend, to whose suggestion, and the passive assent of the author, the publishers are indebted for the opportunity of printing it."

If the reader will turn to the first chapter of our Life of Ruskin he may find an account of this somewhat humorous incident. The story is of the grotesque order and its theme may be judged by the title of its first Chapter:—"How the Agricultural system of the Black Brothers was interfered with by Southwest Wind Esquire."

To this story is added an illustrated Nursery Rhyme of "Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Wonderful Cats," which might well find a place in our Nursery literature, instead of such horrors as "Bluebeard," and other meaningless and often immoral rhymes.

These stories serve to reveal an unsuspected side of Ruskin's versatile mind.

BOOK FIFTH

Religious Lessons in Political Economy and Other Practical Questions

RELIGIOUS LESSONS IN POLITICAL ECONOMY

I

A JOY FOR EVER.

TWO LECTURES—WITH ADDITIONS. (1857.)

1. Discovery and Application of Art.
2. Accumulation and Distribution.

The subject of this treatise was first presented in the form of lectures which were delivered at Manchester (England). These lectures were published the same year under the title, "The Political Economy of Art." Afterwards they were reprinted, with addenda, under the present title which Mr. Ruskin says was suggested by the line from Keats:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

The work is a vigorous defence of the democracy of truth in relation to wealth as against the current doctrine of plutonomy. The spirit of it is revealed in the opening of the first lecture:—

Among the various characteristics of the age in which we live, as compared with other ages of this not yet *very* experienced world, one of the most notable appears to me to be the just and wholesome contempt in which we hold poverty. I repeat, the *just* and *wholesome* contempt; . . . I should not have ventured to ask you to listen to me, unless I had entertained a profound respect for wealth—true wealth, that is to say; for, of course, we ought to respect neither wealth nor anything else that is false of its kind. . . . But true wealth I hold in great honour; and sympathize, for the most part, with that extraordinary feeling of the present age which publicly pays this honour to riches. . . . . .

For wealth is simply one of the greatest powers which can be

entrusted to human hands: a power, not indeed to be envied, because it seldom makes us happy; but still less to be abdicated or despised; while, in these days, and in this country, it has become a power all the more notable, in that the possessions of a rich man are not represented, as they used to be, by wedges of gold or coffers of jewels, but by masses of men variously employed, over whose bodies and minds the wealth, according to its direction, exercises harmful or helpful influence, and becomes, in that alternative, Mammon either of Unrighteousness or of Righteousness.

Not the least valuable part of the work is the "Addenda," which embraces the subjects of "Fatherly Authority," "Right to Public Support," Public Favour," "Economy of Literature," "Silk and Purple." Also, addresses on "Education in Art," "Social Policy," etc.

THE MEANING OF STEWARDSHIP.

115. The lesson is given under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. Well, we, in our political and spiritual application of this, say, that of course money doesn't mean money, it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means everything in the world except itself. And do not you see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for most of us, in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit, we would use if for the good of our fellow-creatures. But we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the Church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents entrusted to *us* of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money, but the parable can't possibly mean anything so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other—that the story does very specially mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed *given* to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver,—our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; strength is given by God—it is a talent; position is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for

our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.—*Lect. II.*

MONEY AND TALENTS.

117. There would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize the opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail—are these not talents?—are they not in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts? And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body, in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain. You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room, and, calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbour by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats, or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children were being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them. But you are not the least indignant if when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself to be the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.—*Lect. II.*

WHAT FOOLS ARE FOR.

118. But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honourable men will at no very distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that

reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict? —Not so. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his children; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better—of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use you time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost. This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labour far and near.—*Lect. II.*

RESPONSIBILITY OF WEALTH.

119. You who have it in your hands, are in reality the pilots of the power and effort of the State. It is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain. And according to the quantity of it that you have in your hands, you are the arbiters of the will and work of England; and the whole issue, whether the work of the State shall suffice for the State or not, depends upon you. You may stretch out your sceptre over the heads of the English labourers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers, put away this plague that consumes our children; water these dry places, plough these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darkness; carry this life to those who are in death;" or on the other side you may say to her labourers: "Here am I; this power is in my hand; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide; come, make crowns for my head, that men

may see them shine from far away; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple; come, dance before me, that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber; so shall I live in joy, and die in honour." And better than such an honourable death, it were that the day had perished wherein we were born, and the night in which it was said there is a child conceived.—*Lect. II.*

THE MINISTRY AND HONOUR OF WEALTH.

120. A time will come—I do not think even now it is far from us—when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud are over the sky; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honourable and peaceful toil. What less can we hope from your wealth than this, rich men of England, when once you feel fully how, by the strength of your possessions—not, observe, by the exhaustion, but by the administration of them and the power—you can direct the acts,—command the energies—inform the ignorance,—prolong the existence, of the whole human race; and how, even of worldly wisdom, which man employs faithfully, it is true, not only that her ways are pleasantness, but that her paths are peace; and that, for all the children of men, as well as for those to whom she is given, Length of days is in her right hand, as in her left hand Riches and Honour?—*Lect. II.*

PROVIDENCE AND HUMAN ACTION.

133. We are much in the habit of considering happy accidents as what are called "special Providences;" and thinking that when any great work needs to be done, the man who is to do it will certainly be pointed out by Providence, be he shepherd or sea-boy; and prepared for his work by all kinds of minor providences, in the best possible way. Whereas all the analogies of God's operations in other matters prove the contrary of this; we find that "of thousand seeds, He often brings but one to bear," often not one; and the one seed which He appoints to bear is allowed to bear crude or perfect fruit according to the dealings of the husbandman with it. And there cannot be a doubt in the mind of any person accustomed to take broad and logical views of the world's history, that its events are ruled by Providence in precisely the same manner as its harvests; that the seeds of good and evil are broadcast among men, just as the seeds of thistles and fruits are; and that according to the force of our industry, and wisdom of our husbandry, the ground will bring forth to us figs or thistles. So that when it seems needed that a certain work should be done for the world, and no man is there to do it, we have no right to say that God did not wish it to be done; and therefore sent no man able to do it. The probability (if I wrote my own convictions, I should

say certainty) is, that He sent many men, hundreds of men, able to do it; and that we have rejected them, or crushed them; by our previous folly of conduct or of institution, we have rendered it impossible to distinguish, or impossible to reach them; and when the need for them comes, and we suffer for the want of them, it is not that God refuses to send us deliverers, and especially appoints all our consequent sufferings; but that He has sent, and we have refused, the deliverers; and the pain is then wrought out by His eternal law, as surely as famine is wrought out by eternal law for a nation which will neither plough nor sow. No less are we in error in supposing, as we so frequently do, that if a man be found, he is sure to be in all respects fitted for the work to be done, as the key is to the lock: and that every accident which happened in the forging him, only adapted him more truly to the wards!

PROVIDENCE AND GREAT MEN.

It is pitiful to hear historians beguiling themselves and their readers, by tracing in the early history of great men, the minor circumstances which fitted them for the work they did, without ever taking notice of the other circumstances which as assuredly unfitted them for it; so concluding that miraculous interposition prepared them in all points for everything, and that they did all that could have been desired or hoped for from them: whereas the certainty of the matter is that, throughout their lives, they were thwarted and corrupted by some things as certainly as they were helped and disciplined by others; and that, in the kindliest and most reverent view which can justly be taken of them, they were but poor mistaken creatures, struggling with a world more profoundly mistaken than they; assuredly sinned against, or sinning in thousands of ways, and bringing out at last a maimed result—not what they might or ought to have done, but all that could be done against the world's resistance, and in spite of their own sorrowful falsehood to themselves.—*Addenda.*

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

184. Without going so far as the exile of the inconveniently wicked, and translation of the inconveniently sick, to their proper spiritual mansions, we should at least be certain that we do not waste care in protracting disease which might have been spent in preserving health; that we do not appease in the splendour of our turreted hospitals the feelings of compassion which, rightly directed, might have prevented the need of them; nor pride ourselves on the peculiar form of Christian benevolence which leaves the cottage roofless to model the prison, and spends itself with zealous preference where, in the keen words of Carlyle, if you desire the material on which maximum expenditure of means and effort will produce the minimum result, "here you accurately have it."—*Addenda.*

II

UNTO THIS LAST.

FOUR ESSAYS. (1860.)

These essays, embodying much of Ruskin's early views on Political Economy, were first published in the Cornhill Magazine. Eighteen months later they were issued in book form. Mr. Harrison's opinion that this was "the most serviceable thing" that Ruskin ever wrote is, perhaps, not too strong a statement: not that it is the finest from the points of view of literature or philosophy, but as an instrument of education, of sound economic truth, it is the most practical, and appeals to the common sense of all lovers of truth. Its object is best stated by Ruskin himself:

"It was the first object of these papers to give an accurate and stable definition of wealth. Their second object was to show that the acquisition of wealth was finally possible only under certain moral conditions of society, of which quite the first was a belief in the existence and even, for practical purposes, in the attainability of honesty.

Without venturing to pronounce—since on such a matter human judgment is by no means conclusive—what is, or is not, the noblest of God's works, we may yet admit so much of Pope's assertion as that an honest man is among His best works presently visible, and, as things stand, a somewhat rare one; but not an incredible or miraculous work; still less an abnormal one. Honesty is not a disturbing force, which deranges the orbits of economy; but a consistent and commanding force, by obedience to which —and by no other obedience—those orbits can continue clear of chaos.

To these two points, then, the following essays are mainly directed. The subject of the organization of labour is only casually touched upon; because, if we once can get a sufficient quantity of honesty in our captains, the organization of labour is easy, and will develop itself without quarrel or difficulty; but if we can-

not get honesty in our captains, the organization of labour is for evermore impossible."

The author takes for his motto to these essays the two Scripture passages:—

"Friend, I do thee no wrong. Didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way. I will give unto this last even as unto thee."—Matt. 20:13.

"If ye think good, give me my price; and if not, forbear. So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver."—Zech. 11:12.

The work embraces a very wide range of subjects, treated under the four heads:—

1. The Roots of Honour.
2. The Veins of Wealth.
3. Qui Judicatis Terram.
4. Ad Valorem.

The following selections will be of value, not only for occasional reference, but also for bringing into special notice the noble treatment of certain great principles; but no lover of truth, in business or public morals, should be satisfied until he has read the whole of these masterly essays which are easily available in popular editions.

JUSTICE AS A BASIS OF HUMAN ACTION.

7. No human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. He has therefore rendered all endeavours to determine expediency futile for evermore. No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* best, nor how it is likely to come to pass. I have said balances of justice, meaning, in the term justice, to include affection,—such affection as one man *owes* to another. All right relations between master and operative, and all their best interests, ultimately depend on these.—*Essay I.*

THE FUNCTIONS AND DUTIES OF PROFESSIONS.

21. Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily, in every civilized nation: The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it. The Pastor's, to *teach* it. The Physician's, to *keep it in health.* The Lawyer's, to *enforce justice* in it. The Merchant's, to *provide* for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it.

"On due occasion," namely:—

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.
The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood.
The Lawyer, rather than countenance Injustice.
The Merchant—What is *his* "due occasion" of death?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.—*Essay I.*

MORAL QUALITY OF WEALTH.

37. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities; or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane. Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance.—*Essay II.*

REAL WEALTH AND SEEMING WEALTH.

38. That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.

And therefore, the idea that directions can be given for the gaining of wealth, irrespectively of the consideration of its moral sources, or that any general and technical law of purchase and gain can be set down for national practice, is perhaps the most insolently futile of all that ever beguiled men through their vices. So far as I know, there is not in history record of anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as the modern idea that the commercial text, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market?—yes; but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day; was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more: or to a rich man who to-morrow

will buy your farm over your head; or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?

Every question concerning these things merges itself ultimately in the great question of justice, which, the ground being thus far cleared for it, I will enter upon in the next paper, leaving only, in this, three final points for the reader's consideration.—*Essay II.*

VALUE OF MONEY CONSISTS IN ITS POWER.

39. It has been shown that the chief value and virtue of money consists in its having power over human beings; that, without this power, large material possessions are useless, and to any person possessing such power, comparatively unnecessary. But power over human beings is attainable by other means than by money. As I said a few pages back, the money power is always imperfect and doubtful; there are many things which cannot be retained by it. Many joys may be given to men which cannot be bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it.

HUMAN SOULS AS BUSINESS ASSETS.

40. 41. Since the essence of wealth consists in power over men, will it not follow that the nobler and the more in number the persons are over whom it has power, the greater the wealth?

. . . . . .

It may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way;—most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at best conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-chested state of being.

Nevertheless, it is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one? Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of a Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her Sons, saying,—

"These are MY Jewels."

—*Essay II.*

MAXIMS OF A WISE MAN.

42. Some centuries before the Christian era, a Jew merchant engaged in business on the Gold Coast, and reported to have made one of the largest fortunes of his time (held also in repute for much practical sagacity), left among his ledgers some general maxims concerning wealth, which have been preserved, strangely enough, even to our own days. They were held in considerable respect by the most active traders of the middle ages, especially by the Venetians, who even went so far in their admiration as to place a statue of the old Jew on the angle of one of their principal public buildings. Of late years these writings have fallen into disrepute, being opposed in every particular to the spirit of modern commerce. Nevertheless I shall reproduce a passage or two from them here, partly because they may interest the reader by their novelty; and chiefly because they will show him that it is possible for a very practical and acquisitive tradesman to hold, through a not unsuccessful career, that principle of distinction between well-gotten and ill-gotten wealth, which, partially insisted on in my last paper, it must be our work more completely to examine in this.—*Essay III.*

HONESTY IN ADVERTISING.

43. He says, for instance, in one place: "The getting of treasure by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death;"[1] adding in another, with the same meaning (he had a curious way of doubling his sayings): "Treasures of wickedness profit nothing; but justice delivers from death."[2] Both these passages are notable for their assertion of death as the only real issue and sum of attainment by any unjust scheme of wealth. If we read, instead of "lying tongue," "lying label, title, pretence, or advertisement," we shall more clearly perceive the bearing of the words on modern business. The seeking of death is a grand expression of the true course of men's toil in such business. We usually speak as if death pursued us, and we fled from him; but that is only so in rare instances. Ordinarily, he masks himself—makes himself beautiful—all-glorious; not like the King's daughter, all-glorious within, but outwardly: his clothing of wrought gold. We pursue him frantically all our days, he flying or hiding from us. Our crowning success at threescore and ten is utterly and perfectly to seize, and hold him in his eternal integrity—robes, ashes, and sting.—*Essay III.*

GOD'S JUSTICE AND THE POOR.

43. Again: the merchant says, "He that oppresseth the poor to in-

[1] Prov. 21: 6. [2] Prov. 10: 2.

crease his riches, shall surely come to want."[1] And again, more strongly: "Rob not the poor because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the place of business. For God shall spoil the soul of those that spoiled them."[2]

This "robbing the poor because he is poor," is especially the mercantile form of theft, consisting in taking advantage of a man's necessities in order to obtain his labour or property at a reduced price. The ordinary highwayman's opposite form of robbery—of the rich, because he is rich—does not appear to occur so often to the old merchant's mind; probably because, being less profitable and more dangerous than the robbery of the poor, it is rarely practiced by persons of discretion.

44. But the two most remarkable passages in their deep general significance are the following:—

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their maker."[3]

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their light."

They "have met;" more literally, have stood in each other's way (*obviaverunt*). That is to say, as long as the world lasts, the action and counteraction of wealth and poverty, the meeting, face to face, of rich and poor, is just as appointed and necessary a law of that world as the flow of stream to sea, or the interchange of power among the electric clouds:—"God is their maker." But, also, this action may be either gentle and just, or convulsive and destructive: it may be by rage of devouring flood, or by lapse of serviceable wave;—in blackness of thunderstroke, or continual force of vital fire, soft, and shapeable into love-syllables from far away. And which of these it shall be depends on both rich and poor knowing that God is their light; that in the mystery of human life, there is no other light than this by which they can see each other's faces, and live;—light, which is called in another of the books among which the merchant's maxims have been preserved, the "sun of justice," of which it is promised that it shall rise at last with "healing" (health-giving or helping, making whole or setting at one) in its wings. For truly this healing is only possible by means of justice; no love, no faith, no hope will do it; men will be unwisely fond—vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just; and the mistake of the best men through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice. But this justice, with its accompanying holiness or helpfulness, being even by the best men denied in its trial time, is by the mass of men hated wherever it appears: so that, when the choice was one day fairly put to them, they denied the Helpful One and the Just; and desired a murderer, sedition-raiser, and

[1] Prov. 22: 16. [2] Prov. 22: 22. [3] Prov. 22: 2.

robber, to be granted to them;—the murderer instead of the Lord of Life, the sedition-raiser instead of the Prince of Peace, and the robber instead of the just Judge of all the world.—*Essay III.*

LIFE, THE ONLY WEALTH.

77. There is no Wealth but Life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

A strange political economy; the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be: all political economy founded on self-interest being but the fulfillment of that which once brought schism into the Policy of angels, and ruin into the Economy of Heaven.

78. "The greatest number of human beings noble and happy." But is the nobleness consistent with the number? Yes, not only consistent with it, but essential to it. The maximum of life can only be reached by the maximum of virtue. In this respect the law of human population differs wholly from that of animal life. The multiplication of animals is checked only by want of food, and by the hostility of races; the population of the gnat is restrained by the hunger of the swallow, and that of the swallow by the scarcity of gnats. Man, considered as an animal, is indeed limited by the same laws; hunger, or plague, or war, are the necessary and only restraints upon his increase,—effectual restraints hitherto,—his principal study having been how most swiftly to destroy himself, or ravage his dwelling-places, and his highest skill directed to give range to the famine, seed to the plague, and sway to the sword. But, considered as other than an animal, his increase is not limited by these laws. It is limited only by the limits of his courage and his love. Both of these *have* their bounds; and ought to have: his race has its bounds also; but these have not yet been reached, nor will be reached for ages.—*Essay IV.*

THE POOR NEED MORE THAN MEAT.

79. The life is more than the meat. The rich not only refuse food to the poor; they refuse wisdom; they refuse virtue; they refuse salvation. Ye sheep without shepherd, it is not the pasture that has been shut from you, but the presence. Meat! perhaps your right to that may be pleadable; but other rights have to be pleaded first. Claim your crumbs from the table, if you will; but claim them as children, not as dogs; claim your right to be fed, but claim more loudly your right to be holy, perfect, and pure.

Strange words to be used of working people: "What! holy; without any long robes nor anointing oils; these rough-jacketed, rough-

worded persons; set to nameless and dishonoured service? Perfect! —these, with dim eyes and cramped limbs, and slowly awakening minds? Pure—these, with sensual desire and grovelling thought; foul of body, and coarse of soul?" It may be so; nevertheless, such as they are, they are the holiest, perfectest, purest persons the earth can at present show. They may be what you have said; but if so, they yet are holier than we, who have left them thus. But what can be done for them? Who can clothe—who teach—who restrain their multitudes? What end can there be for them at last, but to consume one another?—*Essay IV.*

THE SEARCH FOR FOOD, AND SOMETHING BETTER.

82. The presence of a wise population implies the search for felicity as well as for food; nor can any population reach its maximum but through that wisdom which "rejoices" in the habitable parts of the earth. The desert has its appointed place and work; the eternal engine, whose beam is the earth's axle, whose beat is its year, and whose breath is its ocean, will still divide imperiously to their desert kingdoms, bound with unfurrowable rock, and swept by unarrested sand, their powers of frost and fire: but the zones and lands between, habitable, will be loveliest in habitation. The desire of the heart is also the light of the eyes. No scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich by joyful human labour; smooth in field, fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent; it is only sweet when full of low currents of under sound—triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood. As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary:—the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God. Happy, in that he knew them not, nor did his fathers know; and that round about him reaches yet into the infinite, the amazement of his existence.—*Essay IV.*

PROVIDENCE AND CONTENTMENT.

83. We continually hear it recommended by sagacious people to complaining neighbours (usually less well placed in the world than themselves), that they should "remain content in the station in which Providence has placed them." There are perhaps some circumstances of life in which Providence has no intention that people *should* be content. Nevertheless, the maxim is on the whole a good one; but it is peculiarly for home use. That your neighbour should, or should not, remain content with *his* position, is not

your business; but it is very much your business to remain content with your own. We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honouring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.—*Essay IV.*

III

MUNERA PULVERIS.

Six Essays on Political Economy. (1861-72.)

1. Definitions.
2. Store-keeping.
3. Coin-keeping.
4. Commerce.
5. Government.
6. Mastership.

Mr. Ruskin claimed that these essays constituted "the first accurate analysis of the laws of Political Economy published in England. No exhaustive examination of the subject," he says, "was possible to any person unacquainted with the value of the products of the higher industries, commonly called the 'Fine Arts,' and no one acquainted with the nature of those industries has attempted, or even approached the task."

Nevertheless the essays were received with outbursts of criticism and ridicule when first published in the *Cornhill* and *Fraser's* Magazines and it was not until ten years later, January, 1872, that they were published in book form, under the present title.

But there were men who saw from the first, the true genius and prophetical forecasting of these "heretical doctrines" of Political Economy. Carlyle wrote to Ruskin in 1862:—"I have read your first, I approved in every particular, calm, definite, clear, rising into the sphere of Plato. . . . In every part I find a high and noble sort of truth, not one doctrine that I can intrinsically dissent from, or count other than salutary in the extreme, and pressingly needed."[1] Mr. Froude, the historian and Editor of *Fraser,* wrote: "The world talks of the article in its usual way. I was at Carlyle's last night. . . . He said that in writing to your father as to the subject, he had told him that when Solomon's temple was building it was credibly reported that at least 10,000 sparrows, sitting on the trees around, declared that it was wrong—quite contrary to received opinion—hopelessly condemned by public opinion, etc. Nevertheless it got finished and the sparrows flew away and began to chirp in the same note about something else."

[1] See Collingwood's Life of Ruskin.

In a more serious vein was a letter written to Carlyle on the subject by Erskine.[1] "I am thankful for any unveiling of the so-called science of Political Economy, according to which, avowed selfishness is the rule of the world. It is indeed most important preaching—to preach that there is not one God for religion and another God for human fellowship—and another God for buying and selling —that pestilent polytheism has been largely and confidently preached in our time, and blessed are those who can detect its mendacities, and help to disenchant the brethren of their power."

In this volume we have Ruskin's definitions, in language adapted to the popular mind, of such terms as "wealth, value, commerce, cost, price, money, work, ownership, slavery," etc. Replying to John Stuart Mills's statement that "everyone has a notion sufficiently correct for common purposes, of what is meant by wealth," he says:—"There is not one person in ten thousand who has a notion sufficiently correct, even for the commonest purposes, of what is meant by wealth, still less of what wealth everlastingly *is*, whether we mean it or not."

Mr. Hobson, in his able review of the social and economical aspects of Ruskin's work speaks of this as "the most systematic of his books."[2] The Author himself regarded it as a fitting work to inscribe, "to the friend and guide who has urged me to all chief labor, THOMAS CARLYLE."

HARMONY OF BODY AND SOUL.

6. No physical error can be more profound, no moral error more dangerous, than that involved in the monkish doctrine of the opposition of body and soul. No soul can be perfect in an imperfect body: no body perfect without perfect soul. Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion; and the various aspects of humanity might be read as plainly as printed history, were it not that the impressions are so complex that it must always, in some cases (and in the present state of our knowledge, in all cases) be impossible to decipher them completely. Nevertheless, the face of a consistently unjust person, may always be rightly distinguished at a glance; and if the qualities are continued by descent through a generation or two, there arises a complete distinction of the race. . . . There is as yet no ascertained limit to the nobleness of person and mind which the human creature may attain,

[1] See Collingwood. [2] John Ruskin, Social Reformer.

by persevering observance of the laws of God respecting its birth and training.—*Ch. 1.*

BY THE GOOD WE LIVE: BY THE BAD WE DIE.

9. Neither with respect to things useful or useless can man's estimate of them alter their nature. Certain substances being good for his food and others noxious to him, what he thinks or wishes respecting them can neither change, nor prevent, their power. If he eats corn, he will live, if nightshade, he will die. If he produce or make good and beautiful things, they will *re-create* him; (note the solemnity and weight of the word); if bad and ugly things, they will "corrupt" or "break in pieces"—that is, in the exact degree of their power, kill him. For every hour of labor, however enthusiastic or well intended, which he spends for that which is not bread, so much possibility of life is lost to him. . . . Nature asks of him, calmly and inevitably, What have you found, or formed—the right thing or the wrong? By the right thing you shall live; by the wrong you shall die.—*Ch. 1.*

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

104. That proverb is wholly inapplicable to matters of private interest. It is not true that honesty, as far as material gain is concerned, profits individuals. A clever and cruel knave will in a mixed society always be richer than an honest person can be. But Honesty is the best "policy," if policy mean practice of State. For fraud gains nothing in a State. It only enables the knaves in it to live at the expense of honest people; while there is for every act of fraud, however small, a loss of wealth to the community. Whatever the fraudulent person gains, some other person loses, as fraud produces nothing, and there is *besides,* the loss of time and thought spent in accomplishing the fraud, and of the strength otherwise obtainable by mutual help. . . . Practically, when the nation is deeply corrupt, cheat answers to cheat; everyone is in turn imposed upon, and there is to the body politic the dead loss of the ingenuity, together with the incalculable mischief of the injury to each defrauded person producing collateral effect unexpectedly. My neighbour sells me bad meat. I sell him in return flawed iron. We neither of us get one atom of pecuniary advantage on the whole transaction, but we both suffer unexpected inconvenience; my men get scurvy, and his cattle-truck runs off the rails.—*Chap. 4.*

CHRIST'S METHOD THE BEST FOR THE NATION.

108. The high ethical training of a nation implies perfect Grace, Pitifulness, and Peace; it is irreconcilably inconsistent with filthy or mechanical employments,—with the desire of money,—and with

mental states of anxiety, jealousy, or indifference to pain. The present insensibility of the upper classes of Europe to the surrounding aspects of suffering, uncleanness, and crime, binds them not only into one responsibility with the sin, but into one dishonor with the foulness, which rot at their thresholds. . . Similarly, the filth and poverty permitted or ignored in the midst of us are as dishonourable to the whole social body, as in the body natural it is to wash the face, but leave the hands and feet foul. Christ's way is the only true one, begin at the feet; the face will take care of itself.—*Chap.* 5.

IV

TIME AND TIDE.

Twenty-five Letters and Ten Appendices. (1869.)

Time and Tide consists of letters written to a working cork-cutter in England who corresponded with Mr. Ruskin. The country was, at that time, agitated with questions of reform, including a demand for an extension of the political franchise, which was then so restricted that only owners of property, or large tax-payers could vote.

Ruskin contributed much to the discussion, urging the importance of moral honesty, in all things, as greater and of more value than political privilege or rights. In these letters also he advocated many changes peculiarly his own, notably, state regulation of marriage, labor by captains, etc; and in doing so he has given expression to suggestions of reform which are of intense interest,—though not all of them of practical application. (See Life, Chap. 4.)

The letters are written in that free, frank style peculiar to Ruskin and are full of wise words,—illustrated from real experience as reflected in the life of people; and make frequent use of Scripture texts which are quoted as of final authority.

The book was published December 19, 1869. The public demand for it was immediate, a month later a second edition was issued.

The selections which follow here are in harmony with the purpose of our study, but they are not offered as a sufficient view of the moral value of *Time and Tide.*

MAN'S HERITAGE.

21. There are three things to which man is born—labour, and sorrow, and joy. Each of these three things has its baseness and its nobleness. There is base labour, and noble labour. There is base sorrow, and noble sorrow. There is base joy, and noble joy. But you must not think to avoid the corruption of these things by doing without the things themselves. Nor can any life be right that has not all three. Labour without joy is base. Labour without

sorrow is base. Sorrow without labour is base. Joy without labour is base.—*Letter V.*

HONESTY THE BASIS OF RELIGION AND POLICY.

33. Your honesty is *not* to be based either on religion or policy. Both your religion and policy must be based on *it*. Your honesty must be based, as the sun is, in vacant heaven; poised, as the lights in the firmament, which have rule over the day and over the night. If you ask why you are to be honest—you are, in the question itself, dishonoured. "Because you are a man," is the only answer; and therefore I said in a former letter that to make your children *capable of honesty* is the beginning of education. Make them men first, and religious men afterwards, and all will be sound; but a knave's religion is always the rottenest thing about him.—*Letter VIII.*

FOUR THEORIES ABOUT THE AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.

35-38. All the theories possible to theological disputants respecting the Bible are resolvable into four, and four only.

1. The first is that of the comparatively illiterate modern religious world, namely, that every word of the book known to them as "The Bible," was dictated by the Supreme Being, and is in every syllable of it His "Word." This theory is of course tenable, though honestly, yet by no ordinarily well-educated person.

2. The second theory is, that although admitting verbal error, the substance of the whole collection of books called the Bible is absolutely true, and furnished to man by Divine inspiration of the speakers and writers of it; and that every one who honestly and prayerfully seeks for such truth in it as is necessary for salvation, will infallibly find it there.

This theory is that held by most of our good and upright clergymen, and the better class of the professedly religious laity.

3. The third theory is that the group of books which we call the Bible were neither written nor collected under any Divine guidance, securing them from substantial error; and that they contain, like all other human writings, false statements mixed with true, and erring thoughts mixed with just thoughts; but that they nevertheless relate, on the whole, faithfully, the dealings of the one God with the first races of man, and His dealings with them in aftertime through Christ; that they record true miracles, and bear true witness to the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

This is a theory held by many of the active leaders of modern thought in England.

4. The fourth, and last possible theory is that the mass of religious Scripture contains merely the best efforts which we hitherto know to have been made by any of the races of men towards

the discovery of some relations with the spiritual world; that they are only trustworthy as expressions of the enthusiastic visions or beliefs of earnest men oppressed by the world's darkness, and have no more authoritative claim on our faith than the religious speculations and histories of the Egyptians, Greeks, Persians, and Indians; but are, in common with all these, to be reverently studied, as containing the best wisdom which human intellect, earnestly seeking for help from great Egyptian, Greek, and Indian, enjoins these also. You know besides, that through all the mysteries of human fate and history, this one great law of fate is written on the walls of cities, or in their dust,—written in letters of light or in letters of blood,—that where truth, temperance, and equity have been preserved, all strength, and peace, and joy have been preserved also;—that where lying, lasciviousness, and covetousness have been practised, there has followed an infallible, and for centuries irrecoverable, ruin. And you know, lastly, that the observance of this common law of righteousness, commending itself to all the pure instincts of men, and fruitful in their temporal good, is by the religious writers of every nation, and chiefly in this venerated Scripture of ours, connected with some distinct hope of better life, and righteousness, to come.

"Let it not then offend you if, deducing principles of action first from the laws and facts of nature, I nevertheless fortify them also by appliance of the precepts, or suggestive and probable teachings of this Book, of which the authority is over many around you, more distinctly than over you, and which confessing to be divine, *they,* at least, can only disobey at their moral peril."—*Letter VIII.*

DISHONEST TRADING.

77. No religion that ever was preached on this earth of God's rounding, ever proclaimed any salvation to sellers of bad goods. If the Ghost that is in you, whatever the essence of it, leaves your hand a juggler's and your heart a cheat's, it is not a Holy Ghost, be assured of that. And for the rest, all political economy, as well as all higher virtue, depends *first on sound work.*

Let your laws then, I say, in the beginning, be set to secure this. You cannot make punishment too stern for subtle knavery. Keep no truce with this enemy, whatever pardon you extend to more generous ones. For light weights and false measures, or for proved adulteration or dishonest manufacture of article, the penalty should be simply confiscation of goods, and sending out of the country. The kind of person who desires prosperity by such practices, could not be made to "emigrate" too speedily. What to do with him in the place you appointed to be blessed by his presence, we will in time consider.—*Letter XIV.*

THEFT, THE WORST OF CRIMES.

85. I happened to be reading this morning (29th March) some portions of the Lent services, and I came to a pause over the familiar words, "And with Him they crucified two thieves." Have you ever considered (I speak to you now as a professing Christian), why, in the accomplishment of the "numbering among transgressors," the transgressors chosen should have been especially thieves—not murderers, nor, as far as we know, sinners by any gross violence? Do you observe how the sin of theft is again and again indicated as the chiefly antagonistic one to the law of Christ? "This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag" (of Judas). And again, though Barabbas was a leader of sedition, and a murderer besides—(that the popular election might be in all respects perfect)—yet St. John, in curt and conclusive account of him, fastens again on the theft. "Then cried they all again saying, Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber." I believe myself the reason to be that theft is indeed, in its subtle forms, the most complete and excuseless of human crimes. Sins of violence usually have passion to excuse them: they may be the madness of moments; or they may be apparently the only means of extrication from calamity. In other cases, they are the diseased habits of lower and brutified natures. But theft involving deliberative intellect, and absence of passion, is the purest type of wilful iniquity, in persons capable of doing right. Which being so, it seems to be fast becoming the practice of modern society to crucify its Christ indeed, as willingly as ever, in the persons of His poor; but by no means now to crucify its thieves beside Him! It elevates its thieves after another fashion; sets them upon an hill, that their light may shine before men, and that all may see their good works, and glorify their Father, in—the Opposite of Heaven.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

86. Crime cannot be hindered by punishment: it will always find some shape and outlet, unpunishable or unclosed. Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal—by taking away the *will* to commit sin; not by mere punishment of its commission. Crime, small and great, can only be truly stayed by education—not the education of the intellect only, which is, on some men, wasted, and for others mischievous; but education of the heart, which is alike good and necessary for all.—*Letter XV.*

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

88. Did you ever hear anything else so ill-named as the phantom called the "Philosopher's" Stone? A talisman that shall turn base metal into precious metal, nature acknowledges not; nor would any

but fools seek after it. But a talisman to turn base souls into noble souls, nature has given us! and that is a "Philosopher's" Stone indeed, but it is a stone which the builders refuse.

If there were two valleys in California or Australia, with two different kinds of gravel in the bottom of them, and in the one stream bed you could dig up, occasionally and by good fortune, nuggets of gold; and in the other stream bed, certainly and without hazard, you could dig up little caskets, containing talismans which gave length of days and peace; and alabaster vases of precious balms, which were better than the Arabian Dervish's ointment, and made not only the eyes to see, but the mind to know, whatever it would—I wonder in which of the stream beds there would be most diggers?—*Letter XVI.*

TIME IS MONEY.

90. "Time is money"—so say your practised merchants and economists. None of them, however, I fancy, as they draw towards death, find that the reverse is true and that "money is time?" Perhaps it might be better for them in the end if they did not turn so much of their time into money, as no retransformation is possible! There are other things, however, which in the same sense are money, or can e changed into it, as well as time. Health is money, wit is money, knowledge is money; and all your health, and wit, and knowledge may be changed for gold; and the happy goal so reached, of a sick, insane, and blind, auriferous old age; but the gold cannot be changed in its turn back into health and wit.

"Time is money," the words tingle in my ears so that I can't go on writing. Is it nothing better, then? If we could thoroughly understand that time was—*itself,*—would it not be more to the purpose? A thing of which loss or gain was absolute loss, and perfect gain. And that it was expedient also to buy health and knowledge with money, if so purchaseable; but not to buy money with *them?—Letter XVI.*

CHRIST'S TEACHING ABOUT MONEY.

174. First, have you observed that all Christ's main teachings, by direct order, by earnest parable, and by His own permanent emotion, regard the use and misuse of *money?* We might have thought, if we had been asked what a divine teacher was most likely to teach, that He would have left inferior persons to give directions about money; and Himself spoken only concerning faith and love, and the discipline of the passions, and the guilt of the crimes of soul against soul. But not so. He speaks in general terms of these. But He does not speak parables about them for all men's memory, nor permit Himself fierce indignation against them, in all men's sight. The Pharisees bring Him an adulteress. He writes her

forgiveness on the dust of which he had formed her. Another, despised of all for known sin, He recognized as a giver of unknown love. But He acknowledges no love in buyers and sellers in His house. One should have thought there were people in that house twenty times worse than they;—Caiaphas and his like—false priests, false prayer-makers, false leaders of the people—who needed putting to silence, or to flight, with darkest wrath. But the scourge is only against the traffickers and thieves. The two most intense of all the parables: the two which lead the rest in love and in terror (this of the Prodigal, and of Dives) relate, both of them, to management of riches. The practical order given to the only seeker of advice, of whom it is recorded that Christ "loved him," is briefly about his property. "Sell that thou hast."

And the arbitrament of the day of Last Judgment is made to rest wholly, neither on belief in God, nor in any spiritual virtue in man, nor on freedom from stress of stormy crime, but on this only, "I was an hungered and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye came unto me."

THE PRODIGAL SON.

175. Well, then, the first thing to notice in the parable of the Prodigal Son (and the last thing which people usually *do* notice in it), is—that it is about a Prodigal! He begins by asking for his share of his father's goods; he gets it, carries it off, and wastes it. It is true that he wastes it in riotous living, but you are not asked to notice in what kind of riot: He spends it with harlots—but it is not the harlotry which his elder brother accuses him of mainly, but of having devoured his father's living. Nay, it is not the sensual life which he accuses himself of—or which the manner of his punishment accuses him of. But the *wasteful* life. It is not said that he had become debauched in soul, or diseased in body, by his vice; but that at last he would fain have filled his belly with husks, and could not. It is not said that he was struck with remorse for the consequences of his evil passions, but only that he remembered there was bread enough and to spare, even for the servants, at home.

GETTING INTO DEBT.

Do not think I want to extenuate sins of passion (though, in very truth, the sin of Magdalene is a light one compared to that of Judas); but observe, sins of passion, if of *real* passion, are often the errors and back-falls of noble souls; but prodigality is mere and pure selfishness, and essentially the sin of an ignoble or undeveloped creature; and I would rather, ten times rather, hear of a youth that (certain degrees of temptation and conditions of resistance being understood) he had fallen into any sin you chose to name, of all

the mortal ones, than that he was in the habit of running bills which he could not pay.

THE CROWNING SINS.

Farther, though I hold that the two crowning and most accursed sins of the society of this present day are the carelessness with which it regards the betrayal of women, and brutality with which it suffers the neglect of children, both these head and chief crimes, and all others, are rooted first in abuse of the laws, and neglect of the duties, concerning wealth. And thus the love of money, with the parallel (and, observe, *mathematically commensurate* looseness in management of it), the "mal tener," followed necessarily by the "mal dare," is, indeed, the root of all evil.—*Letter XXV.*

THE PRODIGAL'S CONFESSION.

176. Secondly, I want you to note that when the prodigal comes to his senses, he complains of nobody but himself, and speaks of no unworthiness but his own. He says nothing against any of the women who tempted him—nothing against the citizen who left him to feed on husks—nothing of the false friends of whom "no man gave unto him"—above all, nothing of the "corruption of human nature," or the corruption of things in general. He says that *he himself* is unworthy, as distinguished from honourable persons, and that *he himself* has sinned, as distinguished from righteous persons. And *that* is the hard lesson to learn, and the beginning of faithful lessons. All right and fruitful humility, and purging of Heart, and seeing of God, is in that. It is easy to call yourself the chief of sinners, expecting every sinner round you to decline—or return—the compliment; but learn to measure the real degrees of your own relative baseness, and to be ashamed, not in heaven's sight, but in man's sight; and redemption is indeed begun. Observe the phrase, I have sinned *"against* heaven," against the great law of that, and *before* thee, visibly degraded before my human sire and guide, unworthy any more of being esteemed of his blood, and desirous only of taking the place I deserve among his servants.—*Letter XXV.*

THE MEANING OF THE PARABLE.

177. Now, I do not doubt but that I shall set many a reader's teeth on edge by what he will think my carnal and material rendering of this "beautiful" parable. But I am just as ready to spiritualize it as he is, provided I am sure first that we understand it. If we want to understand the parable of the sower, we must first think of it as of literal husbandry; if we want to understand the parable of the prodigal, we must first understand it as of literal prodigality.

And the story has also for us a precious lesson in this literal sense of it, namely this, which I have been urging upon you throughout these letters, that all redemption must begin in subjection, and in the recovery of the sense of Fatherhood and authority, as all ruin and desolation begin in the loss of that sense. The lost son began by claiming his rights. He is found when he resigns them. He is lost by flying from his father, when his father's authority was only paternal. He is found by returning to his father, and desiring that his authority may be absolute, as over a hired stranger.

GOD AND MAMMON.

180. And now—but one word more—either for you, or any other readers who may be startled at what I have been saying as to the peculiar stress laid by the Founder of our religion on right dealing with wealth. Let them be assured that it is with no fortuitous choice among the attributes or powers of evil, that "Mammon" is assigned for the direct adversary of the Master whom they are bound to serve. You cannot, by any artifice of reconciliation, be God's soldier, and his. Nor while the desire of gain is within your heart, can any true knowledge of the Kingdom of God come there. No one shall enter its stronghold,—no one receive its blessing, except, "he that hath clean hands and a pure heart;" clean hands, that have done no cruel deed;—pure heart, that knows no base desire. And, therefore, in the highest spiritual sense that can be given to words, be assured, not respecting the literal temple of stone and gold, but of the living temple of your body and soul, that no redemption, nor teaching, nor hallowing, will be anywise possible for it, until these two verses have been, for it also, fulfilled:—

"And He went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought. And He taught daily in the temple."—*Letter XXV.*

V

THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

(1866-73.)

This is Mr. Ruskin's title of a volume consisting of three lectures: (1) Work. (2) Traffic. (3) War. To these were added, in 1873, a fourth lecture on The Future of England and also a treatise called, Notes on the Political Economy of Prussia.

It should be assumed that every lover of good English literature will have at least seen, if not read, the first three lectures, since copies of the book containing them may be found in many of the series of cheap reprints. In these reprints, however, so far as we have seen, the last two subjects are not given, but they may be found in any good edition of the works of Ruskin. They are here treated (as evidently designed by the Author) as part of the work bearing the title of *"The Crown of Wild Olive."*

We have made a few selections from the first lecture which is remarkable, among other things, for frequent quotation of Scripture. The other three lectures must be read, in the full text of them, in order to appreciate the fine and striking passages which occur. Some of them indeed are incoherent, if not wild, if read by themselves, apart from the general thought and argument.

Never, perhaps, were any gatherings of people more astonished at the words of an invited lecturer, than when Ruskin responded to the mercantile town of Bradford and the military quarters at Woolwich. The Bradford people hoped for some suggestions from the great art teacher on Architecture which might prove an inspiration for their contemplated Temple of Commerce. Instead, he gave them a picture of an ideal temple of the "Goddess of Getting-on," in which he vigorously criticised the methods of the commercial world. "There's a great difference," he said, "between 'winning' money and 'making' it; a great difference between getting it out of another man's pocket into ours, or filling both. Collecting money is by no means that same thing as making it; the tax-gatherer's

house is not the mint; and much of the apparent gain (so-called) in commerce, is only a form of taxation on carriage or exchange."

To the soldiers at Woolwich Ruskin read such a lecture on the moral relations of the governing classes and the professional soldier as they had never dreamed of hearing.

Such outbursts of forceful lecturing could not, of course, be resented; they had asked for a fish,—he did not give them a stone, but a swordfish,—food for thought and weapon for self-conquest.

To the victor in the Olympic games at Greece was awarded the wild olive,—token of conquest. To Ruskin it implied "the crown of consummate honour," and its significance is set forth in the closing passage of his introduction. Having addressed Christian believers on their inconsistencies in view of their faith in immortality, he turns to those who deny the after life with the following inspiring words of appeal:—

"If all the peace and power and joy you can ever win, must be won now; and all fruit of victory gathered here, or never—will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire of vanity? If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take? was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed? and can you never lie down *upon* it, but only *under* it? The heathen, to whose creed you have returned, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest. No proud one! no jeweled circlet flaming through Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne, only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought; but Jupiter was poor: this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a greater than this, they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of *wild* olive, mark you—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with gray leaf and thorn-set stem; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery! But this, such as it is, you may win while yet you live; type of gray honour and sweet rest. Freeheartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their

pain—these, and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things—these may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine: serviceable for the life that now is; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come."

WORK GREATER THAN WEALTH.

32. There will be always men who would fain set themselves to the accumulation of wealth as the sole object of their lives. Necessarily, that class of men is an uneducated class, inferior in intellect, and more or less cowardly. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; as physically impossible as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthily minded people like making money—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money; it is something better than money. A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay—very properly so, and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it—still, his main notion of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them. So of clergymen. They like pew-rents, and baptismal fees, of course; but yet, if they are brave and well educated, the pew-rent is not the sole object of their lives, and the baptismal fee is not the sole purpose of the baptism; the clergyman's object is essentially to baptize and preach, not to be paid for preaching. So of doctors. They like fees no doubt—ought to like them: yet if they are brave and well educated, the entire object of their lives is not fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick; and—if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them—would rather cure their patient, and lose their fee, than kill him, and get it. And so with all other brave and rightly trained men; their work is first, their fee second—very important always, but still *second*. But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first, and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is the whole distinction in a man; distinction between life and death *in* him, between heaven and hell *for* him. You cannot serve two masters—you *must* serve one or other. . . . And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him who has on His vesture and thigh written, "King of Kings," and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written, "Slave of Slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.—*Lect. I.*

THE SIN OF JUDAS.—GRAFT.

33. In every nation there are, and must always be a certain number of these Fiend's servants, who have it principally for the object of their lives to make money. They are always, as I said, more or less stupid, and cannot conceive of anything else so nice as money. Stupidity is always the basis of the Judas bargain. We do great injustice to Iscariot, in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money-lover, and, like all money-lovers, didn't understand Christ—couldn't make out the worth of Him, or meaning of Him. He didn't want Him to be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money away instantly, and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whoever was killed? But Judas was a common, selfish, muddle-headed, pilfering fellow; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. He didn't understand Christ—yet believed in Him, much more than most of us do; had seen Him do miracles, thought He was quite strong enough to shift for Himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own little by-perquisites out of the affair. Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have his thirty pieces. Now, that is the money-seeker's idea, all over the world. He doesn't hate Christ, but can't understand Him—doesn't care for Him—sees no good in that benevolent business; makes his own little job out of it at all events, come what will. And thus, out of every mass of men, you have a certain number of bag-men—your "fee-first" men, whose main object is to make money. And they do make it—make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by the weight and force of money itself or what is called the power of capital; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labour of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all its produce to himself, except the labourer's food. That is the modern Judas's way of "carrying the bag," and "bearing what is put therein."—*Lect. I.*

"DO JUSTICE AND JUDGMENT."

39. It is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That is the thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others that is given oftenest—"Do justice and judgment." That's your Bible order; that's the "Service of God," not praying nor psalm-singing. You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything; and, by the perversion of the Evil Spirit, we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are "service." If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs in and asks its father for it—does it call that, doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of

cake—does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer, and He likes to hear it: He likes you to ask Him for cake when you want it; but He doesn't call that "serving Him." Begging is not serving: God likes mere beggars as little as you do—He likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him, but it doesn't call that serving its father; neither is singing songs about God, serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it's anything; more probably it is nothing; but if it's anything, it is serving ourselves, not God. And yet we are impudent enough to call our beggings and chantings "Divine Service:" we say "Divine service will be 'performed'" (that's our word—the form of it gone through) "at eleven o'clock." Alas!—unless we perform Divine service in every willing act of our life, we never perform it at all. The one Divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice. "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not, at first, charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that, whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him; and you will come to hate him.—*Lect. I.*

WORK WITH GOD IS WISE WORK.

Wise work is, briefly, work *with* God. Foolish work is work *against* God. And work done with God, which He will help, may be briefly described as "Putting in Order"—that is, enforcing God's law of order, spiritual and material, over men and things. The first thing you have to do, essentially; the real "good work" is, with respect to men, to enforce justice, and with respect to things, to enforce tidiness, and fruitfulness. And against these two great human deeds, justice and order, there are perpetually two great demons contending—the devil of iniquity, or inequity, and the devil of disorder, or of death; for death is only consummation of disorder. You have to fight these two fiends daily. So far as you don't fight against the fiend of iniquity, you work for him. You "work iniquity," and the judgment upon you, for all your "Lord, Lord's," will be "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." And so far as you do not resist the fiend of disorder, you work disorder, and you yourself do the work of Death, which is sin, and has for its wages, Death himself.—*Lect. I.*

"THY KINGDOM COME."

46. If we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking His name in vain than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want.* He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it: such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can mock Him with; the soldiers striking Him on the head with the reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is: we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in the hearts of us: "the kingdom of God is within you." And, being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost:" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and helpful Spirit. Now, if we want to work for this kingdom, and to bring it, and enter into it, there's just one condition to be first accepted. You must enter it as children, or not at all; "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

47. *Of such,* observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. I believe most mothers who read that text think that all heaven is to be full of babies. But that's not so. There will be children there, but the hoary head is the crown. "Length of days, and long life and peace," that is the blessing, not to die in babyhood. Children die but for their parents' sin; God means them to live, but He can't let them always; then they have their earlier place in heaven: and the little child of David, vainly prayed for; the little child of Jeroboam, killed by its mother's step on its own threshold—they will be there. But weary old David, and weary old Barzillai, having learned children's lessons at last, will be there too, and the one question for us all, young or old, is, have we learned our child's lesson? it is the *character of* children we want, and must gain at our peril; let us see, briefly, in what it consists.—*Lect. I.*

CHILDHOOD CHARACTER.

The first character of right childhood is that it is Modest. A well-bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it

knows everything. It may think its father and mother knows everything—perhaps that all grown-up people know everything;—very certainly it is sure that *it* does not. And it is always asking questions, and wanting to know more. Well, that is the first character of a good and wise man at his work. To know that he knows very little—to perceive that there are many above him wiser than he; and to be always asking questions, wanting to learn, not to teach.

48. The second character of right childhood is to be Faithful. Perceiving that its father knows best what is good for it, and having found always, when it has tried its own way against his, that he was right and it was wrong, a noble child trusts him at last wholly, gives him its hand, and will walk blindfold with him, if he bids it. And that is the true character of all good men also, as obedient workers, or soldiers under captains. They know their captain: where he leads they must follow, what he bids, they must do; and without this trust and faith, without this captainship and soldiership, no great deed, no great salvation, is possible to man. It was a deed of this absolute trust which made Abraham the father of the faithful; it was the declaration of the power of God as captain over all men, and the acceptance of a leader appointed by Him as commander of the faithful, which laid the foundation of whatever national power yet exists in the East; and the deed of the Greeks, which has become the type of unselfish and noble soldiership to all lands, and to all times, was commemorated, on the tomb of those who gave their lives to do it, in the most pathetic, so far as I know, or can feel, of all human utterances: "Oh, stranger, go and tell our people that we are lying here, having *obeyed* their words."

49. The third character of right childhood is to be Loving and Generous. Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is a right kind of child—would hurt nothing, would give the best it has away, always, if you need it—does not lay plans for getting everything in the house for itself, and delights in helping people; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, in ever so little a way.

50. Because of all these characters, lastly, it is Cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing—being full of love to every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or in its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow; taking thought only for the duty of the day; trusting somebody else to take care of to-morrow; knowing indeed what labour is, but not what sorrow is; and always ready for play—beautiful play—for lovely human play is like the play of the Sun. There's a worker for you. He, steady to his time, is set as a strong man to run his course, but also, he *rejoiceth* as a

strong man to run his course. See how he plays in the morning, with the mists below, and the clouds above, with a ray here and a flash there, and a shower of jewels everywhere—that's the Sun's play; and great human play is like his—all various—all full of light and life, and tender, as the dew of the morning.

So then, you have the child's character in these four things—Humility, Faith, Charity, and Cheerfulness. That's what you have got to be converted to. "Except ye be converted and become as little children."—*Lect. I.*

THE IDOL OF RICHES.

84. This idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our Master and faith; forbidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible. Catastrophe will come; or worse than catastrophe, slow moldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for—life for all men as for yourselves; if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace; then, and so sanctifying wealth unto "commonwealth," all your art, your literature, your daily labors, your domestic affection, and citizen's duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough; you will build with stone well but with flesh better; temples not made with hands, but riveted of hearts; and that kind of marble, crimson-veined, is indeed eternal.—*Lect. II.*

THE WASTE AND VICE OF BETTING.

127. There is one way of wasting time, of all the vilest, because it wastes, not time only, but the interest and energy of your minds. Of all the ungentlemanly habits into which you can fall, the vilest is betting, or interesting yourselves in the issues of betting. It unites nearly every condition of folly and vice: you concentrate your interest upon a matter of chance, instead of upon a subject of true knowledge; and you back opinions which you have no grounds for forming, merely because they are your own. All the insolence of egotism is in this; and so far as the love of excitement is complicated with the hope of winning money, you turn yourselves into the basest sort of tradesmen—those who live by speculation. Were there no other ground for industry, this would be a sufficient one; that it protected you from the temptation to so scandalous a vice. Work faithfully, and you will put yourselves in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness; not such as can

be won by the speed of a horse, or marred by the obliquity of a ball.—*Lect. III.*

BIBLE INJUNCTIONS TO WOMEN.

131. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will not care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single downright precept of the Book, that you are so careful for its credit: and just because you don't care to obey its whole words, that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly—and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor—and you crush them under your carriage-wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice—and you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word "justice" means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to; know what He means when He tells you to be just: and teach your sons, that their bravery is but a fool's boast, and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed Just men, and Perfect in the Fear of God; and you will soon have no more war, unless it be indeed such as it is willed by Him, of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, "In Righteousness He doth judge, and make war."—*Lect. III.*

VI

FORS CLAVIGERA.

Letters to the Workmen and Laborers of Great Britain.

Four Volumes. (1871-80.)

Here we find Ruskin, in all his many varied moods and characteristics. If we would know him as he is,—now in a quiet, friendly fashion, writing as one might do to a companion,—then bursting into a perfect hurricane of passionate protest against some great wrong or evil; again, arguing out some question of right statement, or perhaps vigorously throwing down the *gage* of battle against some philosopher's doctrine; or again, moved by the reading of his morning paper, he describes some social horror or tragic death, in terms as graphic and even more forcible than Hood's "Bridge of Sighs;" or, perhaps, he thunders with a prophet's tongue against the inequalities and crimes of political or governmental policy;—now writing in flowing, poetic language which reminds one of Wordsworth, and now pouring forth anathemas as drastic and ironic as Carlyle;—now full of story and simple tale,—then humorous and sarcastic, or sympathetic and tender, as the subject moves him; if, we repeat, we would see Ruskin in all these moods, and yet find him sincere, reverent and Scriptural, we must read *Fors Clavigera.*

These four (sometimes divided into eight) volumes, making a total of 1726 pages (430, 460, 424, 412), contain 96 letters. The letters were begun on January 1st, 1871, and were at first published monthly, but this arrangement was not sustained regularly through the whole series. Letters XC to XCVI were appended two years after the general series was closed, the interruption being occasioned by sickness.

We will let Mr. Ruskin himself explain the title, which he does in the second letter:

"Fors is the best part of three good English words, Force, Fortitude, and Fortune. I wish you to know the meaning of those three words accurately.

Force, (in humanity), means power of doing good work. A fool, or a corpse, can do any quantity of mischief; but only a wise and strong man, or, with what true vital force there is in him, a weak one, can do good.

Fortitude means the power of bearing necessary pain, or trial of patience, whether by time, or temptation.

Fortune means the necessary fate of a man: the ordinance of his life which cannot be changed. To 'make your Fortune' is to rule that appointed fate to the best ends of which it is capable.

Fors is a feminine word; and Clavigera is, therefore, the feminine of Claviger.

Clava means a club. Clavis, a key. Clavus, a nail, or a rudder.

Gero means I carry. It is the root of our word gesture (the way you carry yourself); and, in a curious byeway, of jest.

Clavigera may mean, therefore, either Club-bearer, Key-bearer, or Nail-bearer.

Each of these three possible meanings of Clavigera corresponds to one of the three meanings of Fors.

Fors, the Club-bearer, means the strength of Hercules or of Deed.

Fors, the Key-bearer, means the strength of Ulysses, or of Patience.

Fors, the Nail-bearer, means the strength of Lycurgus, or of Law."

These unique letters are of absorbing interest from many points of view. They reveal so much of the author's deepest feeling and broad humanitarian benevolence. They are made the medium of advocacy and exposition of the St. George's Guild, containing quite a cyclopedia of information as to its purpose, plans, and progress. They contain reviews of Ruskin's own studies, with sketches and stories and lives of men; one sees Scott and Carlyle and Emerson and Tennyson as Ruskin saw them.

These letters are, as Harrison points out, "fantastic, wayward, egotistic, as in no other book in our language. *Fors* is Ruskin's Hamlet; it is also his Apocalypse. . . . In all these two thousand pages of the four volumes, dealing with things as miscellaneous and diverse as the words in the Standard Dictionary of the English language, it would be hard to find a single sentence which was not quite clear and obvious to the most ordinary readers."[1] Yet when all this is said these letters abound in sane discussion of living issues and in sound moral utterances on all sorts of subjects. No one can know Ruskin until he has read *Fors*. He himself points out that:—

[1] John Ruskin, by Fred. Harrison, pp. 181, 184.

"Readers should be clearly aware of one peculiarity in the manner of my writing in *Fors,* which might otherwise much mislead them;—namely, that if they will enclose in brackets with their pen, passages of evident irony, all the rest of the book is written with absolute seriousness and literalness of meaning. The volence, or grotesque aspect, of a statement may seem as if I were mocking; but this comes mainly of my endeavour to bring the absolute truth out into pure crystalline structure, unmodified by disguise of custom, or obscurity of language; for the result of that process is continually to reduce the facts into a form so contrary, if theoretical, to our ordinary impressions, and so contrary, if moral, to our ordinary practice, that the straightforward statement of them looks like a jest. But every such apparent jest will be found, if you think of it, a pure, very dreadful, and utterly imperious, veracity."—*Letter 67.*

And he adds a series of aphorisms which, he says, "contain the gist of the book." These aphorisms are sixteen in number and fill nearly six pages of letter 67, Volume 3.

In *Fors* also, religious themes and Scripture references abound. Our selections are taken from the solid and serious of the letters, but everywhere Scripture allusions and texts are found; and sometimes whole pages,—page after page—are filled with running comment upon some Scripture study. For example in Volume 3, letter 61 contains a genealogical tree of Shem, Ham and Japheth. The same letter announces the first volume of a series of classical books for the St. George's Library and promises that "the Library shall contain the lives and writings of the men who have taught the purest theological truth, . . . Moses, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer and John the Divine."

Letter 63 contains a commentary on the text, "unfruitful works of darkness," and another on "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," with interesting notes on the holy land and references to Gen. 10:15-18; Judges 3:3-7; Num. 13:22-29; Deu. 3:8-13; Josh. 10:6-14; Gen. 48:22, etc.

These, and many other passages, which illustrate the purpose of our volume are so frequent, and are so run in with other subjects that we can only call attention to them in this brief way.

The 96th, and last of the letters, contains a charming story of "Rosy Vale," and concludes the entire series with the following exquisite passages:—

This lovely history, of a life spent in the garden of God, sums,

as it illumines, all that I have tried to teach in the series of letters which I now feel that it is time to close.

The "Go and do thou likewise," which every kindly intelligent spirit cannot but hear spoken to it, in each sentence of the quiet narrative, is of more searching and all-embracing urgency than any appeal I have dared to make in my own writings. Looking back upon my efforts for the last twenty years, I believe that their failure has been in very great part owing to my compromise with the infidelity of this outer world, and my endeavour to base my pleading upon motives of ordinary prudence and kindness, instead of on the primary duty of loving God,—foundation other than which can no man lay. I thought myself speaking to a crowd which could only be influenced by visible utility; nor was I the least aware how many entirely good and holy persons were living in the faith and love of God as vividly and practically now as ever in the early enthusiasm of Christendom, until, chiefly in consequence of the great illnesses which, for some time after 1878, forbade my accustomed literary labour, I was brought into closer personal relations with the friends in America, Scotland, Ireland, and Italy, to whom, if I am spared to write any record of my life, it will be seen that I owe the best hopes and highest thoughts which have supported and guided the force of my matured mind. These have shown me, with lovely initiation, in how many secret places the prayer was made which I had foolishly listened for at the corners of the streets; and on how many hills which I had thought left desolate, the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire.

But surely the time is come when all these faithful armies should lift up the standard of their Lord,—not by might, nor by power, but by His spirit, bringing forth judgment unto victory. That they should no more be hidden, nor overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. If the enemy cometh in like a flood, how much more may the rivers of Paradise? Are there not fountains of the great deep that open to bless, not destroy?

And the beginning of blessing, if you will think of it, is in that promise, "Great shall be the peace of thy *children*." All the world is but as one orphanage, so long as its children know not God their Father; and all wisdom and knowledge is only more bewildered darkness, so long as you have not taught them the fear of the Lord.

Not to be taken out of the world in monastic sorrow, but to be kept from its evil in shepherded peace;—ought not this to be done for all the children held at the fonts beside which we vow, in their name, to renounce the world? Renounce! nay, ought we not, at last, to redeem?

The story of Rosy Vale is not ended;—surely out of its silence the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and round it the desert rejoice, and blossom as the rose!—*Letter 96.*

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND JUSTICE.

My friends, you have trusted, in your time, too many idle words. Read now these following, not idle ones; and remember *them;* and trust them, for they are true:—

"Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.

"And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

"In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear: and from terror; for it shall not come near thee. . . .

"Whosoever shall gather together against thee shall fall for thy sake. . . .

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord; and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

Remember only that in this now antiquated translation, "righteousness" means, accurately, and simply, "justice," and is the eternal law of right, obeyed alike in the great times of each state, by Jew, Greek, and Roman.—*Letter 8.*

JUSTICE IN EDUCATION.

In education especially, true justice is curiously unequal—if you choose to give it a hard name, iniquitous. The right law of it is that you are to take most pains with the best material. Many conscientious masters will plead for the exactly contrary iniquity, and say you should take the most pains with the dullest boys. But that is not so (only you must be very careful that you know which *are* the dull boys; for the cleverest look often very like them). Never waste pains on bad ground; let it remain rough, though properly looked after and cared for; it will be of best service so; but spare no labour on the good, or on what has in it the capacity of good.—*Letter 9.*

A CHRISTMAS LETTER ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

For one or two things this story of the Nativity *is* certainly, and without any manner of doubt. It relates either a fact full of power, or a dream full of meaning. It is, at the least, not a cunningly devised fable, but the record of an impression made, by some strange spiritual cause, on the minds of the human race, at the most critical period of their existence;—an impression which has produced, in past ages, the greatest effect on mankind ever yet achieved by an intellectual conception; and which is yet to guide, by the determination of its truth or falsehood, the absolute destiny of ages to come.

Will you give some little time, therefore, to think of it with me to-day, being, as you tell me, sure of its truth? What, then let me ask you, is its truth to *you?* The Child for whose birth you are rejoicing was born, you are told, to save His people from their sins; but I have never noticed that you were particularly conscious of any sins to be saved from. If I were to tax you with any one in particular—lying, or thieving, or the like—my belief is you would say directly I had no business to do anything of the kind.

Nay, but, you may perhaps answer me—"That is because we *have* been saved from our sins; and we are making merry, because we are so perfectly good."

What is, or may be, this Nativity, to you, then, I repeat? Shall we consider, a little, what, at all events, it was to the people of its time; and so make ourselves more clear as to what it might be to us? We will read slowly.

"And there were, in that country, shepherds, staying out in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

Watching night and day, that means; not going home. The staying out in the field is the translation of a word from which a Greek nymph has her name, Agraulos, "the stayer out in fields," of whom I shall have something to tell you, soon.

"And behold, the Messenger of the Lord stood above them, and the glory of the Lord lighted round them, and they feared a great fear."

"Messenger." You must remember that, when this was written, the word "angel" had only the effect of our word—"messenger"—on men's minds. Our translators say "angel" when they like, and "messenger" when they like; but the Bible, messenger only, or angel only, as you please. For instance, "Was not Rahab the harlot justified by works, when she had received the angels, and sent them forth another way?"

. . . . . .

You see, I have written above, not "good will towards men," but "love among men." It is nearer right so; but the word is not easy to translate at all. What it means precisely, you may conjecture best from its use at Christ's baptism—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am *well-pleased.*" For, in precisely the same words, the angels say, there is to be "well-pleasing in men."

Now, my religious friends, I continually hear you talk of acting for God's glory, and giving God praise. Might you not, for the present, think less of praising, and more of pleasing Him? He can, perhaps, dispense with your praise; your opinions of His character, even when they come to be held by a large body of the religious press, are not of material importance to Him. He has the hosts of heaven to praise Him, who see more of His ways, it is likely, than you; but you hear that you may be pleasing to Him if you try:—that He expected, then, to have some satisfaction in you; and might

have even great satisfaction—well-pleasing, as in His own Son, if you tried.

. . . . . .

The shepherds were told that their Saviour was that day born to them "in David's village." We are apt to think that this was told, as of special interest to them, because David was a King.

Not so. It was told them because David was in youth *not* a King; but a Shepherd like themselves. "To you, shepherds, is born this day a Saviour in the shepherd's town;" that would be the deep sound of the message in their ears. For the great interest to them in the story of David himself must have been always, not that he had saved the monarchy, or subdued Syria, or written Psalms, but that he had kept sheep in those very fields they were watching in; and that his grandmother Ruth had gone gleaning, hard by.

And they said hastily, "Let us go and see."

Will you note carefully that they only think of *seeing,* not of worshipping. Even when they do see the Child, it is not said that they worshipped. They were simple people, and had not much faculty of worship; even though the heavens had opened for them, and the hosts of heaven had sung. They had been at first only frightened; then curious, and communicative to the by-standers: they do not think even of making any offering, which would have been a natural thought enough, as it was to the first of shepherds: but they brought no firstlings of their flock—(it is only in pictures, and those chiefly painted for the sake of the picturesque, that the shepherds are seen bringing lambs, and baskets of eggs). It is not said here that they brought anything, but they looked, and talked, and went away praising God, as simple people,—yet taking nothing to heart; only the mother did that.—*Letter 12.*

JOB'S QUESTION OF THE RAIN.

Do you remember the questioning to Job? . . . Read the question concerning this April time?—"Hath the rain a father—and who hath begotten the drops of dew,—the hoary Frost of Heaven—who hath gendered it?"

That rain and frost of heaven; and the earth which they loose and bind: these, and the labour of your hands to divide them, and subdue, are your wealth, for ever—unincreasable. The fruit of Earth, and its waters, and its light—such as the strength of the pure rock can grow—such as the unthwarted sun in his season brings—these are your inheritance. You can diminish it, but cannot increase: that your barns should be filled with plenty—your presses burst with new wine, is your blessing; and every year—when it is full—it must be new; and every year, no more.—*Letter 16.*

CURSING AND SWEARING.

Observe also that swearing is only by extremely ignorant persons supposed to be an infringement of the Third Commandment. It is disobedience to the teaching of Christ; but the Third Commandment has nothing to do with the matter. People do not take the name of God in vain when they swear; they use it, on the contrary, very earnestly and energetically to attest what they wish to say. But when the Concert begins with the hymn, "The will of God be done," while the audience know perfectly well that there is not one in a thousand of them who is trying to do it, or who would have it done, if he could help it, unless it was his own will too—*that* is taking the name of God in vain, with a vengeance.

Cursing, on the other hand, is invoking the aid of a Spirit to a harm you wish to see accomplished, but which is too great for your own immediate power: and to-day I wish to point out to you what intensity of faith in the existence and activity of a spiritual world is evinced by the curse which is characteristic of the English tongue.—*Letter 20.*

PSALMS XIV AND XV IN QUAINT VERSE.

I think, accordingly, that some of my readers may be glad to have a sounder version of that Psalm 15th, and as the 14th is much connected with it, and will be variously useful to us afterwards, here they both are, done into verse by an English squire,—or his sister, for they alike could rhyme; and the last finished singing what her brother left unsung, the Third Fors having early put seal on his lips.

PSALM XIV.—(*Dixit Insipiens.*)

The foolish man by flesh and fancy ledd
His guilty hart with this fond thought hath fed:
There is noe God that raigneth.

And so thereafter he and all his mates
Do workes, which earth corrupt, and Heaven hates:
Not one that good remaineth.

Even God him self sent down his piercing ey,
If of this clayy race he could espy
One, that his wisdome learneth.

And loe, he finds that all a strayeng went:
All plung'd in stincking filth, not one well bent,
Not one that God discerneth.

O maddnes of these folkes, thus loosly ledd!
These caniballs, who, as if they were bread,
Gods people do devower:

Nor ever call on God; but they shall quake
More than they now do bragg, when he shall take
The just into his power.

Indeede the poore, opprest by you, you mock:
Their councells are your common jesting stock:
But God is their recomfort.

Ah, when from Syon shall the Saver come
That Jacob, freed by thee, may glad become
And Israel full of comfort?

PSALM XV.—(*Domine, quis habitabit.*)

In tabernacle thine, O Lord, who shall remaine?
Lord, of thy holy hill, who shall the rest obtain?
Ev'n he that leades a life of uncorrupted traine,
Whose deeds of righteous hart, whose harty wordes be plain:
Who with deceitfull tongue hath never us'd to faine;
Nor neighboure hurtes by deede, nor doth with slander stain:
Whose eyes a person vile doth hold in vile disdaine,
But doth, with honour greate, the godly entertaine:
Who othe and promise given doth faithfully maintain,
Although some worldly losse thereby he may sustain;
From bityng usury who ever doth refraine:
Who sells not guiltlesse cause for filthy love of gain,
Who thus proceedes for ay, in sacred mount shall raign.

You may not like this old English at first; but, if you can find anybody to read it to you who has an ear, its cadence is massy and grand, more than that of most verse I know, and never a word is lost. Whether you like it or not, the sense of it is true.—*Letter 23.*

THE RICHES OF USURY AND CHRISTMAS.

I got a note from an arithmetical friend the other day, speaking of the death of "an old lady, a cousin of mine, who left—*left,* because she could not take it with her—200,000*l.* On calculation, I found this old lady who had been lying bedridden for a year, was accumulating money (*i. e.,* the results of other people's labour,) at the rate of 4d. a minute; in other words, she awoke in the morning ten pounds richer than she went to bed." At which, doubtless, and the like miracles throughout the world, "the stars with deep amaze, stand fixed with steadfast gaze:" for this is, indeed, a Nativity of an adverse god to the one you profess to honour, with them, and the angels, at Christmas, by over-eating yourselves.

I suppose that is the quite essential part of the religion of Christmas; and, indeed, it is about the most religious thing you do in the year; and if pious people would understand, generally, that, if there be indeed any other God than Mammon, He likes to see people comfortable, and nicely dressed, as much as Mammon likes to see them fasting and in rags, they might set a wiser example to everybody than they do.

. . . . . .

The only serious disadvantage of eating, and fine dressing, considered as religious ceremonies, whether at Christmas, or on Sunday, in the Sunday dinner and Sunday gown,—is that you don't always

clearly understand what the eating and dressing signify. For example: why should Sunday be kept otherwise than Christmas, and be less merry? Because it is a day of rest, commemorating the fulfillment of God's easy work, while Christmas is a day of toil, commemorating the beginning of his difficult work? Is that the reason? Or because Christmas commemorates His stooping to thirty years of sorrow, and Sunday His rising to countless years of joy? Which should be the gladdest day of the two, think you, on either ground?—*Letter 24.*

MANSIONS IN "MY FATHER'S HOUSE."

"If it were not so, I would have told you."

I read those strange words of St. John's gospel this morning, for at least the thousandth time; and for the first time, that I remember, with any attention. It is difficult, if not impossible, to attend rightly without some definite motive, or chance-help, to words which one has read and re-read till every one of them slips into its place unnoticed, as a familiar guest,—unchallenged as a household friend. . . .

Alas, had He but told us more clearly that it *was* so!

I have the profoundest sympathy with St. Thomas, and would fain put all his questions over again, and twice as many more. "We know not whither Thou goest." That Father's house,—where is it? These "remaining-places," how are they to be prepared for us?—how are we to be prepared for them?

If ever your clergy mean really to help you to read your Bible,—the whole of it, and not merely the bits which tell you that you are miserable sinners, and that you needn't mind,—they must make a translation retaining as many as possible of the words in their Greek form, which you may easily learn, and yet which will be quit of the danger of becoming debased by any vulgar English use. So also, the same word must always be given when it *is* the same; and not in one place, translated "mansion," and in another "abode."—*Letter 27*

"EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN."

I was again stopped by a verse in St. John's gospel this morning, not because I had not thought of it before, often enough; but because it bears much on our immediate business in one of its expressions,—"Ye shall be scattered, every man to his own."

His own what?

His own property, his own rights, his own opinions, his own place, I suppose one must answer? Every man in his own place; and every man acting on his own opinions; and every man having his own way. Those are somewhat your own notions of the rightest possible state of things, are they not?

And you do not think it of any consequence to ask what sort of a place your own is?

As for instance, taking the reference farther on, to the one of Christ's followers who that night most distinctly of all that were scattered, *found* his place, and stayed in it,—"This ministry and Apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to *his own place.*" What sort of a place?

It should interest you, surely, to ask of such things, since you all, whether you like them or not, *have* your own places; and whether you know them or not, your own opinions. It is too true that very often you fancy you think one thing, when in reality, you think quite another. Most Christian persons, for instance, fancy they would like to be in heaven. But that is not their real opinion of the place at all. See how grave they will look, if their doctor hints to them that there is the least probability of their soon going there.

. . . . . .

I said, that we would especially reverence eight saints, and among them St. Paul. I was startled to hear, only a few days afterwards, that the German critics have at last positively ascertained that St. Paul was Simon Magus;—but I don't mind whether he was not;—if he was, we have got seven saints and one of the Magi, to reverence, instead of eight saints;—plainly and practically, whoever wrote the 13th of 1st Corinthians is to be much respected and attended to; not as the teacher of salvation by faith, still less of salvation by talking, nor even of salvation by almsgiving or martyrdom, but as the bold despiser of faith, talk-gift, and burning, if one has not love. Whereas this age of ours is so far contrary to any such Pauline doctrine that, without especial talent either for faith or martyrdom, and loquacious usually rather with the tongues of men than of angels, it nevertheless thinks to get on, not merely without love of its neighbour, but founding all its proceedings on the precise contrary of that,—love of its self, and the seeking of every man for his own.—*Letter 28.*

GOLD PREFERRED TO GOD.

The authority of gold instead of the authority of God; and preference of gain, or the increase of gold, to godliness, or the peace of God.

I take, as I promised, the fourteenth and fifteenth Psalms for examination with respect to this point.

The second verse of the fourteenth declares that of the children of men, there are none that seek God.

The fifth verse of the same Psalm declares that God is in the generation of the righteous. *In* them, observe; not needing to be sought by them.

From which statements, evangelical persons conclude that there are no righteous persons at all.

Again, the fourth verse of the Psalm declares that all the workers of iniquity eat up God's people as they eat bread.

. . . . . .

Again, the first verse of the Psalm declares that the fool hath said in his heart there is no God; but the sixth verse declares of the poor that he not only knows there is a God, but finds Him to be a refuge.

Whereupon evangelical persons conclude that the fool and the poor mean the same people; and make all the haste they can to be rich.

Putting them, and their interpretations, out of our way, the Psalm becomes entirely explicit. There have been in all ages children of God and of man: the one born of the Spirit and obeying it; the other born of the flesh, and obeying it. I don't know how that entirely unintelligible sentence, "There were they in great fear," got into our English Psalm; in both the Greek and Latin versions it is, "God hath broken the bones of those that please men."

And it is here said of the entire body of the children of men, at a particular time, that they had at that time all gone astray beyond hope; that none were left who so much as sought God, much less who were likely to find Him; and that these wretches and vagabonds were eating up God's own people as they ate bread.

Which has indeed been generally so in all ages: but beyond all recorded history is so in ours. Just and godly people can't live; and every clever rogue and industrious fool is making his fortune out of them, and producing abominable works of all sorts besides,—material gasometers, furnaces, chemical works, and the like,—with spiritual lies and lasciviousnesses unheard of till now in Christendom. Which plain and disagreeable meaning of this portion of Scripture you will find pious people universally reject with abhorrence,—the direct word and open face of their Master being, in the present day, always by them, far more than His other enemies, "spitefully entreated, and spitted on."

Next for the 15th Psalm.

It begins by asking God who shall abide in His tabernacle, or movable tavern; and who shall dwell in His holy hill. Note the difference of those two abidings. A tavern, or taberna, is originally a hut made by a traveller, of sticks cut on the spot; then, if he so arrange it as to be portable, it is a tabernacle; so that, generally, a portable hut or house, supported by rods or sticks when it is set up, is a tabernacle;—on a large scale, having boards as well as curtains, and capable of much stateliness, but nearly synonymous with a tent, in Latin.

Therefore, the first question is, Who among travelling men will have God set up his tavern for him when he wants rest?

And the second question is, Who of travelling men, shall finally

dwell, desiring to wander no more, in God's own house, established above the hills, where all nations flow to it?

You, perhaps, don't believe that either of these abodes may, or do, exist in reality: nor that God would ever cut down branches for you; or, better still bid them spring up for a bower; or that He would like to see you in His own house, if you would go there. You prefer the buildings lately put up in rows for you "one brick thick in the walls," in convenient neighborhood to your pleasant business? Be it so;—then the fifteenth Psalm has nothing to say to you. For those who care to lodge with God, these following are the conditions of character:

They are to walk or deal uprightly with men. They are to work or do justice; or, in sum, do the best they can with their hands. They are to speak the truth to their own hearts, and see they do not persuade themselves they are honest when they ought to know themselves to be knaves; nor persuade themselves they are charitable and kind, when they ought to know themselves to be thieves and murderers. They are not to bite people with their tongues behind their backs, if they dare not rebuke them face to face. They are not to take up, or catch at, subjects of blame; but they are utterly and absolutely to despise vile persons who fear no God, and think the world was begot by mud, and is fed by money; and they are not to defend a guilty man's cause against an innocent one. Above all, this last verse is written for lawyers, or professed interpreters of justice, who are of all men most villainous, if, knowingly, they take reward against an innocent or rightfully contending person. And on these conditions the promise of God's presence and strength is finally given. He that doeth thus shall not be moved, or shaken: for him, tabernacle and rock are alike safe: no wind shall overthrow them, nor earthquake rend.

That is the meaning of the fourteenth and fifteenth Psalms; and if you so believe them, and obey them, you will find your account in it. And they are the Word of God to you, so far as you have hearts capable of understanding them, or any other such message brought by His servants. But if your heart is dishonest and rebellious, you may read them for ever with lip-service, and all the while be "men-pleasers," whose bones are to be broken at the pit's mouth, and so left incapable of breath, brought by any winds of Heaven.—*Letter 36.*

THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

I am a simpleton, am I, to quote such an exploded book as Genesis? My good wiseacre readers, I know as many flaws in the book of Genesis as the best of you, but I knew the book before I knew its flaws, while you know the flaws, and never have known the book, nor can know it. And it is at present much the worse for you; for indeed the stories of this book of Genesis have been the nursery

tales of men mightiest whom the world has yet seen in art, and policy, and virtue, and none of you will write better stories for your children, yet awhile. And your little Cains will learn quickly enough to ask if they are their brother's keepers, and your little Fathers of Canaan merrily enough to show their own father's nakedness without dread either of banishment or malediction; but many a day will pass, and their evil generations vanish with it, in that sudden nothingness of the wicked, "He passed away, and lo, he was not," before one will again rise, of whose death there may remain the Divine tradition, "He walked with God, and was not, for God took him." Apotheosis! How the dim hope of it haunts even the last degradation of men; and through the six thousand years from Enoch, and the vague Greek ages which dreamed of their twin-hero stars, declines, in this final stage of civilization, into dependence on the sweet promise of the Anglo-Russian tempter, with his ermine tail, "Ye shall be as Gods, and buy cat-skin cheap."—*Letter 41.*

THE GENESIS ORDER OF WORK.

Neither almsgiving nor praying, therefore, nor psalm-singing, nor even—as poor Livingstone thought, to his own death, and our bitter loss,—discovering the mountains of the Moon, have anything to do with "good work," or God's work. But it is not so very difficult to discover what that work is. You keep the Sabbath, in imitation of God's rest. Do, by all manner of means, if you like; and keep also the rest of the week in imitation of God's work.

. . . . . .

Day First.—The Making, or letting in, of Light.
Day Second.—The Discipline and Firmament of Waters.
Day Third.—The Separation of earth from water, and planting the secure earth with trees.
Day Fourth.—The Establishment of times and seasons, and of the authority of the stars.
Day Fifth.—Filling the water and air with fish and birds.
Day Sixth.—Filling the land with beasts; and putting divine life into the clay of one of these, that it may have authority over the others, and over the rest of the Creation.

. . . . . .

So the good human work may properly divide itself into the same six branches; and will be a perfectly literal and practical following out of the Divine; and will have opposed to it a correspondent Diabolic force of eternally bad work—as much worse than idleness or death, as good work is better than idleness or death.

Good work, then, will be,—

A. Letting in light where there was darkness; as especially into

poor rooms and back streets; and generally guiding and administering the sunshine wherever we can, by all the means in our power.

And the correspondent Diabolic work is putting a tax on windows, and blocking out the sun's light with smoke.

B. Disciplining the falling waters. In the Divine work, this is the ordinance of clouds;[1] in the human, it is properly putting the clouds to service; and first stopping the rain where they carry it from the sea, and then keeping it pure as it goes back to the sea again.

And the correspondent Diabolic work is the arrangement of land so as to throw all the water back to the sea as fast as we can; and putting every sort of filth into the stream as it runs.

C. The separation of earth from water, and planting it with trees. The correspondent human work is especially clearing morasses, and planting desert ground.

The correspondent Diabolic work is turning good land and water into mud; and cutting down trees that we may drive steam ploughs, etc., etc.

D. The establishment of times and seasons. The correspondent human work is a due watching of the rise and set of stars, and course of the sun; and due administration and forethought of our own annual labours, preparing for them in hope, and concluding them in joyfulness, according to the laws and gifts of Heaven. Which beautiful order is set forth in symbols on all lordly human buildings round the semi-circular arches which are types of the rise and fall of days and years.

And the correspondent Diabolic work is turning night into day with candles, so that we never see the stars; and mixing the seasons up one with another, and having early strawberries, and green pease and the like.

E. Filling the waters with fish, and air with birds. The correspondent human work is Mr. Frank Buckland's, and the like.

The correspondent Diabolic work is poisoning fish as is done at Coniston with copper-mining and catching them for fashionable dinners, when they ought not to be caught; and treating birds—as birds are treated.

F. Filling the earth with beasts, properly known and cared for by their master, Man; but chiefly, breathing into the clayey and brutal nature of Man himself, the Soul, or Love, of God.

The correspondent Diabolic work is shooting and tormenting beasts; and grinding out the soul of man from his flesh, with machine labour; and then grinding down the flesh of him, when noth-

[1] See "Modern Painters," Vol. III., "The Firmament."

ing else is left, into clay, with machines for that purpose,—mitrailleuses, Woolwich infants, and the like.

These are the six main heads of God's and the Devil's work.—*Letter 46.*

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

"Stand therefore; having your loins girt about with Truth."

That means, that the strength of your backbone depends on your meaning to do true battle.

"And having on the breastplate of Justice."

That means, there are to be no partialities in your heart, of anger or pity;—but you must only in justice kill, and only in justice keep alive.

"And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of Peace."

That means that where your foot pauses, moves, or enters, there shall be peace; and where you can only shake the dust of it on the threshold, mourning.

"Above all, take the shield of Faith."

Of fidelity or obedience to your captain, showing his bearings, argent, a cross gules; your safety, and all the army's, being first in the obedience of faith: and all casting of spears vain against such guarded phalanx.

"And take the helmet of Salvation."

Elsewhere, the *hope* of salvation, that being the defense of your intellect against base and sad thoughts, as the shield of fidelity is the defense of your heart against burning and consuming passions.

"And the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

That being your weapon of war,—your power of action, whether with sword or ploughshare; according to the saying of St. John of the young soldiers of Christ, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you." The Word by which the heavens were of old; and which, being once only Breath, became in man Flesh, "quickening it by the spirit" into the life which is, and is to come; and enabling it for all the works nobly done by the quick, and following the dead.—*Letter 48.*

EARLY TEACHING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

It makes me feel, more than anything I ever yet met with in human words, how much I owe to my mother for having so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make me grasp them in what my correspondent would call their "concrete whole;" and above all, taught me to reverence them, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.

This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority, but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly, for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; *that* she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day; if a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation, —if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience,—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known; and, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse; and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound. It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the Law of God: "Oh, how love I Thy law! it is my meditation all the day; I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep Thy word." *Letter 53.*

THE PSALMS AS USED IN THE EPISCOPAL SERVICE.

The Parables have their living use, as well as their danger; but the Psalter has become practically dead; and the form of repeating it in the daily service only deadens the phrases of it by familiarity. I have occasion today to dwell on another piece of this writing of the father of Christ,—which, read in its full meaning, will be as new to us as the first-heard song of a foreign land.

I translate literally; the Septuagint confirming the Vulgate in the differences from our common rendering, several of which are important.

"1. Oh Lord, our own Lord, how admirable is thy Name in all the earth!

2. Because thy magnificence is set above the heavens.

3. Out of the mouth of children and sucklings thou hast perfected praise, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest scatter the enemy and avenger.

4. Since I see thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast founded.

5. What is man that thou rememberest him, or the son of man, that thou lookest on him?

6. Thou hast lessened him a little from the angels; thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, and hast set him over all the works of thy hands.

7. Thou hast put all things under his feet; sheep, and all oxen —and the flocks of the plain.

8. The birds of the heaven and the fish of the sea, and all that walk in the paths of the sea.

9. Oh Lord, our own Lord, how admirable is thy Name in all the earth!"

Note in Verses 1 and 9.—Domine, Dominus noster, our *own* Lord; Κυριε, ο Κυριος ημων; claiming thus the Fatherhood. The "Lord our Governour" of the Prayer Book entirely loses the meaning. How *admirable* is Thy Name! θαυμαστον, "wonderful," as in Isaiah, "His name shall be called Wonderful, the Counsellor." Again our translation "excellent" loses the meaning.

Verse 2.—Thy magnificence. Literally, "thy greatness in working" (Gk. μεγαλοπρεπεια—splendour in aspect), distinguished from mere "glory" or greatness in fame.

Verse 3.—Sidney has it:

> "From sucklings hath thy honour sprung,
> Thy force hath flowed from babies' tongue."

The meaning of this difficult verse is given by implication in Matt. xxi. 16. And again, that verse, like all the other great teachings of Christ, is open to a terrific misinterpretation;—namely, the popular evangelical one, that children should be teachers and preachers, —("cheering mother, cheering father, from the Bible true"). The lovely meaning of the words of Christ, which this vile error hides, is that children, *remaining children,* and uttering, out of their own hearts, such things as their Maker puts there, are pure in sight, and perfect in praise.

Verse 4.—The moon and the stars which thou hast founded—"fundasti"—εθεμελιωσας. It is much more than "ordained"; the idea of stable placing in space being the main one in David's mind. And it remains to this day the wonder of wonders in all wise men's

minds. The earth swings round the sun,—yes, but what holds the sun? The sun swings round something else. Be it so,—then, what else?

Sidney:—

> **"When I upon the heavens do look,**
> **Which all from thee their essence took,**
> **When moon and stars my *thought* beholdeth,**
> **Whose life no life but of thee holdeth."**

Verse 5.—That thou lookest on him; επισκεπτη αυτον, "art a bishop to him." The Greek word is the same in the verse "I was sick and ye *visited* me."

Verse 6.—Thou hast lessened him;—perhaps better, thou hast made him but by a little, less, than the angels; ηλαττωσας αυτον βραχυ τι. The inferiority is not of present position merely, but of scale in being.

Verse 7.—Sheep, and all oxen, and the *flocks of the plain:* κτηνη του πεδιου. Beasts for service in the plain, traversing great spaces —camel and horse.—*Letter 53.*

WRONG USE OF THE PARABLES.

Why prayer should be taught by the story of the unjust judge; use of present opportunity by that of the unjust steward; and use of the gifts of God by that of the hard man who reaped where he had not sown,—there is no human creature wise enough to know;—but there are the traps set; and every slack judge, cheating servant, and gnawing usurer may, if he will, approve himself in these.

"Thou knewest that I was a hard man." Yes—and if God were also a hard God, and reaped where *He* had not sown—the conclusion would be true that earthly usury was right. But which of God's gifts to us are *not* His own?

The meaning of the parable, heard with ears unbesotted, is this: —"*You,* among hard and unjust men, yet suffer their claim to the return of what they never gave; you suffer *them* to reap where they have not strawed.—But to me, the Just Lord of your life—whose is the breath in your nostrils, whose the fire in your blood, who gave you light and thought, and the fruit of earth and the dew of heaven, —to me, of all this gift, will you return no fruit but only the dust of your bodies, and the wreck of your souls?"—*Letter 53.*

OBEDIENCE ESSENTIAL TO A KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

Whatever chemical or anatomical facts may appear to our present scientific intelligences, inconsistent with the Life of God, the historical fact is that no happiness nor power has ever been attained by human creatures unless in that thirst for the presence of a Divine King; and that nothing but weakness, misery, and death have ever

resulted from the desire to destroy their King, and to have thieves and murderers released to them instead. Also this fact is historically certain,—that the Life of God is not to be discovered by reasoning, but by obeying; that on doing what is plainly ordered, the wisdom and presence of the Orderer become manifest; that only so His way can be known on earth, and His saving health among all nations; and that on disobedience always follows darkness, the forerunner of death.

And now for corollary on the eighth Psalm, read the first and second of Hebrews, and to the twelfth verse of the third, slowly; fitting the verse of the psalm—"lunam et stellas quæ tu fundasti," with "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth"; and then noting how the subjection which is merely of the lower creatures, in the psalm, becomes the subjection of all things, and at last of death itself, in the victory foretold to those who are faithful to their Captain, made perfect through sufferings; their Faith, observe, consisting primarily in closer and more constant obedience than the Mosaic law required,—"For if the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received its just recompence of reward, how shall *we* escape, if we neglect so great salvation!" The full argument is: "Moses, with but a little salvation, saved you from earthly bondage, and brought you to an earthly land of life; Christ, with a great salvation, saves you from soul bondage, and brings you to an eternal land of life; but, if he who despised the little salvation, and its lax law, (left lax because of the hardness of your hearts), died without mercy, how shall we escape, if now, with hearts of flesh, we despise so great salvation, refuse the Eternal Land of Promise, and break the stricter and relaxless law of Christian desert-pilgrimage?" And if these threatenings and promises still remain obscure to us, it is only because we have resolutely refused to obey the orders which were not obscure, and quenched the Spirit which was already given. How far the world around us may be yet beyond our control, only because a curse has been brought upon it by our sloth and infidelity, none of us can tell; still less may we dare either to praise or accuse our Master, for the state of the creation over which He appointed us kings, and in which we have chosen to live as swine. One thing we know, or may know, if we will,—that the heart and conscience of man are divine; that in his perception of evil, in his recognition of good, he is himself a God manifest in the flesh; that his joy in love, his agony in anger, his indignation at injustice, his glory in self-sacrifice, are all eternal, indisputable proofs of his unity with a great Spiritual Head; that in these, and not merely in his more availing form, or manifold instinct, he is king over the lower animate world; that, so far as he denies or forfeits these, he dishonours the Name of his Father, and makes it unholy and unadmirable in

the earth; that so far as he confesses, and rules by, these, he hallows and makes admirable the Name of his Father, and receives, in his sonship, fulness of power with Him, whose are the kingdom, the power, and the glory, world without end.—*Letter 53.*

DOING ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE.

It has been a prevalent notion in the minds of well-disposed persons, that if they acted according to their own conscience, they must, therefore, be doing right.

But they assume, in feeling or asserting this, either that there is no Law of God, or that it cannot be known; but only felt, or conjectured.

"I must do what *I* think right." How often is this sentence uttered and acted on—bravely—nobly—innocently; but always—because of its egotism—erringly. You must not do what YOU think right, but, whether you or anybody think, or don't think it, what *is* right.

"I must act according to the dictates of my conscience."

By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you are quite sure that yours is not the conscience of an ass.

"I am doing my best—what can man do more?"

You might be doing much less, and yet much better:—perhaps you are doing your best in producing, or doing, an eternally bad thing.

All these three sayings, and the convictions they express, are wise only in the mouths and minds of wise men; they are deadly, and all the deadlier because bearing an image and superscription of virtue, in the mouths and minds of fools.

"But there is every gradation, surely, between wisdom and folly?"

No. The fool, whatever his wit, is the man who doesn't know his master—who has said in his heart—there is no God—no Law.

The wise man knows his master. Less or more wise, he perceives lower or higher masters; but always some creature larger than himself—some law holier than his own. A law to be sought—learned, loved—obeyed; but in order to its discovery, the obedience must be begun first, to the best one knows. Obey *something;* and you will have a chance some day of finding out what is best to obey. But if you begin by obeying nothing, you will end by obeying Beelzebub and all his seven invited friends.—*Letter 54.*

CHRIST'S LAW ABOUT MONEY.

The law of Christ about money and other forms of personal wealth, is taught, first in parables, in which He likens himself to the masters of this world, and explains the conduct which Christians

should hold to Him, their heavenly Master, by which they hold on earth, to earthly ones.

He likens himself, in these stories, several times, to unkind or unjust masters, and especially to hard and usurious ones. And the gist of the parables in each case is, "If ye do so, and are thus faithful to hard and cruel masters, in earthly things, how much more should ye be faithful to a merciful Master, in heavenly things?"

Which argument, evil-minded men wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction. And instead of reading, for instance, in the parable of the Usurer, the intended lesson of industry in the employment of God's gifts, they read in it a justification of the crime which, in other parts of the same scripture, is directly forbidden. And there is indeed no doubt that, if the other prophetic parts of the Bible be true, these stories are so worded that they *may* be touchstones of the heart. They are nets, which sift the kindly reader from the selfish. The parable of the Usurer is like a mill sieve:—the fine flour falls through it, bolted finer; the chaff sticks in it.

Therefore, the only way to understand these difficult parts of the Bible, or even to approach them with safety, is first to read and obey the easy ones. Then the difficult ones all become beautiful and clear:—otherwise they remain venomous enigmas, with a Sphinx of destruction provoking false souls to read them, and ruining them in their own replies.

Now the orders, "not to lay up treasure for ourselves on earth," and to "sell that we have, and give alms," and to "provide ourselves bags which wax not old," are perfectly direct, unmistakable,—universal; and while we are not at all likely to be blamed by God for not imitating Him as a Judge, we shall assuredly be condemned by Him for not, under Judgment, doing as we were bid. But even if we do not feel able to obey these orders, if we must and will lay up treasures on earth, and provide ourselves bags with holes in them, —God may perhaps still, with scorn, permit us in our weakness, provided we are content with our earthly treasures, when we have got them, and don't oppress our brethren, and grind down their souls with them. We may have our old bag about our neck, if we will, and go to heaven like beggars;—but if we sell our brother also, and put the price of his life in the bag, we need not think to enter the kingdom of God so loaded. A rich man may, though hardly, enter the kingdom of heaven without repenting him of his riches; but not the thief, without repenting his theft; nor the adulterer, without repenting his adultery; nor the usurer, without repenting his usury.—*Letter 68.*

THE WORLD'S TWO GROUPS OF MEN.

The world is divided into two groups of men; the first, those

whose God is their God, and whose glory is their glory, who mind heavenly things; and the second, men whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things. That is just as demonstrable a scientific fact as the separation of land from water. . . . All strong character curdles itself out of the scum into its own place and power, or impotence: and they that sow to the Flesh do of the Flesh reap corruption; and they that sow to the Spirit, do of the Spirit reap Life.

I pause, without writing "everlasting," as perhaps you expected. The first sign of noble trust in God and man, is to be able to act without any such hope. All the heroic deeds, all the purely unselfish passions of our existence, depend on our being able to live, if need be, through the shadow of death: and the daily heroism of simply brave men consists in fronting and accepting Death as such, trusting that what their Maker decrees for them shall be well.

But what Carpaccio knows, and what I know also, are precisely the things which your wiseacre apothecaries, and their apprentices, and too often your wiseacre rectors and vicars, and *their* apprentices, tell you that you can't know, because "eye hath not seen nor ear heard them," the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God has revealed them to *us*,— . . . —to every child that has been taught to know its Father in Heaven,—by the Spirit: because we have minded, or do mind, the things of the Spirit in some measure, and in such measure have entered into our rest.

"The things which God *hath prepared* for them that love Him." Hereafter, and up there, above the clouds, you have been taught to think;—until you were informed by your land-surveyors that there was neither up nor down; but only an axis of x and an axis of y; and by aspiring aeronauts that there was nothing in the blue but damp and azote. And now you don't believe these things are prepared *any*where? They are prepared just as much as ever, when and where they used to be: just now, and here, close at your hand. All things are prepared,—come ye to the marriage. Up and down on the old highways which your fathers trod, and under the hedges of virgin's bower and wild rose which your fathers planted, there are the messengers crying to you to come. Nay, at your very doors, though one is just like the other in your model lodging houses,—there is One knocking, if you would open, with something better than tracts in His basket;—supper, and very material supper, if you will only condescend to eat of angel's food first. There are meats for the belly, and the belly for meats; doth not your Father know that ye have need of these things? But if you make your belly your only love, and your meats your only masters, God shall destroy both it and them.—*Letter 72.*

VII

ARROWS OF THE CHACE.

Vol. II. (1880.)

Volume I of "The Arrows of the Chace" is already quoted in Book II of this work. This second volume treats of subjects which properly belong here. The chronological order of the 103 letters in this volume is given by their author in an index, together with those in the first volume. They treat of all sorts of questions, under the comprehensive heading of "Politics, Economy, and Miscellaneous Matters." There are twenty-six passages of Scripture quoted and commented upon in the two volumes. Two or three selections follow:—

LOVE, NOT LUST.

The great relation of the sexes is Love, not Lust; that is the relation in which "male and female created He them;" putting into them, indeed, to be distinctly restrained to the office of fruitfulness, the brutal passion of Lust: but giving them the spiritual power of Love, that each spirit might be greater and purer by its bond to another associate spirit, in this world, and that which is to come; help-mates, and sharers of each other's joy for ever.—*Miscellaneous Letters.*

EMPLOYMENT—BETTER THAN PUNISHMENT.

The true instruments of reformation are employment and reward —not punishment. Aid the willing, honor the virtuous, and compel the idle into occupation, and there will be no need for the compelling of any into the great and lasting indolence of death. The beginning of all true reformation among the criminal classes depends on the establishment of institutions for their active employment, while their criminality is still unripe, and their self-respect, capacities of affection, and sense of justice not altogether quenched. That those who are desirous of employment should always be able to find it, will hardly be disputed; but that those who are undesirous of employment should of all persons be the most strictly compelled to it, the public are hardly yet convinced. . . . Our neglect of the lower orders has reached a point, at which it begins to bear its necessary fruit, and every day makes the harvest darker and more sure.—*Ibid.*

RIGHT DRESS FOR MAN AND WOMAN.

The man and woman are meant by God to be perfectly noble and beautiful in each other's eyes. The dress is right which makes them so. The best dress is that which is beautiful in the eyes of noble and wise persons. Right dress is therefore that which is fit for the station in life, and the work to be done in it; and which is otherwise graceful—becoming—lasting—healthful—and easy; on occasion, splendid; *always* as beautiful as possible. Right dress is therefore strong—simple—radiantly clean—carefully put on—carefully kept. Cheap dress, bought for cheapness sake, and costly dress bought for costliness sake, are both abominations. Right dress is bought *for* its worth, and *at* its worth; and bought only when wanted.

The Scriptural authority for dress is centralized by Proverbs xxxi, 21, 22; and by Samuel i, 24; the latter especially indicating the duty of the king or governor of the state; as the former the duty of the housewife. It is necessary for the complete understanding of those passages, that the reader should know that "scarlet" means intense central radiance of pure color; it is the type of purest color—between pale and dark—between sad and gay. It was therefore used with hyssop as a type of purification. There are many stronger passages, such as Psalm xlv, 13, 14; but as some people read them under the impression of their being figurative, I need not refer to them. The passages in the Prophecies and Epistles against dress apply only to its abuses. Dress worn for the sake of vanity or coveted in jealousy, is as evil as anything else similarly so abused. A woman should earnestly desire to be beautiful, as she should desire to be intelligent; her dress should be as studied as her words; but if the one is worn or the other spoken in vanity or insolence, both are equally criminal.—*Ibid.*

VIII

FICTION—FAIR AND FOUL.

ONE VOL. (1880-1.)

Here, at least, is one Ruskin title which fairly suggests the subject of the volume.

This little work of 65 pages was originally written in five articles and published in the Nineteenth Century Magazine, and afterwards reprinted in a volume bearing the title of "On the Old Road" which also contained other Magazine articles. Ruskin expresses contempt for certain forms of fiction which he calls "the Divinity of Decomposition." Here we find one of his most graphic pictures of contrast between country life and life in a great city:—"In the country every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature; a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth, and a new promise or warning in heaven. No day is without its innocent hope, its special prudence, its kindly gift, and its sublime danger; and in every process of wise husbandry, and every effort of contending or remedial courage, the wholesome passions, pride, and bodily power of the labourer are excited and exerted in the happiest unison. The companionship of domestic, the care of serviceable, animals, soften and enlarge his life with lowly charities, and discipline him in familiar wisdoms and unboastful fortitudes; while the divine laws of seed-time which cannot be recalled, harvest which cannot be hastened, and winter in which no man can work, compel the impatiences and coveting of his heart into labour too submissive to be anxious, and rest too sweet to be wanton. What thought can enough comprehend the contrast between such life, and that in streets where summer and winter are only alternations of heat and cold; where snow never fell white, nor sunshine clear; where the ground is only a pavement, and the sky no more than the glass roof of an arcade; where the utmost power of a storm is to choke the gutters, and the finest magic of spring, to change mud into dust; where—chief and most fatal difference in state, there is no interest of occupation for any of the

inhabitants but the routine of counter or desk within doors, and the effort to pass each other without collision outside; so that from morning to evening the only possible variation of the monotony of the hours, and lightening of the penalty of existence, must be some kind of mischief."

A very large portion of the fiction of the present age bears a relation to literature similar to that which the business of the saloon keeper, the dealer in tobacco, and the picker of rags in a city alley, bear to merchandise. It is a traffic in the refuse and decomposition of human society. It is a pestilence that "walketh in darkness."

In Ruskin's day this form of fiction was already common. He calls it a "literature of the prison-house, because the thwarted habits of body and mind, which are the punishment of reckless crowding in cities, become, in the issue of that punishment, frightful subjects of exclusive interest to themselves; and the art of fiction in which they finally delight is only the more studied arrangement and illustration, by coloured firelights, of the daily bulletins of their own wretchedness, in the prison calendar, the police news, and the hospital report."

Scott was to Ruskin the best of all novelists. He loved him because his teaching was lofty and his portraiture was healthy and vital. He says:—"It is to say little for the types of youth and maid which alone Scott felt it a joy to imagine, or thought it honorable to portray, that they act and feel in a sphere where they are never for an instant liable to any of the weaknesses which disturb the calm, or shake the resolution, of chastity and courage in a modern novel. . . . But there is another difference in the woof of a Waverly novel from the cobweb of a modern one, which depends on Scott's larger view of human life. Marriage is by no means, in his conception of man and woman, the most important business of their existence; nor love the only reward to be proposed to their virtue or exertion. It is not in his reading of the laws of Providence a necessity that virtue should, either by love or any other external blessing, be rewarded at all; and marriage is in all cases thought of as a constituent of the happiness of life, but not as its only interest, still less its only aim."

It is worth while to read these pages of Ruskin's comment if only for his historic review and literary analysis of Scott's novels, and the pen portraiture which they contain of Scott himself.

The "fiction of death" is described by a reference to Dickens's Bleak House, in which novel, Ruskin points out, "there are nine deaths." Oliver Twist is described as "the greatest work of Dickens, and is distinguished "with honour, from the loathsome mass to which it typically belongs."

Ruskin's estimate of fiction is perhaps better seen in the second volume of Fors Clavigera (Letter 31) where he speaks of Miss Edgeworth, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. An extended account of the life of Scott is also given in the same volume.

BOOK SIXTH

Religion in Life and Poetry

RELIGION IN LIFE AND POETRY

I

NOTES ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF SHEEPFOLDS. (1851.)

These notes fill 32 pages which were published originally as a pamphlet and afterwards reprinted in "On the Old Road."

It is said that farmers were attracted by its title and bought the book for quite another purpose than that for which it was designed.[1]

The notes are evidence of a strong desire in Ruskin to witness the union of all Protestant Christian Churches into one organic body,—the special appeal however being directed to the Scotch Presbyterians to enter the Anglican Church, having "One fold and one Shepherd."

It is a singular illustration of the intense desire in the mind of Ruskin to see things put right, and his own ever-burning desire to put them right. He says:—"I do not profess to teach Divinity; and I pray the reader to understand this, and to pardon the slightness and insufficiency of notes set down with no more intention of connected treatment than might regulate an accidental conversation." Yet he goes on to discuss the Scriptural meaning of the word "Church:" its authority over doctrine, and for discipline:—its relation to State and its teaching in the Scriptures, and in his lecture on Kings' Treasuries in "Sesame and Lilies" and Letter 13 in "Time and Tide" he treated of similar subjects.

Selections from this Essay would be altogether unsatisfactory. It must be read as a whole in order to appreciate any part of it. We

[1] Mr. J. Hain Friswell, in "Modern Men of Letters," relates a story of a farmer, not acquainted with books, who took to his farm, with immense gusto, a copy of this book, supposing it to relate to the actual construction of farm sheep-folds. "His rage may be imagined," says Mr. Friswell, "when he found that it was a pamphlet on the discipline of the Church."

would gladly add it to this volume if space permitted, but we must be content to quote its closing words:—

"Christ does not order impossibilities, and He *has* ordered us to be at peace, one with another. Nay, it is answered—He came not to send peace, but a sword. Yes, verily: to send a sword upon earth, but not within His Church; for to His Church He said, "My Peace I give unto you."

II

SESAME AND LILIES.

ONE VOL. THREE LECTURES. (1868.)

These three lectures were delivered at different times and places between 1864-8 and were afterwards published under the Author's own direction. They bore the respective titles of:—

1. "Of the Kings' Treasuries, which means good books and sound study.

2. "Of the Queens' Gardens" is addressed to young women and is full of noble counsel and pictures of rare literary excellence. Its notes on the women of Shakspeare, Dante, Sophocles, Spencer and Scott are treasures indeed.

3. "The Mystery of Life" may be read as a pen-portrait of the inner life of the Author up to that time, he being then near fifty years of age.

Of all the numerous works of Ruskin this is the most popular with the public. And no wonder! It is a delightfully readable book,—fit for a philosopher's library or for a gift book to any young graduate of our public schools. It is written in the most charming strain of prose-poetry,—is indeed, a classic—his wise words flowing as limpid as a mountain stream.

If we were to select passages from it our difficulty would be to decide what to omit. And as the book may be found in almost every series of reprints and can be purchased for a trifle at any book-stand, we will only quote Mr. Ruskin's own selection. In his preface he says: "The first lecture says that life being very short, and the quiet hours of it very few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books. . . . And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing, series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its

niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dogs' ears."

Of the second and third lectures he says:—"The entire gist and conclusion of them is in the last six paragraphs, which contain the best expression. I have yet been able to put in words of what, so far as is within my power, I mean henceforward both to do myself, and to plead with all over whom I have any influence, to do also according to their means."

These six paragraphs are as follows:

WHAT IT MEANS TO TAKE UP OUR CROSS.

135. "The work of men"—and what is that? Well, we may any of us know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it. But many of us are for the most part thinking, not of what we are to do, but of what we are to get; and the best of us are sunk into the sin of Ananias, and it is a mortal one—we want to keep back part of the price; and we continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it—as if it was only a thing to be carried, instead of to be—crucified upon. "They that are His have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts." Does that mean, think you, that in time of national distress, of religious trial, of crisis for every interest and hope of humanity—none of us will cease jesting, none cease idling, none put themselves to any wholesome work, none take so much as a tag of lace off their footman's coats, to save the world? Or does it rather mean, that they are ready to leave houses, lands and kindreds—yes, and life if need be? Life!—some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But "*station* in Life"—how many of us are ready to quit *that?* Is it not always the great objection, where there is question of finding something useful to do—"We cannot leave our stations in Life?"

Those of us who really cannot—that is to say, who can only maintain themselves by continuing in some business or salaried office, have already something to do; and all that they have to see to, is that they do it honestly and with all their might. But with most people who use that apology, "remaining in the station of life to which Providence has called them," means keeping all the carriages, and all the footmen and large houses they can possibly pay for; and, once for all, I say that if ever Providence *did* put them into stations of that sort—which is not at all a matter of certainty—Providence is just now very distinctly calling them out again. Levi's station in life was the receipt of custom; and Peter's, the shore of Galilee;

and Paul's, the ante-chambers of the High Priest,—which "station in life" each had to leave, with brief notice.

And, whatever our station in life may be, at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfill our duty ought, first, to live on as little as we can; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can.

And sure good is first in feeding people, then in dressing people, then in lodging people, and lastly in rightly pleasing people, with arts, or sciences, or any other subject of thought.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY.

136. I say first in feeding; and, once for all, do not let yourselves be deceived by any of the common talk of "indiscriminate charity." The order to us is not to feed the deserving hungry, nor the industrious hungry, nor the amiable and well-intentioned hungry, but simply to feed the hungry. It is quite true, infallibly true, that if any man will not work, neither should he eat—think of that, and every time you sit down to your dinner, ladies and gentlemen, say solemnly, before you ask a blessing, "How much work have I done today for my dinner?"

CLOTHING THE NEEDY.

137. Secondly, dressing people—that is to say, urging every one within reach of your influence to be always neat and clean, and giving them means of being so. In so far as they absolutely refuse, you must give up the effort with respect to them, only taking care that no children within your sphere of influence shall any more be brought up with such habits; and that every person who is willing to dress with propriety shall have encouragement to do so. And the first absolutely necessary step towards this is the gradual adoption for a consistent dress for different ranks of persons, so that their rank shall be known by their dress; and the restriction of the changes of fashion within certain limits. All which appears for the present quite impossible; but it is only so far as even difficult as it is difficult to conquer our vanity, frivolity, and desire to appear what we are not. And it is not, nor ever shall be, creed of mine, that these mean and shallow vices are unconquerable by Christian women.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

138. And then, thirdly, lodging people, which you may think should have been put first, but I put it third, because we must feed and clothe people where we find them, and lodge them afterwards. And providing lodgment for them means a great deal of vigorous legislation, and cutting down of vested interests that stand in the way, and after that, or before that, so far as we can get it, thorough sanitary and remedial action in the houses that we have; and then

the building of more, strongly, beautifully, and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to their streams, and walled round, so that there may be no festering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy street within, and the open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard round the walls, so that from any part of the city perfectly fresh air and grass, and sight of far horizon might be reachable in a few minutes' walk. This the final aim; but in immediate action every minor and possible good to be instantly done when, and as, we can; roofs mended that have holes in them—fences patched that have gaps in them—walls buttressed that totter—and floors propped that shake: cleanliness and order enforced with our own hands and eyes, till we are breathless, every day. And all the fine arts will heathily follow. I myself have washed a flight of stone stairs all down, with bucket and broom, in a Savoy inn, where they hadn't washed their stairs since they first went up them? and I never made a better sketch than that afternoon.

WORK FOR EVERYONE.

139. The law for every Christian man and woman is, that they shall be in direct service towards one of these three needs, as far as is consistent with their own special occupation, and if they have no special business, then wholly in one of these services. And out of such exertion in plain duty all other good will come; for in this direct contention with material evil, you will find out the real nature of all evil; you will discern by the various kinds of resistance, what is really the fault and main antagonism to good; also you will find the most unexpected helps and profound lessons given, and truths will come thus down to us which the speculation of all our lives would never have raised us up to. You will find nearly every educational problem solved, as soon as you truly want to do something; everybody will become of use in their own fittest way, and will learn what is best for them to know in that use. Competitive examination will then, and not till then, be wholesome, because it will be daily, and calm, and in practice; and on these familiar arts, and minute, but certain and serviceable knowledges, will be surely edified and sustained the greater arts and splendid theoretical sciences.

AN INFALLIBLE RELIGION.

140. But much more than this. On such holy and simple practice will be founded, indeed, at last, an infallible religion. The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure—forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell

upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving—"Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good, (and who but fools couldn't?) then do it; push at it together; you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over. I will not speak of the crimes which in past times have been committed in the name of Christ, nor of the follies which are at this hour held to be consistent with obedience to Him; but I *will* speak of the morbid corruption and waste of vital power in religious sentiment, by which the pure strength of that which should be the guiding soul of every nation, the splendour of its youthful manhood, and spotless light of its maidenhood, is averted or cast away.

We once taught our youths to make Latin verses, and called them educated; now we teach them to leap and to row, to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated. Can they plow, can they sow, can they plant at the right time, or build with a steady hand? Is it the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed? Indeed it is, with some, nay with many, and the strength of England is in them, and the hope: but we have to turn their courage from the toil of war to the toil of mercy; and their intellect from dispute of words to discernment of things; and their knighthood from the errantry of adventure to the state and fidelity of a kingly power. And then, indeed, shall abide, for them, and for us an incorruptible felicity, and an infallible religion; shall abide for us Faith, no more to be assailed by temptation, no more to be defended by wrath and by fear;—shall abide with us Hope, no more to be quenched by the years that overwhelm, or made ashamed by the shadows that betray; shall abide for us, and with us, the greatest of these; the abiding will, the abiding name, of our Father. For the greatest of these, is Charity.

III

THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND.

Four Lectures. (1884.)

These lectures, delivered at Oxford, were supplementary to those given in the same place on "The Art of England" one year earlier. They treat of the advancement of Christianity in Britain. The titles of the lectures are:—

1. The Pleasures of Learning.
2. The Pleasures of Faith.
3. The Pleasures of Deed.
4. The Pleasures of Fancy.

In their delivery Mr. Ruskin referred his hearers to the lecture on "The Future of England" given in 1869 and is published in the volume entitled "The Crown of Wild Olive."

This is one of the lesser works which do not fall so readily into our plan of selections but should be read as a whole. The following extracts however are specially commended:—

THE INFLUENCE OF THE STORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

I have always been by my own feeling disposed to hold the mythologies founded on the love and knowledge of the natural world, I have also been led by them to conceive, far more forcibly than hitherto, the power which the story of Christianity possessed, first heard through the wreaths of that cloudy superstition, in the substitution, for its vaporescent allegory, of a positive and literal account of a real Creation, and an instantly present, omnipresent, and compassionate God. . . . And it was precisely, observe, the vivacity and joy with which the main fact of Christ's life was accepted which gave the force and wrath to the controversies instantly arising about its nature.

Those controversies vexed and shook, but never undermined, the faith they strove to purify, and the miraculous presence, errorless precept, and loving promises of their Lord were alike undoubted, alike rejoiced in, by every nation that heard the word of Apostles. The Pelagian's assertion that immortality could be won by man's will, and the Arian's that Christ possessed no more than man's

nature, never for an instant—or in any country—hindered the advance of the moral law and intellectual hope of Christianity. Far the contrary; the British heresy concerning Free Will, though it brought bishop after bishop into England to extinguish it, remained an extremely healthy and active element in the British mind down to the days of John Bunyan and the guide Great Heart, and the calmly Christian justice and simple human virtue of Theodoric were the very roots and first burgeons of the regeneration of Italy.—*Lect. I.*

WORLDLY PROSPERITY AND RELIGION.

You are in the habit of supposing that temporal prosperity is owing either to worldly chance or to worldly prudence; and is never granted in any visible relation to states of religious temper. Put that treacherous doubt away from you, with disdain; take for basis of reasoning the noble postulate, that the elements of Christian faith are sound,—instead of the base one, that they are deceptive; reread the great story of the world in that light, and see what a vividly real, yet miraculous tenor, it will then bear to you.—*Lect. II.*

THE PLEASURES OF FAITH.

We continually hear of the trials, sometimes of the victories, of Faith,—but scarcely ever of its pleasures. Whereas, at this time, you will find that the chief delight of all good men was in the recognition of the goodness and wisdom of the Master, who had come to dwell with them upon earth. It is almost impossible for you to conceive the vividness of this sense in them; it is totally impossible for you to conceive the comfort, peace, and force of it. In everything that you now do or seek, you expose yourselves to countless miseries of shame and disappointment, because in your doing you depend on nothing but your own powers, and in seeking choose only your own gratification. . . . The idea of doing anything except for your own praise or profit has narrowed itself into little more than the precentor's invitation to the company with little voice and less practice to "sing to the praise and glory of God."—*Lect. II.*

FAITH VOLUNTARY.

I have said that you cannot imagine the feeling of the energy of daily life applied in the real meaning of those words. You cannot imagine it, but you *can* prove it. Are any of you willing, simply as a philosophical experiment in the greatest sciences, to adopt the principles and feelings of these men of a thousand years ago for a given time, say for a year? It cannot possibly do you any harm to try, and you cannot possibly learn what is true in these things, without trying. If after a year's experience of such method you find yourself no happier than before, at least you will be able to

support your present opinions at once with more grace and more modesty; having conceded the trial it asked for, to the opposite side. . . . Were faith not voluntary, it could not be praised, and would not be rewarded.—*Lect. II.*

FREEDOM IN ITS FULNESS.

If you are minded thus to try, begin each day with Alfred's prayer,—fiat voluntas tua; resolving that you will stand to it, and that nothing that happens in the course of the day shall displease you. . . . Imagine that the thing is being done through you, not by you: that the good of it may never be known, but that at least, unless by your rebellion or foolishness, there can come no evil into it, nor wrong chance to it. Resolve also with steady industry to do what you can for the help of your country and its honour, and the honour of its God; and that you will not join hands in its iniquity, nor turn aside from its misery; and that in all you do and feel you will look frankly for the immediate help and direction, and to your own consciences, expressed approval, of God. Live thus, and believe, and with swiftness of answer proportioned to the frankness of the trust, most surely the God of hope will fill you with all joy and peace in believing.

But, if you will not do this, if you have not courage nor heart enough to break away the fetters of earth, and take up the sensual bed of it, and walk; if you say that you are *bound* to win this thing, and become the other thing, and that the wishes of your friends,—and the interests of your family,—and the bias of your genius,—and the expectations of your college,—and all the rest of the bow-wow-wow of the wild dog-world, must be attended to, whether you like it or no,—then, at least, for shame give up talk about being free or independent creatures; recognize yourselves for slaves in whom the thoughts are put in ward with their bodies, and their hearts manacled with their hands: and then at least also, for shame, if you refuse to believe that ever there were men who gave their souls to God,—know and confess how surely there are those who sell them to His adversary.—*Lect. II.*

IV

PRAETERITA.

THREE VOLS. (1885-9.)

Ruskin had given many glimpses of his own life story in "Fors Clavigera." Later in life he determined to write a series of reminiscences which might form a more complete autobiography. These he published in two volumes under the title of "Praeterita," or "Bygones." To this he added a volume of Correspondence which he called "Dilecta." In his preface, dated May 10, 1885, he wrote: —"I write these few prefatory words on my father's birthday, in what was once my nursery in his old house,—to which he brought my mother and me, sixty-two years since, I being then four years old. What would otherwise, in the following pages, have been little more than an old man's recreation in gathering visionary flowers in fields of youth, has taken, as I wrote, the nobler aspect of a dutiful offering at the grave of parents who trained my childhood to all the good it could attain, and whose memory makes declining life cheerful in the hope of being soon again with them."

In view of such a charming life-story as we find here, it seems somewhat superfluous, if not presumptuous, to write any other. And yet our own brief sketch is but a commendation of the story, told as only Ruskin could tell it.

There is so much in Praeterita which we could add to our already voluminous selections from the colossal works of Ruskin that we feel it better to advise, young people especially, to secure the reading of a copy. It can be found (in one volume) in almost any good public library. It will be found to possess all the charm of the most attractive novel, while it abounds in the delightful prose-poetry and philosophy of which Ruskin was the greatest master.

We give only a reference and quotation from the Poet, George Herbert, and the brilliant passage with which the author closes the work. In it he refers to his very intimate American friend, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, to whom we are told is due the credit of sug-

gesting to its distinguished author the writing of this—one of the few really brilliant autobiographies in the English language.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY IS!—GEORGE HERBERT QUOTED.

"I find numbers, even of the most intelligent and amiable people, not knowing what the word (Christianity) means, because they are always asking how much is true, and how much they like, and never ask first, what *was* the total meaning of it, whether they like it or not. The total meaning was and is, that the God who made earth and its creatures, took at a certain time upon the earth, the flesh and form of man; in that flesh sustained the pain and died the death of the creature He had made; rose again after death into glorious life, and when the date of the human race is ended, will return in visible human form, and render to every man according to his work. Christianity is the belief in, and love of, God thus manifested. Anything less than this, the mere acceptance of the sayings of Christ, or assertion of any less than divine power in His Being, may be, for aught I know, enough for virtue, peace, and safety; but they do not make people Christians, or enable them to understand the heart of the simplest believer in the old doctrine. One verse more of George Herbert will put the height of that doctrine into less debatable, though figurative, picture than any long talk of mine:—

Hast thou not heard that my Lord Jesus died?
Then let me tell thee a strange story.
The God of Power, as he did ride
In his majestic robes of glory,
Resolved to light; and so, one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars his tire of light, and rings, obtained
The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
The heavens his azure mantle gained,
And when they asked what he would wear,
He smiled and said as he did go,
"He had new clothes a-making, here, below."

I write from memory; the lines have been my lesson ever since 1845."

CLOSING WORDS.

How things bind and blend themselves together! The last time I saw the Fountain of Trevi, it was from Arthur's father's room—Joseph Severn's, where we both took Joannie to see him in 1872, and the old man made a sweet drawing of his pretty daughter-in-law, now in her schoolroom; he himself then eager in finishing his last picture of the Marriage in Cana, which he had caused to take place under a vine trellis, and delighted himself by painting the crystal and ruby glittering of the changing rivulet of water out

of the Greek vase, glowing into wine. Fronte Branda I last saw with Charles Norton, under the same arches where Dante saw it. We drank of it together, and walked together that evening on the hills above, where the fireflies among the scented thickets shone fitfully in the still undarkened air. *How* they shone! moving like fine-broken starlight through the purple leaves. How they shone! through the sunset that faded into thunderous night as I entered Siena three days before, the white edges of the mountainous clouds still lighted from the west, and the openly golden sky calm behind the Gate of Siena's heart with its still golden words, *"Cor magis tiba Sena pandit,"* and the fireflies everywhere in sky and cloud rising and falling, mixed with the lightning and more intense than the stars.

MUSIC.

Ruskin's Preface to Vol. II of Bibliotheca Pastorum is an able treatise on the subject of Music. He says:

"The law of nobleness in music and poetry is essentially one. Both are the necessary and natural expression of pure and virtuous human joy, or sorrow, by the lips and fingers of persons trained in right schools to manage their bodies and souls. Every child should be taught from its youth, to govern its voice discreetly and dexterously, as it does its hands; and not to be able to sing should be more disgraceful than not being able to read or write. For it is quite possible to lead a virtuous and happy life without books, or ink; but not without wishing to sing when we are happy; nor without meeting with continual occasions when our song, if right, would be a kind service to others.

The best music, like the best painting, is entirely popular; it at once commends itself to everyone, and does so through all ages. The worst music, like the worst painting, commends itself at first, in like manner, to ninety-nine people out of a hundred, but after doing its appointed quantity of michief it is forgotten, and new modes of mischief composed."

V

POEMS.

While the fame of Ruskin as a prose-poet is universally recognised, it is not so generally known that, in his early days, he wrote many poems which gave promise of rare poetic genius and had his mind not turned towards the work which called for prose, it seems quite likely that he would have ranked among the greater poets of the world. It seems, indeed, to have been forgotten that, after the death of Tennyson, he was openly named as the poet-laureate of England.

As it is, his numerous lines, if all were collected, would reach the bulk of a considerable volume. Some of them are of a very high order, although written in his earliest years of literary work. Saltzburg was written in his sixteenth year, and in 1845, when Ruskin was yet only twenty-six, he wrote the fine poem on "The Grande Chartreuse" the whole of which we give in these pages. Of this poem he wrote: "These verses—. . . . the last rhymes I attempted in any seriousness were nevertheless extremely earnest, and express, with more boldness and simplicity than I feel able to use now, the real temper in which I began the best work of my life."

"Salsette and Elephanta" is the poem which won for him the coveted Newdigate prize at Oxford and is written in nearly 300 lines.

"The Broken Chain" is a lengthy poem of a life's story, reflecting the Author's own experience, written at different times, in five parts during the years 1840-3, the author being only twenty-four when he completed it.

In Chapter VIII. Præterita, Ruskin gives an analysis of Poetry and tells how his mind was influenced by Byron, Scott, Shakspeare, Pope, Homer, and others. He declares here, as he has done elsewhere, that "knowing the song of Moses and the sermon on the Mount by heart, and half the Apocalypse besides, I was in no need of tutorship either in the Majesty or Simplicity of English words."

REMEMBRANCE.
(1837.)

When the planets roll red through the darkness of night,
When the morning bedews all the landscape with light,
When the high sun of noon-day is warm on the hill,
And the breezes are quiet, the green leafage still;

I love to look out o'er the earth and the sky,
For nature is kind, and seems lonely as I;
Whatever in nature most lovely I see,
Has a voice that recalls the remembrance of thee.

Remember—remember. Those only can know
How dear is remembrance, whose hope is laid low;
'Twas like clouds in the west, that are gorgeous still,
When the dank dews of evening fall deadly and chill.

Like the bow in the cloud that is painted so bright,—
Like the voice of the nightingale, heard through the night.
Oh, sweet is remembrance, most sad though it be,
For remembrance is all that remaineth for me.

LIFE AND DEATH WITHOUT HOPE.
(1837.)

(*The Gypsies.*)

'Midst the wandering tribe, no reverenced shrine
Attests a knowledge of the Power Divine.
By these alone, of mortals most forlorn,
Are priest and pageant met with only scorn;
To all mankind beside, through earth and sky,
Is breathed an influence of Deity.
To that great One, whose Spirit interweaves
The pathless forests with their life of leaves;
And lifts the lowly blossoms, bright in birth,
Out of the cold, black, rotting charnel earth;
Walks on the moon-bewildered waves by night,
Breathes in the morning breeze, burns in the evening light;
Feeds the young ravens when they cry; uplifts
The pale-lipped clouds along the mountain clifts;
Moves the pale glazier on his restless path;
Lives in the desert's universal death,
And fills, with that one glance, which none elude,
The grave, the city and the solitude.

. . . . . .

Oh, life most like to death! No mother mild
Lifts the light fingers of her dark-eyed child
In early offered prayer; no loving one
Curtains the cradle round with midnight orison;
Nor guides, to form the Mighty Name, the slips
And early murmurs of unconscious lips.
No reverend sire, with tales of heavenly truth,
Instructs the awed, attentive ear of youth.
Through life's short span, whatever chance betide,
No hope can joy, no fear can guard or guide,
No trust supports in danger or despair;
Grief hath no solace, agony no prayer.

The lost are lost forever, and the grave
Is as a darkness deep, whence none can save,
The loved or the lamented, as they fade,
Like dreams at dawn, into that fearful shade.
Oh! then what words are they whose peaceful power
Can soothe the twilight time of terror's hour;
Or check the frighted gasp of fainting breath;
Or clothe with calmness the cold lips of death;
Or quench the fire within the frenzied eye,
When it first dreams the dreams that never die?
O Grave, how fearful is thy victory!
O Death, how dread thy sting, when not to be
Is the last hope . . . . .

Such death is death indeed which nor bestows
Peace on the soul, nor on the clay repose.

REDEMPTION FOR INDIA.
(1839.)

"Night's fitful visions fly—
Like autumn leaves, and fade from fancy's eye,
So shall the God of might and mercy dart
His day-beams through the caverns of the heart;
Strike the weak idol from its ancient throne,
And vindicate the temple for His own.
Nor will he long delay." . . . .

"It comes, the hallowed day,
Whose dawn shall rend that robe of fear away;
Then shall the torturing spells that midnight knew
Far in the cloven dells of Mont Meru,
Then shall the moan of frenzied hymns, that sighed
Down the dark vale where Gunga's waters glide,
Then shall the idle chariot's thunder cease
Before the steps of them that publish peace.
Already are they heard,—how fair and fleet!
Along the mountains flash their bounding feet!
Disease and death before their presence fly:
Truth calls, and gladdened India hears the cry,
Deserts the darkened path her fathers trod,
And seeks redemption from the Incarnate God.
—From "*Salsette and Elephanta.*"

THE PATH TO GOD.
(1840.)

"Lady, the fields of earth are wide,
And tempt an infant's foot to stray:
Oh! lead thy loved one's steps aside,
Where the white altar lights his way.
Around his path shall glance and glide,
A thousand shadows false and wild;
Oh! lead him to that surer Guide,
Than sire serene, or mother mild,
Whose childhood quelled the age of pride,
Whose Godhead called the little child."

"So when thy breast of love untold,
That warmed his sleep of infancy,
Shall only make the marble cold,
Beneath his aged knee;
From its steep throne of heavenly gold
Thy soul shall stoop to see
His grief, that cannot be controlled,
Turning to God from thee—
Cleaving with prayer the cloudy fold,
That veils the sanctuary."

—From *"The Two Paths."*

WHERE DEATH IS.
(1840.)

"Where the flower hath fairest hue,
Where the breeze hath balmiest breath,
Where the dawn hath softest dew,
Where the heaven hath deepest blue
There is death.
Where the gentle streams of thinking,
Through our tears that flow so free,
Have the deepest, softest sinking
And the fullest melody;
Where the crown of hope is nearest,
Where the voice of joy is clearest,
Where the heart of youth is lightest,
Where the light of love is brightest,
There is death."

—From *"The Broken Chain."*

CHARITIE.
(1842.)
1 Cor. 13.

God guides the stars their wandering way,
He seems to cast their courses free,
But binds unto himself for aye;
And all their chains are Charitie.

. . . . . .

The violets light the lonely hill,
The fruitful furrows load the lea:
Man's heart alone is sterile still,
For lack of lowly Charitie.

He walks a weary vale within—
No lamp of love in heart hath he;
His steps are death, his thoughts are sin,
For lack of gentle Charitie.

Daughter of Heaven! we dare not lift
The dimness of our eyes to thee;
Oh! pure and God-descended gift!
Oh! spotless, perfect Charitie!

Yet forasmuch thy brow is crossed
With blood-drops from the deathful tree,
We take from thee our only trust
Oh! dying Charitie!

Ah! Hope, Endurance, Faith—ye fail like death,
But Love an everlasting crown receiveth;
For she is Hope, and Fortitude, and Faith,
Who all things hopeth, beareth and believeth.

THE OLD SEAMAN.
(1844.)

You ask me why mine eyes are bent
So darkly on the sea,
While others watch the azure hills
That lengthen on the lee.

The azure hills—they soothe the sight
That fails along the foam;
And those may hail their nearing height
Who there have hope, or home.

But I a loveless path have trod—
A beaconless career;
My hope hath long been all with God,
And all my home is—here.

The deep by day, the heaven by night,
Roll onward swift and dark;
Nor leave my soul the dove's delight,
Of olive branch, or ark.

For more than gale, or gulf, or sand,
I've proved that there may be
Worse treachery on the steadfast land,
Than variable sea.

A danger worse than bay or beach—
A falsehood more unkind—
The treachery of a governed speech,
And an ungoverned mind.

The treachery of the deadly mart
Where human souls are sold;
The treachery of the hollow heart
That crumbles as we hold.

Those holy hills and quiet lakes—
Ah! wherefore should I find
This weary fever-fit, that shakes
Their image in my mind.

The memory of a streamlet's din,
Through meadows daisy drest—
Another might be glad therein,
And yet I cannot rest.

I cannot rest unless it be
Beneath the churchyard yew;
But God, I think, hath yet for me
More earthly work to do.

And therefore with a quiet will,
I breathe the ocean air,
And bless the voice that calls me still
To wander and to bear.

Let others seek their native sod,
Who there have hearts to cheer;
My soul hath long been given to God.
And all my home—is here.

JUDGMENT DAY.
(1844.)

"In the uncounted day,
When earth shall tremble as the trump unwraps
Their sheets of slumber from the crumbling dead
And the quick, thirsty fire of judgment laps
The loud sea from the hollow of his bed—
Shall not your God spare *you*, to whom He gave
No share nor shadow of man's crime, or fate;
Nothing to render, nor to expiate;
Untainted by his life—untrusted with his grave?"
—From Poem on *"The Alps."*

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.
MONT BLANC REVISITED.
(1845.)

O mount beloved, mine eyes again
Behold the twilight's sanguine stain
Along thy peaks expire.
O mount beloved, thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste
And reverent desire.

They meet me, 'midst thy shadows cold,—
Such thoughts as holy men of old
Amid the desert found;—
Such gladness, as in Him they felt
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
And compassed all around.

Ah, happy, if His will were so,
To give me manna here for snow,
And by the torrent side
To lead me as He leads His flocks
Of wild deer through the lonely rocks
In peace, unterrified.

Since, from the things that trustful rest,
The partridge on her purple nest,
The marmot in his den,
God wins a worship more resigned,
A purer praise than He can find
Upon the lips of men.

Alas for man! who hath no sense
Of gratefulness nor confidence,
  But still regrets and raves,
Till all God's love can scarcely win
One soul from taking pride in sin,
  And pleasure over graves.

Yet let me not, like him who trod
In wrath, of old, the mount of God,
  Forget the thousands left;
Lest haply, when I seek His face,
The whirlwind of the cave replace
  The glory of the cleft.

Yet teach me, God, a milder thought,
Lest I, of all Thy blood has bought,
  Least honourable be;
And this that leads me to condemn,
Be rather want of love for them
  Than jealousy for Thee.

THE GLACIER.
(1845.)

The mountains have a peace which none disturb—
  The stars and clouds a course which none restrain—
The wild sea-waves rejoice without a curb,
  And rest without a passion; but the chain
Of Death, upon this ghastly cliff and chasm
  Is broken evermore, to bind again,
  Nor lulls nor looses. Hark! a voice of pain
Suddenly silenced;—a quick passing spasm,
  That startles rest, but grants not liberty,—
  A shudder, or a struggle, or a cry—
And then sepulchral stillness. Look on us,
  God! who hast given these hills their place of pride,
If Death's captivity be sleepless thus,
  For those who sink to it unsanctified.

WRITTEN AMONG THE BASSES ALPS.
(1845.)

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Have you in heaven no hope—on earth no care—
  No foe in hell—ye things of stye and stall,
That congregate like flies, and make the air
  Rank with your fevered sloth—that hourly call
The sun, which should your servant be, to bear
Dread witness on you, with uncounted wane
And unregarded rays, from peak to peak
  Of piny-gnomoned mountain moved in vain?
Behold, the very shadows that ye seek
  For slumber, write along the wasted wall
Your condemnation. They forget not, they,
  Their ordered function and determined fall,
Nor useless perish. But *you* count your day
By sins, and write your difference from clay
In bonds you break and laws you disobey.

God! who hast given the rocks their fortitude,
The sap unto the forests, and their food
And vigor to the busy tenantry
Of happy soulless things that wait on Thee,
Hast Thou no blessing where Thou gav'st Thy blood?
Wilt Thou not make Thy fair creation whole?
Behold and visit this Thy vine for good—
Breathe in this human dust its living soul.

MONT BLANC.
(1846.)

He who looks upward from the vale by night,
When the clouds vanish and the winds are stayed,
Forever finds, in Heaven's serenest height,
A space that hath no stars—a mighty shade—
A vacant form, immovably displayed,
Steep in the unstable vault. The planets droop
Behind it; the fleece-laden moonbeams fade;
The midnight constellations, troop by troop,
Depart and leave it with the dawn alone:
Uncomprehended yet, and hardly known
For finite, but by what it takes away
Of the east's purple deepening into day.
Still, for a time, it keeps its awful rest,
Cold as the prophet's pile on Carmel's crest:
Then falls the fire of God.—Far off or near,
Earth and the sea, wide worshiping, descry
That burning altar in the morning sky;
And the strong pines their utmost ridges rear,
Moved like an host, in angel-guided fear
And sudden faith. So stands the Providence
Of God around us; mystery of Love!
Obscure, unchanging, darkness and defense,—
Impenetrable and unmoved above
The valley of our watch; but which shall be
The light of Heaven hereafter, when the strife
Of wandering stars, that rules this night of life,
Dies in the dawning of Eternity.

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It should be borne in mind that many of his minor works were, wholly, or in part, a re-issue of portions of the larger works, as for instance "In Montibus Sanctis" is taken from "Modern Painters."

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